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EXCERPTA CYPRIA

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EXCERPTA CYPRIA

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF CYPRUS

TRANSLATED AND TRANSCRIBED

BY

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C.M.G., B.C.L., M.A. OXON., LATE COMMISSIONER OF LARNACA

WITH AN APPENDIX ON THE
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CYPRUS

Cambridge:
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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Of these papers 35 were published at Nicosia between 1892 and 1895, as a supplement to the *Owl*: 44 were printed at Larnaca, for private circulation, between 1896 and 1902: that on Umm Haram is extracted from the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, January, 1897, and the extract from the Catalan Lopez is here printed for the first time.

PREFACE

THE papers collected and arranged in this volume, some of which were first printed between 1892 and 1895 as a supplement to the *Owl*, a newspaper published at Nicosia, comprise extracts and translations from books treating of Cyprus, travels, histories and others. Some of these are rare, others costly or cumbrous, and most of them are, in Cyprus at least, difficult of access. Of some too the language is not seldom a bar to comfortable and profitable study. I have tried to give translations which, while rigidly exact, will preserve something of the spirit and form of the original. The omissions are few, and generally indicated, but in no case has anything been excluded which directly concerns the island. The names of persons and places are left in the authors' spelling. To each extract is prefixed a brief note, giving a few particulars concerning the book and its writer, and the date of his visit to Cyprus.

To have added notes in correction or supplement of statements found in the several texts would have been to re-write the history of Cyprus. More capable and younger hands than mine must undertake that task. But to this future historian these Excerpta will at least give in a single language and in one volume what eighty different writers have left in twelve tongues. For so much trouble saved I claim his thanks.

"C'est la matière de l'histoire nue et informe; chacun en peut faire son profit autant qu'il a d'entendement." MONTAIGNE II. 10.

C. D. C.

LARNACA, CYPRUS.
March, 1908.

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PLAN OF FAMAGUSTA ...

LUSIGNAN GENEALOGY ...

... .. to face p. 87

... .. to face p. 108

... .. to face p. 168

CORRIGENDA ET ADDENDA

P. 51. *For* a single begude *read* one small tavern.

P. 52. *For* for a begute *read* used as a tavern.

P. 218. *For* Μηναία *read* Μηναία.

P. 308. *Add to heading :*

[Constantius, born at Constantinople 1770, studied there and at Kiev, consecrated Archbishop of Sinai 1805, was a visitor in Cyprus from 1805 to 1811, probably on the business of the *metochia* of his see, and was raised to the Patriarchate of Constantinople in 1830; resigned the throne in 1834, and died at Constantinople January 5, 1859.]

EXCERPTA CYPRIA.

STRABO.

Strabo, born at Amaseia in Cappadocia in B.C. 66, completed the seventeen books of his *Geographica* in Rome about A.D. 23. I translate his account of Cyprus from Book xiv. 6 (cc. 681—685), ed. A. Meineke, 1866. Eratosthenes, born at Cyrene, flourished between 275 and 194 B.C. Pausanias, a native of Lydia, composed his *Periegesis* at Rome in the second half of the second century after Christ.

The stadion=100 ὀργυιῶν=600 Attic πόδες=582 English feet. An English mile= $9\frac{1}{4}$ stadia.

We have still to make the circuit of the island of Cyprus, which lies on the South of this peninsula (Asia Minor). We have said that the waters which are enclosed by Egypt and Phoenicia and Syria and the rest of the coast as far as that of Rhodes are made up of the Egyptian sea, the Pamphylian and that over against the gulf of Issus. In these lies Cyprus, of which the northern parts, for on this side it is nearest to the mainland, are close to Cilicia Tracheia. Its eastern parts face the gulf of Issus, the western are washed by the Pamphylian sea, the southern by that of Egypt. This latter joins the Libyan and Carpathian seas flowing from the West, while on the South and East lie Egypt and the adjacent coast up to Seleucia and Issus, while on the North lie Cyprus and the Pamphylian sea. This latter is bounded by the headlands of Cilicia Tracheia, Pamphylia and Lycia, up to that of Rhodes: on the West by the island of Rhodes, on the East by Cyprus, on the side of Paphos and Acamas: on the South it joins the Egyptian sea.

To anyone following the line of its bays the circuit of Cyprus is 3420 stadia. Its length to a man walking from East to West from Cleides to Acamas is 1400 stadia. The Cleides are two small islands lying off Cyprus on the East coast of the island, 700 stadia from Pyramos. Acamas is a promontory showing two rounded hills and a vast forest, situated on the West of the island, and stretching northwards; it is the nearest point to Selinus in Cilicia Tracheia, 1000 stadia distant; from Side in Pamphylia it is 1600, and from Chelidonia 1900.

We have said already that the Cyprian promontory called Cape Crommyon lay opposite Anemourion, a cape of Cilicia Tracheia, at a distance of 350 stadia. The course thence of a vessel which has already on its right the island and on its left the continent is N. and E. to the Cleides, a straight run of 900 stadia. Midway lies Lapathos, a town with a roadstead and docks, built by the Laconians and Praxander; opposite it is Nagidos. Then Aphrodision, where the island is narrow, the distance across to Salamis being 70 stadia. Then Acte Achaion, where Teucer landed who first founded Salamis in Cyprus, when he was cast out, as the story goes, by his father Telamon. Then a city Carpasia, which has a harbour; it lies opposite C. Sarpedon. From Carpasia to the Carpasian islands and the southern sea the distance across the isthmus is 30 stadia. Then a cape and a mountain. The peak is called

Olympos, and on it is a temple of Aphrodite Acraia, inapproachable to women and invisible to them. The Cleides and several other islands lie not far off, then the Carpasian islands, and next again Salamis, whence sprang Aristos the historian. Then Arsinoe, a city and harbour. Then another harbour Leucolla. Then C. Pedalion, over which hangs a steep and high hill, table-shaped, sacred to Aphrodite; the distance thither from Cleides is 680 stadia. Thence the coast is generally indented and precipitous up to Cition...it has an enclosed harbour: thence came Zeno, the leader of the Stoic sect, and Apollonios a physician. Thence to Berytos are 1500 stadia. Then Amathos, a city, and between a small town called Palaia, and the breast-shaped mountain Olympos. [“In Cyprus is the city Amathos, where is an ancient temple of Adonis and Aphrodite, and here they say is the necklace which was originally given to Harmonia, but it is called the necklace of Eriphyle, because she received it as a gift from her husband, and the sons of Phegeus dedicated it at Delphi. How they got it I have already related in my account of Arcadia (VIII. 24). But it was carried off by the Phocian tyrants. I do not think however that the necklace in the temple of Adonis at Amathos is Eriphyle’s, for that is emeralds set in gold, but the necklace given to Eriphyle is said by Homer in the Odyssey (XI. 327) to have been entirely of gold.” Pausanias, IX. 41.] Then the promontory or peninsula Curias, seven hundred stadia distant from Thronoi. Then Curion, a city with a harbour, built by the Argives. Now then we can see the carelessness of the man who composed the elegy beginning

ἱραὶ τῷ Φοίβῳ, πολλὸν διὰ κῦμα θέουσαι
ἦλθομεν αἱ ταχιναὶ τόξα φυγεῖν ἔλαφοι,

“sacred to Phoebus, coursing over a broad sea, we came, the hinds swift to avoid the bow”—whether it were Hedylos, or anyone else. For he says that the hinds started from the ridge of Corycia, and from the beach of Cilissae swam across to the headlands of Curias, and adds moreover that

μυρίον ἀνδράσι θαῦμα νοεῖν πάρα, πῶς ἀνόδευτον
χεῦμα δι’ ἐαρινῶ ἐδράμομεν ζεφύροι,

“an infinite wonder was given to men to see, how we rushed along the pathless stream with a spring-bearing west wind.” For the course from Corycus round to C. Curias is not with the west wind, be the island on the right or the left, and there is no passage across.

Curion then is the starting point of the western course aiming at Rhodes; very near it is a promontory from which they hurl those who have touched the altar of Apollo: then Treta and Boosoura and Palaipaphos, built as much as ten stadia from the sea: it has a roadstead and an ancient fane of the Paphian Aphrodite. Then C. Zephyria, with an anchorage, and another Arsinoe which likewise has an anchorage, and a temple and grove. A little distance from the sea is Hierokepia. Then Paphos, built by Agapenor; it has a harbour and temples well adorned. The distance to walk to Palaipaphos would be 60 stadia; and yearly along this road up to Palaipaphos men and women meet and keep a fair, coming from the other cities as well. Some folk say that from Paphos to Alexandria is 3600 stadia. Acamas comes next after Paphos. Then after Acamas going eastwards one sails to a city Arsinoe and the grove of Zeus. Then Soloi, a city with a harbour and a river and temple of Aphrodite and Isis; it was built by Phaleros and Acamas, Athenians. The inhabitants are called Solioi. Thence came Stasanor, one of the companions of Alexander, a man deemed worthy of rule. Beyond it inland is a city Limenia. Then C. Crommyon. What boots it to wonder at the poets, particularly those who care for nought but phrasemaking, who endorse the opinion of

Damastos, who puts the length of the island as from N. to S. from Hierokepia as he says, to Cleides? Nor is Eratosthenes correct, for while blaming this writer he says Hierokepia is not on the N. but on the S. For it is not on the S. but on the W., since it lies on the W. side, where too are Paphos and Acamas.

Such then is Cyprus in point of position. But in excellence it falls behind no one of the islands: for it is rich in wine and oil, and uses home-grown wheat. There are mines of copper in plenty at Tamassos, in which are produced sulphate of copper and copper-rust useful in the healing art. Eratosthenes talks of the plains as being formerly full of wood run to riot, choked in fact with undergrowth and uncultivated. The mines were here of some little service, the trees being cut down for the melting of copper and silver; and of further help was shipbuilding, when men sailed over the sea without fear and with large fleets. But when even so they were not got under leave was given to those who would and could cut them down to keep the land they had cleared in full possession and free of taxes.

Now the Cypriots were first ruled in their several cities by kings, but since the Ptolemaic kings became lords over Egypt, Cyprus too passed to them, the Romans also contributing often their help. But when the last Ptolemy who reigned, a brother of the father of Cleopatra, the queen of our time, seemed both unsatisfactory and unthankful to his benefactors, he was deposed therefor, and the Romans occupied the island, and it became a separate imperial province. The king's ruin was chiefly due to Publius Claudius Pulcher. He fell into the hands of pirates, the Cilicians being then very active, and requiring a ransom he applied to the king begging him to send and ransom him. He sent a very small sum, so that the very pirates were ashamed to take it. They sent it back and released Publius without a ransom. When he was safe he bore in mind against both their favours, and becoming tribune grew so powerful that Marcus Cato was sent to take Cyprus from its ruler. Ptolemy indeed succeeded in killing himself, but Cato swooped down and seized Cyprus, and disposed of the royal property and carried off the money to the common treasury of the Romans. From that date the island became an imperial province, as it is to-day. For a short interval Antony gave it to Cleopatra and her sister Arsinoe, but when he fell all his arrangements fell with him.

P. MELA.

Pomponius Mela, born in Spain, wrote under Caligula, about A.D. 40, 41, his three books *de Chorographia*, "the earliest work of this kind which we possess, and the only special work on the subject which Roman literature has to show." Seyffert.

Cyprus lies almost in the middle of the gulf which indents most widely the coast of Asia, stretching across it East and West in a straight ridge, and lying thus between Cilicia and the Syrias. It is large, in that it once included nine kingdoms, and has now a few cities, of which the most illustrious are Salamis, Paphos, and Palaepaphos, where the natives assert that Venus first rose from the sea. (*Chor.* II. 102. Ed. C. Frick, Leipzig, 1880.)

CL. PTOLEMAEUS.

Claudius Ptolemaios was a native of Upper Egypt. His *Geographice Hyphegesis*, written in Greek about A.D. 140, is one of the chief sources of our knowledge of ancient geography. His degree (*μοῖρα*) is taken to be 500 stadia, and is divided into 60 *τμήματα*.

I have used the text of C. F. A. Nobbe, Leipzig, 1898.

Lib. v. c. 14. The Position of Cyprus. Cyprus is surrounded on every side by the sea, and on the East by the Pamphylian sea, with an outline like this:

Cape Acamas	Long. 64,10	Lat. 35,30
New Paphos	" 64,20	" 35,20
C. Zephyrion	" 64,10	" 35,35
Old Paphos	" 64,30	" 35
C. Drepanon	" 64,30	" 34,50

On the South by the Ægyptian sea and the Syrian, with an outline like this:

Courion city	Long. 65,10	Lat. 35
Mouth of River Lycus	" 65,20	" 35,10
C. Courias	" 65,30	" 34,45
Amathus	" 65,45	" 35
Mouth of R. Tetios	" 66,10	" 35
Cition city	" 66,15	" 35
C. Dades	" 66,30	" 35
Thronoi city and cape	" 66,15	" 35

On the East by the Syrian sea, with an outline like this:

After C. Thronoi, C. Pedalion (Ammochostos)	Long. 67	Lat. 35,20
Mouth of R. Pediaios	" 66,50	" 35,20
Salamis	" 66,40	" 35,30
C. Elaia	" 67	" 35,40
Ox Tail or C. Cleides	" 67,30	" 35,50

On the North by the Cilician Channel, with an outline like this:

Carpasia	Long. 66,50	Lat. 35,55
Achaion Acte	" 66,40	" 35,50
Aphrodision	" 66,30	" 35,40
Macaria	" 66	" 35,45
Ceronia or Ceraunia	" 65,40	" 35,45
Mouth of R. Lapethos	" 65,30	" 35,55
Lapethos city	" 65,20	" 35,55
C. Crommyon	" 65,10	" 36,10
Soloi	" 65	" 36
C. Callinusa	" 64,40	" 35,50
Arsinoe	" 64,40	" 35,35

The Eastern parts of the island fall into the Salaminian province.

The Western into the Paphian.

The Southern side of the middle portion into the Amathusian, with the mount Olympus.

And the Northern into the Lapethian.

The cities of the interior are these :

Chytros	Long. 66,30	Lat. 36,30
Tremethus	„ 66,25	„ 35,25
Tamassos	„ 66,20	„ 35,45

The islands on its coast are those called

Cleides, their middle lies in	„ 67,20	„ 35,45
And the Carpasian islands	„ 64, 5	„ 35,45

Lib. VIII. c. 20.

Of the notable cities in Cyprus Paphos has its longest day of 14²⁵ equinoctial hours, and varies eastwards from Alexandria one quarter of an equinoctial hour.

Amathus has its longest day of 14²⁵ hours, and varies eastwards from Alexandria twenty-four sixtieths of an hour.

Salamis has its longest day of 14³⁰, and varies eastwards from Alexandria thirty-two sixtieths of an hour.

MUQADDASI.

Shams al Din, commonly known as Muqaddasi, was born at Jerusalem A.D. 946, and wrote his *Description of Syria* at Baghdad in 985.

I transcribe a short notice of Cyprus from page 82 of the translation made from the Arabic in 1886, for the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, by Mr Guy Le Strange.

Over against Tyre lies the island of Qubrus, said to be twelve days' journey round. It is full of populous cities, and offers the Muslims many advantages in their trade thither, by reason of the great quantities of merchandise, stuffs and goods, which are produced there. The island is in the power of whichever nation is overlord in these seas. It lies distant across the water a sail of a night and a day, and from thence on to the country of the Greeks is the same distance again.

BENJAMIN OF TUDELA.

The Travels of Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela in Navarre, date from 1160 to 1173. I copy a short passage from Bohn's *Early Travels in Palestine*, page 77. Ed. 1848.

From Rhodes it is four days to Cyprus. Besides the Rabbanitic Jews in this island, there is a community of heretic Jews called Kaphrosein or Cyprians. They are Epicureans, and the orthodox Jews excommunicate them. These sectarians profane the evening of the Sabbath and keep holy that of the Sunday.

BENEDICT OF PETERBOROUGH.

The Chronicle, under the title *Gesta Regis Henrici II. et Ricardi I.*, ascribed to Benedict, who was Abbot of Peterborough from 1177 until his death in 1193, was edited in the Rolls series (2 vols., 8vo, London, 1867) by Professor W. Stubbs.

I owe the translation which follows (from Vol. II. pp. 162—168 and 172, 173) to the kindness of the Rev. Prof. H. T. F. Duckworth, M.A. Oxon.

In the same month of April the king of England demolished the castle which he had built in the place called Mategriffon, and on Wednesday in Holy Week (April 10, 1191) he and all his army set sail from the port of Messina, on board 150 large ships, and 53 galleys. On Friday a terrible storm came up from the south, about the ninth hour of the day, and scattered his fleet.

The king however, with some of his ships, put in to the island of Crete, and thence crossed over to the island of Rhodes. But three large vessels from his fleet were driven by the aforesaid tempest to the island of Cyprus, and, being wrecked and broken up, sank in sight of the port of Limeszun. With them went down certain soldiers and attendants of the king's household, amongst them being master Roger Malus Catulus, the king's vice-chancellor. The royal seal was found hung round his neck. Isaac the Emperor of Cyprus seized the chattels of those who were drowned, and robbed of their money all who escaped from the shipwreck. Moreover, in the fury of his savagery, worse than any beast of prey, he refused permission to enter the port to a galliot which had been driven thither by the wind, and which carried the Queen of Sicily, and the daughter of the king of Navarre.

How Richard, king of England, seized and conquered Cyprus.

When news of this was brought to the king he hastened to their rescue, with many galleys and a great following of ships, and found the ladies outside the port of Limeszun, exposed to the winds and sea. Then in great wrath he sent messengers to the Emperor of Cyprus, once, twice, and yet a third time, making his request with mild entreaty, that his fellow pilgrims, whom the Emperor was keeping in durance, should be restored to him together with their belongings. To whom the Emperor made answer with proud words, refusing to surrender either the prisoners or their belongings, and saying that he had no fear of the king of England or of his threats.

Then spake the king to all his army, saying, "To arms, and follow me! Let me take vengeance for the insults which this traitor hath put upon God and ourselves, in that he oppresses innocent men, whom he refuses to surrender to us. But truly, 'he who rejects the just demands of one armed for the fray, resigns all into his hands' [*arma tenenti Omnia dat, qui justa negat*; Lucan, *Pharsalia*, I. 379]. And I trust confidently in the Lord that He will this day give us the victory over this Emperor and his people."

Meanwhile the Emperor had occupied the shore in every direction with his men. Many of them were armed, but still more had no arms at all. But the king of England and his men, as soon as they had armed themselves, disembarked from their large ships into their boats and galleys, and came to land with a rush. The king, accompanied by his bowmen, was first to land, the rest followed, and as soon as they reached the shore one and all flung

themselves upon the Emperor and his Griffons. The arrows fell like rain upon the grass. After a prolonged conflict the Emperor, having lost a multitude of his men, fled, and all his host with him. The king of England, exulting in his great victory, pursued, and made a very great slaughter of all who resisted, and, had not night fallen soon, he would have taken the Emperor himself that day, either alive or dead. The king and his men however knew not the roads and mountain paths by which the Emperor and his followers made their escape, and would not pursue them further, but returned with a great prey both of men and animals to the town of Limezun, whence the Griffons and Herminians (Greeks and Armenians) had fled, leaving it empty.

On the same day (May 6) the king of Navarre's daughter and the Queen of Sicily, who was sister to the king of England, entered the port of Limezun, attended by the king's fleet. The Emperor, having rallied round him his men, who were scattered amid the thickets in the mountain valleys, pitched his camp the same night on the banks of a river about five miles distant from the town of Limezun, declaring with an oath that he would fight the king of England on the morrow. The report whereof was brought by scouts to the king, who long before daylight armed himself and his men for battle, and advancing silently came upon the Emperor's men, whom he found asleep. Then, with a loud and terrifying shout, he charged into their tents, and they, suddenly awakened from sleep, were as dead men, knowing not what to do, nor whither to fly. The Emperor himself escaped with a few men, naked, and leaving behind him his treasure, his horses, his armour, his magnificent tents, and his imperial standard wrought all over with gold, which the king of England at once dedicated to the blessed Edmund, King and Martyr of glorious memory.

On the morrow many counts and barons of the kingdom came to the king of England, and became his men, swearing fealty to him against the Emperor and all men, and gave him hostages. Three days later Guy, king of Jerusalem, Gaufrid of Lezinant his brother, Anfrid of Turun, Raimund [Bohemund III.] Prince of Antioch, Boemund [Raymond III.] his son, count of Tripoli, and Leo, brother [cousin] of Rupin of the mountain, came to meet the king of England in Cyprus and there they became his men, and swore him fealty against all men.

On the same day the Emperor of Cyprus, seeing that all his people were deserting him, sent ambassadors to the king of England, to sue for mercy, and offered to make peace on these conditions, namely, that he should give the king of England 20,000 marks of gold, by way of compensation for the money taken from the bodies of those who had perished in the shipwreck, and surrender the persons and goods of the survivors; also, that he should himself accompany the king to Syria, and remain there in the service of God, together with a hundred men-at-arms, and four hundred Turcople horsemen, as long as the king stayed there; also, that he should deliver his only daughter and heiress into the king's hand to be married by him to whomsoever he would, and with her his Empire; furthermore, that he should surrender the castles of his realm to the king, as a pledge for the steadfast observance of the treaty.

These conditions having been proposed and accepted, the Emperor came to the king of England, and, in the presence of the king of Jerusalem, the Prince of Antioch, and the rest of the Lords and of the Princes of all his Empire, swore fealty to the king of England and his heirs, as his liege lords, against all men, binding himself also by his oath to keep and perform the aforesaid treaty, steadfastly and unshakeably, in good faith and without guile.

On the same day after the mid-day meal the Emperor was in his tent: whilst the king's men-at-arms, into whose charge he had been given, took their mid-day sleep, the Emperor, repenting of having made the abovementioned treaty with the king of England, secretly

made his escape. Then he sent a message to the king to say that never would he keep peace or treaty with him. This, as it appeared, gave the king great pleasure, and, like a wary and prudent man, he immediately placed a large part of his army under the command of Guy, king of Jerusalem, and the other princes, saying to them, "Pursue and take the man, if you can. Meanwhile, I will sail round Cyprus with my galleys, and station guards all round the island, lest that forsworn deceiver escape my hands."

As he had spoken, so did he. The galleys he divided into two squadrons, handing one over to Robert of Turnham, and retaining the other under his own command. Then they embarked, and setting sail, the king in one direction, and Robert in the other, sailed round the whole island, seizing all the ships and galleys they found in their course. The Griffons and Herminians, who had been charged with the defence of the Emperor's towns and castles and stores, seeing such a host of armed men and ships coming, fled into the mountains, leaving them without a guard. So the king and Robert took all the castles, towns and ports which they found empty, and having garrisoned and provisioned them and left guard ships, returned to Limeszun; on the other hand, the king of Jerusalem and his forces were able to achieve but little in the course of their expedition.

On the 12th day of May, being Sunday, and the feast of SS. Nereus, Achilleus and Pancratius, Richard, king of England, took to himself in marriage Berengaria, daughter of the king of Navarre. Nicolas, the king's chaplain, performed the office of this sacrament. On the same day the king caused his wife to be crowned Queen of England in the city of Limeszun by John, bishop of Evreux, in the presence of the archbishops of Apamea and Auch, the bishop of Bayonne, and many others.

After this the king of England, hearing that the Emperor's daughter was in a very strong castle called Cherin, went thither with his army. On his approach towards the fortress the Emperor's daughter came to meet him, and falling at his feet, did him obeisance, putting herself and the castle at his mercy. Then was delivered to him the exceeding strong castle called Buffevent, and after that all the towns and fortresses of the Empire were surrendered.

The wretched Emperor lay in hiding in a certain strongly fortified abbey called Cape S. Andrea. Hearing that the king was at hand, he went out to meet him, and falling at his feet prayed the king to spare him in life and limb, saying never a word about the realm, for as much as he knew that all was now in the king's hand and power. This only he begged from the king, that he would not suffer him to be bound in fetters of iron. The king heard his prayer, and put him in charge of Ralph, son of Godfrey, his chamberlain, to watch and ward, giving word that fetters of gold and silver should be made, to bind the Emperor's hands and feet withal, and that he should be made fast in them. All these things befell in Cyprus in the month of June, on the first day of the month, being the vigil of Whitsunday.

All things having been ordered for the security of the king's Empire, and garrisons placed in the towns and castles, the king put in charge of Cyprus Richard of Camville and Robert of Tornham.

On the same day (June 1, 1191) Berengaria, Queen of England, the Queen of Sicily, and the daughter of the Emperor of Cyprus, accompanied by the greater part of the king's fleet, came to the camp before Acre. On the same day also died Philip, Count of Flanders, in the siege of Acre.

On Wednesday after Whitsunday the king of England set forth from the island of Cyprus in his galleys, taking with him the king of Jerusalem, the Prince of Antioch, the Count of Tripoli, and the rest of the princes who had come to him in Cyprus. He also sent

Ralph son of Godfrey with the Emperor of Cyprus to Tripoli. But before the king's departure from Cyprus the counts and barons and all the men of the island delivered up to the king the half of all their possessions in return for the laws and institutes which they had in the time of Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople. These the king granted to them, confirming the grant by a charter.

In the same month of June Richard of Camville, whom the king had appointed one of his justiciaries in Cyprus, fell sick, and without obtaining the king's leave, came to the camp before Acre, where he died. After his death the Griffons and Herminians, who had not yet accepted the king's peace, set up for themselves a new Emperor in the person of a monk, who was kinsman of the Emperor Isaac. Then Robert of Tornham, who was now sole justiciary of the king in Cyprus, assembled a great army and joined battle with the new Emperor, whose host he put to flight. The Emperor himself he took prisoner and hanged upon a gallows.

In the same month died Ralph son of Godfrey, to whose charge had been committed the Emperor of Cyprus. The king then put the Emperor in ward with Garnier of Nablous, the Grand Master of the Hospital.

NEOPHYTUS.

The letter or tract of the monk Neophytus *Concerning the misfortunes of Cyprus*, ascribed by Comte de Mas Latrie to the year 1196, was printed by Cotclier, E Cod. Reg. 2376, in his *Ecclesiae Graecae Monumenta*, vol. II. 4to, Paris, 1681, p. 460, S. 19. The Greek text is here printed entire. There is an English version in the Rolls Series, but it was not at hand, and our translation is new. The letter is mentioned by the Rev. F. E. Warren in his edition of the "Ritual Ordinance" of Neophytus (*Archæologia*, Vol. XLVII. 1881) to which is appended a note by Mr E. Freshfield "*On the Description of Cyprus, by Neophytus, and the condition of the Island in his time.*" The "Ritual Ordinance" was first printed at Venice, by N. Glykys, in 1779, together with some sermons, λόγοι εἰς τὴν Ἐξήμερον. A sketch of the life of Neophytus, who must have been alive in 1205, is given by Mr Warren.

In the monastery founded by Neophytus, the Ἐγκλειστρα, a picturesque spot near the village of Tsada, about six miles from Nea Paphos, are still shown the rock-cut cell and chapel of the hermit. The Ἐγκλειστρα is a "peculiar" (called in Cyprus σταυροπήγιον) independent of the bishop of the diocese (Paphos) in which it is situated: a privilege it is believed to have enjoyed since its foundation in the reign of the Emperor Isaac Angelus, circ. 1185. There is a pleasant description and view of the site in Mr D. G. Hogarth's *Devia Cypria*, 1889 (pp. 21—23). The letter (it is not known to whom it was addressed) is in itself an interesting document, and valuable as a contemporary account of one of many sudden crises in the history of Cyprus, though coloured no doubt by the hatred of an Orthodox monk to Christians of the Latin rite. If Salah-ed-din is an "abandoned wretch," Richard the Lionhearted is his fellow. The Moslem are dogs, the Latins wolves.

It may be noted (from M. de Mas Latrie) that the one hundred thousand *besants Sarrasins*, promised by the knights Templar as the price of Cyprus, were gold byzants of nine francs or nine and a half francs each. But the 950,000 francs of that day would be worth 7,600,000 of ours, £304,000, or say the sum of three years of the "Turkish Tribute." With *ράκκαι*, long boats, cf. Germ. *Nachen*: not, I think, *smacks* or *snacks*.

The castle of Marcappus is Marqab, on a high hill close to the sea, south of Laodicea (Lazaqiat el 'Arab, or Latakia). It was the chief seat of the order of Hospitallers.

THE WORDS OF NEOPHYTUS, A PRIEST AND CLOISTERED MONK,
CONCERNING THE MISFORTUNES OF THE LAND OF CYPRUS.

A cloud veils the sun, and a mist mountains and hills, and these for a while shut out the warmth and bright ray of the sun; and us too, for now twelve years, a cloud and mist, of successive calamities which have befallen our country, wrap round.

For Jerusalem having fallen under the rule of the godless Saladin, and Cyprus under that of Isaac Comnenus, fights thenceforth and wars, tumult and turbulence, plunder and dread events, covered the land in which these men ruled, worse than cloud and mist. For lo! the life-giving sepulchre of our Lord, and the other holy places, for our sins have been given to the Musalman dogs, and at this great calamity every Godloving soul weeps: as it is written (Psalm xlii. 6), "the nations raged, the kingdoms were moved," the sovereigns of Germany and England, and of nearly every nation are moved, I say, on behalf of Jerusalem, and have done nothing. For Providence was not well pleased to thrust out dogs, and to bring wolves in their room.

And now for twelve years the waves swell up even worse: and he, our beloved spiritual son, to whom forsooth we write these things, enduring not to see and to hear the horrors, and partly to suffer them, after many questionings and contrivances, by a divine impulse fled from their bloodstained hands with all his people, and having approached Angelus, the sovereign of Constantinople, was honourably welcomed by him, and from him received the dignity of "Augustus." And I, in fulfilment of my promise, lo! by the grace of God, write the rest as I promised, setting forth to those who may read these our present difficulties. Which difficulties, when they shall end, no one among men knoweth, but He only who rebuketh the sea and the winds, and they are still.

Strange things and unheard of have befallen this land, and such that all its rich men

ΝΕΟΦΥΤΟΥ ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΕΡΟΥ μοναχοῦ καὶ ἐγκλειστοῦ, περὶ τῶν κατὰ χώραν Κύπρου σκαίων.

Νεφέλη καλύπτει ἥλιον, καὶ ὀμίχλη ὄρη καὶ βουνούς, δι' ὧν ἀπείργεται θάλπεις καὶ φωτανγῆς ἡλίου ἀκτὶς χρόνῳ τινί· εἶργει δὲ καὶ ἡμᾶς δώδεκα χρόνους ἤδη νεφέλη καὶ ὀμίχλη ἀλλεπαλλήλων δεινῶν τῶν τῇ χώρᾳ συμβεβηκότων· κρατηθείσης μὲν γὰρ τῆς Ἱερουσαλὴμ ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀθέου Σαλαχαντί, τῆς δὲ Κύπρου ὑπὸ Ἰσαακίου τοῦ Κομνηνοῦ, μάχαι λοιπὸν καὶ πόλεμοι, ταραχαὶ καὶ ἀκαταστασίαι, λαφυραγωγίαι καὶ δειναὶ συναντήσεις τὴν γῆν ἐν ᾗ οἱ δηλωθέντες ἥρξαν κατεκάλυσαν νεφέλης καὶ ὀμίχλης πλέον· ἰδοὺ γάρ· ὁ ζωηφόρος τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν τάφος καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ ἅγια ἐδόθησαν τοῖς κυσὶ Μουσουλμάνοις, διὰ τὰς ἀμαρτίας ἡμῶν. Καὶ δακρύει ἐν τῇ τοιαύτῃ συμφορᾷ πᾶσα ψυχὴ φιλόθεος, ταραχθέντα δὲ καὶ τὰ ἔθνη, καὶ βασιλείαι κριθεῖσαι, κατὰ τὸ γεγραμμένον, ὁ Ἀλαμανίας, φημί, καὶ ὁ Ἐγκρινίας καὶ πᾶν ἔθνος σχεδὸν, κεκίνηνται ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἱερουσαλὴμ, καὶ ἤνυσαν οὐδέν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἠδόκησεν ἡ πρόνοια κύνας ἐξεῶσαι, καὶ λύκους ἀντισᾶσαι.

Καὶ ἰδοὺ ἰβ' χρόνος ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον τὰ κύματα κορυφοῦνται ἔτι δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ υἱὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πνευματικὸς, πρὸς ὃν δηλαδὴ τοῦτο ἐγράφομεν, τὰ δεινὰ μὴ ὑποφέρων βλέπει τε καὶ ἀκούειν, καὶ ἐκ μέρους αὐτῶν πάσχειν, μετὰ πολλὰς περινοίας καὶ μηχανὰς, ἐξέφυγε χείρας μαιφόνους σὺν παντὶ τῷ λαῷ αὐτοῦ, θείᾳ ροπῇ, καὶ προσφοιτήσας Ἀγγέλῳ τῷ βασιλεῖ Κωνσταντινουπόλεως, προσεδέχθη ἐντίμως καὶ τὸ Σεβαστοῦ γέρας εἵληφεν ἐξ αὐτοῦ· ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν ὑπόσχεσιν ἐκπληρῶν, ἰδοὺ, σὺν θεῷ γράφω καὶ τὰ ἐπίλοιπα ὡς ὑπεσχόμην, τοῖς ἐντυγχάνουσι παραδηλῶν τὴν ἐνεστώσαν δυσχέρειαν τῶν πραγμάτων· ἥτις ἄρα δυσχέρεια ποῦ δὴ καταλήξει, οἶδεν οὐδεὶς ἐν ἀνθρώποις, εἰ μὴ μόνος ὁ ἐπιτιμῶν τῇ θαλάσσῃ καὶ τοῖς ἀνέμοις καὶ γαληνιώσιν. Ξένα τινὰ καὶ δυσήκουστα τὰ τῇ χώρᾳ ταύτῃ συμβεβηκότα δεινὰ, καὶ τοιαῦτα ὡς πάντας

have forgotten their wealth, their fine dwellings, families, servants, slaves, their many flocks, herds, swine, cattle of all kinds, grainbearing fields, fertile vineyards and variegated gardens, and with great care and secrecy have sailed away to foreign lands, and to the queen of cities. And those who could not fly—who is fit to set forth the tragedy of their sufferings? The searches, the public prisons, the exaction of money squeezed from them, thousands upon thousands! But these, by the just judgment of God, were allowed to befall us on account of the burthen of our sins, that we might be humbled, and perchance be deemed worthy of forgiveness.

England is a country beyond Romania on the north, out of which a cloud of English with their sovereign, embarking together on large vessels called *smacks*, sailed towards Jerusalem. For at that time the monarch of the Germans, it is said with 900,000 soldiers, was making his way to Jerusalem; and passing by the land of Iconium, and coming through the eastern countries, his troops perished from the length of the journey, and from hunger and thirst. And their sovereign, as he was riding, was drowned in some river. But the English king, the wretch, landed in Cyprus, and found it a nursing mother: had it not been so, he too perchance would have suffered the fate of the German. But how Cyprus was taken, this too I will briefly relate.

When it became necessary that the most pious sovereign Manuel Comnenus, of happy memory, should send a garrison to the royal strongholds in Armenia, he sent one of his kin, quite a youth, Isaac by name, who after guarding the fortresses for some years engaged in war with the Armenians. He was taken captive by them and sold to the Latins. They held him for many years bound with chains, for his uncle, the Emperor Manuel, was dead, leaving his realm to his son Alexius, also a child. Whereupon his uncle Andronicus, who reigned

τοὺς αὐτῆς πλουσίους ἐπιλαθέσθαι πλοῖτον αὐτῶν, λαμπρῶν οἰκημάτων, συγγενῶν, οἰκετῶν, ἀνδραπόδων, πλήθους ποιμνίων, βοσκάλων, λακινῶν, βοσκημάτων παντοίων, χωρῶν σιτοφόρων, καὶ παμφόρων ἀμπέλων, καὶ παραδείσων ποικίλων, καὶ μετὰ πολλῆς σπουδῆς ἀποπλεῦσαι λάθρα πρὸς χώρας ἀλλοδαπὰς, καὶ πρὸς τὴν βασιλίδαν τῶν πόλεων. Ὅσοι δὲ διαφυγεῖν οὐκ ἔχουσιν, τίς ἱκανὸς ἐκτραγῶδῆσαι τὰς θλίψεις αὐτῶν, τοὺς ἐξετασμοὺς, τοὺς δημοσίους φυλακισμοὺς, τὴν ὀλκὴν τῶν ἀπαιτουμένων χρημάτων, μέχρι χιλιάδων τούτων καὶ τούτων, ταῦτα δὲ συγκεχώρηται γενέσθαι δι' ἁμαρτίας ὄγκον, ψήφῳ θεοῦ δικαίῃ, ἵνα ταπεινωθέντες, καταξιωθώμεν ἵσως συγγνώμης.

Χώρα ἐστὶν Ἰγκλιτέρμα πόρρω τῆς Ρωμανίας κατὰ βορρᾶν· ἐξ ἧς νέφος Ἰγκλίνων, σὺν τῷ ἄρχοντι αὐτῶν, εἰς πλοῖα μεγάλα λεγόμενα νάκκας συνεισελθόντες, τὸν πλοῦν πρὸς Ἱεροσόλυμα ἔδρων· τότε γὰρ καὶ ὁ Ἀλαμάνων ἄρχων μετὰ ἐννεακοσίων χιλιάδων, ὥς φασι, στρατοπέδων, πρὸς Ἱεροσόλυμα καὶ αὐτὸς τὴν ὁρμὴν ἐποιεῖτο· παρελθὼν δὲ τὴν χώραν τοῦ Ἰκονίου, καὶ τὰ ἀνατολικά μέρη διερχόμενος, διεφθάρησαν τὰ στρατόπεδα τῷ μήκει τῆς ὁδοῦ καὶ τῷ λίμῳ, καὶ τῷ ὀψει· ὁ δὲ αὐτῶν βασιλεὺς ἐν τινι ποταμῷ ἀπεπνίγη, ἐποχοίμενος ἱππῶ. Ἰγκλίτερ δὲ τῇ Κύπρῳ παραλαβὼν, εἶπεν αὐτὴν ὁ πανάθλιος ὡς τιθηνούσαν μητέρα, καὶ εἰ μὴ γέγονε τοῦτο, τὰ τοῦ Ἀλαμάνου ἵσως ἔμελλε πείσεσθαι καὶ αὐτός. πῶς δὲ Κύπρος ἐάλω, ἐπιδρομαδὴν λέξω καὶ τοῦτο.

Ὡς ἐγένετο ἐν χρήσει ὁ ἐν μακαρίῃ τῇ λήξει εὐσεβέστατος βασιλεὺς Μανουὴλ ὁ Κομνηνὸς φρουρὸν στείλαι τινα πρὸς τὰ βασιλικά φρούρια τῆς Ἀρμενίας, στέλλει τινα τῶν αὐτοῦ συγγενῶν, κομιδῇ νέον Ἰσαάκιον τοῦνομα· ὃς χρόνους τινὰς τὰ κάστρα περιφυλάξας συνάπτει πόλεμον μετὰ τῶν Ἀρμενίων. Καὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἀλωθεὶς πιπράσκειται τοῖς Λατίνοις. Οἱ δὲ σιδηροδέσμιον αὐτὸν κατεῖχον χρόνοις ἱκανοῖς, ἦν γὰρ τελεντήσας ὁ βασιλεὺς Μανουὴλ, ὁ θεὸς αὐτοῦ, εἰσας τὴν βασιλείαν Ἀλεξίῳ τῷ υἱῷ αὐτοῦ, παιδαρίῳ ὄντι καὶ αὐτῷ· δι' ἣν αἰτίαν, σνμβασιλείσας αὐτῷ Ἀνδρόνικος, ὁ θεὸς αὐτοῦ, ἀναρεῖ τὸ παιδάριον, κρατήσας

with him, killed the boy and seized the kingdom. But at the entreaty of the assembly he sent a very large ransom, and bought the said Isaac out of the hands of the Latins. Isaac came to Cyprus, took it, and was proclaimed king. He ruled over it for seven years, and not only utterly despoiled the land, and perpetually harassed the lives of its rich men, but every day he hounded and oppressed its nobles, so that all lived in distress, and sought how by any means they might protect themselves against him.

While things were so, lo, the Englishman lands in Cyprus, and forthwith all ran unto him! Then the king, abandoned by his people, gave himself also unto the hands of the English. Him the English king bound in irons, and having seized his vast treasures, and grievously wasted the land, sailed away to Jerusalem, leaving behind him ships to strip the country and to follow him. But king Isaac of Cyprus he shut up in chains in a castle called Marcappus. The wicked wretch achieved nought against his fellow wretch Saladin, but achieved this only, that he sold our country to the Latins for two hundred thousand pounds of gold. Whereon great was the wailing, and unbearable the smoke, as was said before, which came from the north. He that would tell of them at length, the time shall fail him.

The state of our country now is no better than that of the raging sea under a great storm and tempest. Nay it is worse than a wild sea. For a calm succeeds the wildness of the sea, but here day by day the tempest increases, and its fury knows no end. Unless indeed it hear "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed" (Job xxxviii. 11). In the book of Leviticus (xxvi.) are clearly written the evils which have come upon us, to wit, wars and defeats; our seed is without fruit, the labour of our hands the enemy hath devoured it, and our strength is become a thing of nought, and we few in number, and an alien people hath waxed many in our land. Ye have walked contrary unto Me, saith God, and I will walk contrary unto you also in fury. Even so it is.

τῆς βασιλείας· δυσωπηθεὶς δὲ παρὰ τῆς συγκλήτου βουλῆς στέλλει πάμπολλα λύτρα, καὶ ἐξωνεῖται ἐκ Λατίνων τὸν ρηθέντα Ἰσαάκιον· ὃς ἐλθὼν ἐν τῇ Κύπρῳ κρατεῖ αὐτὴν, καὶ φημίζεται βασιλεὺς, καὶ κρατεῖ αὐτὴν ἐπὶ χρόνους ζ', ἐκάκωσε δὲ οὐ τὴν χώραν ἀπλῶς καὶ τῶν πλουσίων τοὺς βίους καθόλου διήρπασεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοὺς ἰδίους ἄρχοντας αὐτοῦ ποινηλατῶν καθ' ἐκάστην καὶ θλίβων, ὥστε πάντας ἐν ἀμνηχανίᾳ διάγειν, καὶ τρόπον τινὰ ἐπιζητοῦντας φυλαχάσθαι ἀπ' αὐτοῦ.

Τούτων δὲ οὕτως ἐχόντων, ἰδοὺ, καὶ Ἰγκλίτερ προσβάλλει τῇ Κύπρῳ, καὶ θάπτει πρὸς αὐτὸν ἔδραμον πάντες· τότε ὁ βασιλεὺς ἐρήμος ἐναπομείνας λαοῦ, προῦδωκε καὶ αὐτὸς χερσὶ τῶν Ἰγκλιτέρων· ὃν καὶ δῆσας σιδήροις, καὶ τοὺς αὐτοῦ θησαυροὺς διαπράσας σφόδρα πολλοὺς, καὶ τὴν χώραν σκυλεύσας δεινῶς, ἀποπλεῖ πρὸς Ἱερουσαλὴμ, πλοῖα καταλείψας τοῦ σχιδεῖν τὴν χώραν, καὶ στέλλειν ὅπισθεν αὐτοῦ· τὸν δὲ βασιλεῖα Κύπρου Ἰσαάκιον κατακλείει σιδηροδέσμιον ἐν καστέλλῳ καλουμένῳ Μαρκάπῳ· κατὰ δὲ τοῦ ὁμοίου αὐτῷ Σαλαχαντίνου ἀνύσας μηδὲν, ὁ ἀλιτήριος ἦνισε τοῦτο καὶ μόνον, διαπράσας τὴν χώραν Λατίνοις χρυσίου χιλιάδων λιτρῶν διακοσίων· διὸ καὶ πολὺς ὁ ὀλολυγμὸς καὶ ἀφόρητος ὁ καπνὸς, ὡς προεῖρηται, ὁ ἐλθὼν ἐκ τοῦ βορρᾶ, περὶ ὧν ὁ θέλων δηλῶσαι κατὰ μέρος καὶ ὁ χρόνος ἐπιλείψει.

Μαινομένης θαλάσσης ἐκ πολλῆς τρικυμίας καὶ πολλῆς καταγίδος οὐδὲν ἀποδέει νῦν τὰ τῆς χώρας ἡμῶν· μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ χεῖρον ἀγρίας θαλάσσης· ἐκείνης γὰρ τὴν ἀγριότητα διαδέχεται γαλήνη· ἔνθα δὲ ὁ κλυδων καθ' ἐκάστην ἐπαύξει, καὶ τὸ ραγδαῖον αὐτοῦ τέλος οὐκ ἔχει· εἰ μὴ πον ἀκούσεις, Μέχρι τούτου ἐλεύση, καὶ οὐκ ὑπερβήση, ἀλλ' ἐν σεαυτῇ συντριβήσεται σου τὰ κύματα. Ἐν τῇ Λευϊτικῇ βίβλῳ γέγραπται διαρρηθὴν τὰ ἐν τῇ γῇ ἡμῶν συναντήσαντα πῆματα, ἧτοι πόλεμοι, ἡτται, σποραὶ διὰ κενῆς, ὑπ' ἐναντίων ἐδωδῆ, καρπὸς καμάτων ἡμῶν· καὶ ἡ ἰσχὺς ἡμῶν ἐγένετο εἰς οὐδέν· καὶ ἐγενόμεθα ὀλιγοστοί· καὶ λαὸς ἀλλότριος ἐπληθύνθη ἐν τῇ γῇ ἡμῶν· ἐπορεύθητε πρὸς με πλάγιοι, λέγει ὁ θεός, ἀγῶν πορεύσομαι πρὸς ὑμᾶς ἐν θυμῷ πλαγίῳ· καὶ γὰρ οὕτως ἔχει· εἰ μὴ πῶ γὰρ τις νοσήσας χολανεῖ, οὐδ' ὁ ἱατρὸς

For unless a man shall fall sick, and halt, neither will the physician apply cutting with bitterness and burning. It is manifest that had we not grievously angered our all-good Physician, and walked contrary unto Him, He would not have been contrary disposed unto us, chastening us for our salvation.

ἐπάγει τομὴν μετὰ πικρίας καὶ καύσεως· ὁῦλον ὅτι καὶ ἡμεῖς εἰ μὴ πονοῦν πολλὰ τὸν πανάγαθον ἰατρὸν ἡμῶν παρεπικράναμεν καὶ πλαγίως πρὸς αὐτὸν ἐπορεύθημεν, οὐκ ἂν καὶ αὐτὸς πλαγίως πρὸς ἡμᾶς διετέθη, σωτηριωδῶς καταπικραίνων ἡμᾶς.

W. VON OLDENBURG.

Wilbrandi de Oldenburg Peregrinatio, a journal of pilgrimage written in neat Latin, was first printed in 1653, and republished by J. C. M. Laurent in *Peregrinatores medii aevi quatuor*, 2nd ed., Leipzig, 1873.

Wilbrand, Count of Oldenburg, son of Henry II. Count of Oldenburg and Beatrix, Countess of Hallermund, was in 1211 Canon of Hildesheim, in 1212 of Paderborn, in 1228 Bishop of Utrecht, and died July 27, 1234. He reached Acre August 25, 1211, and coasting North and West came to Corycus in Cilicia Tracheia. Of the "prepositus Hermannus de Lugonne" nothing is known.

Lecky, *Rationalism*, Vol. i. p. 24 (ed. 1897), in a note quotes Malleus Maleficarum (1489) p. 522, stating that "the Incubi generally had no children, but there were some exceptions to this rule; for Nider the inquisitor assures us that the island of Cyprus was entirely peopled by their sons."

Cap. xxvii. p. 180. From Corycus, only two miles from Seleucia and the river [Seleph or Calycadnus] in which the Emperor Frederic I. Barbarossa was drowned, we took ship and crossed to Cyprus. The island is extremely fertile, and produces excellent wine. It lies near the Cyclades, but is not one of them. Its length is four days' journey, its breadth more than two. It has high mountains. There is one archbishop, who has three suffragans. These are Latins. But the Greeks, over whom throughout this land the Latins have dominion, have thirteen bishops, of whom one is an archbishop. They all obey the Franks, and pay tribute like slaves. Whence you can see that the Franks are the lords of this land, whom the Greeks and Armenians obey as serfs. They are rude in all their habits, and shabby in their dress, sacrificing chiefly to their lusts. We shall ascribe this to the wine of that country which provokes to luxury, or rather to those who drink it. It is for this reason that Venus was said to be worshipped in Cyprus. And she herself was called Cypris, as it is said, "the goddess Cypris yields to Mars, or to her own arts." For the wines of this island are so thick and rich that they are sometimes specially prepared to be eaten like honey with bread. Cyprus rears many wild asses and rams, stags and hinds: but it has no bears, lions or wolves, or other dangerous beasts. Let him who desires to be more fully informed concerning this land, how it was first made habitable, and how virgins were here beguiled by demons and bore them offspring, and how far those demons haunted the men who first colonised the island, study the book of the Provost Hermann of Lyon, in which that dignitary of pious memory describes fully and exactly all these things and much more about the condition of Cyprus. Of your charity let his soul find remembrance in your prayers.

We first touched land at Schernæ [Keryneia] a small town but fortified, which has a castle with walls and towers. Its chief boast is its good harbour. In this district the king of Cyprus has four good castles. Note that the Emperor Henry VI. made the first lord of this country a king, and crowned him by the hands of Conrad the chancellor. Hence it follows that the king of this land is bound in fealty to the Roman Emperor.

Passing on we reached Cossia [Nicosia]. This is the king's capital city, situated almost in the middle of the plain; it has no fortifications. A strong castle has just now been built in it. It has inhabitants without number, all very rich, whose houses in their interior adornment and paintings closely resemble the houses of Antioch. In this city is the seat of the archbishop. Also the court and palace of the king, where I first saw an ostrich. This city is five miles from Schernæ. On the road thither we came on many cypress trees, which grow here and there in great numbers. From these I think the island takes its name.

We continued our pilgrimage thence to visit the cross of the thief who was crucified on our Lord's right hand, and reached Lamezis [Limassol]. This is a city but slightly fortified, lying by the sea, with a much frequented harbour. Here is the first suffragan see of the lord bishop of Nicosia. Near it are the vineyards of Engaddi, concerning which see the Song of Songs i. 14 "my beloved is unto me as a cluster of Cyprus in the vineyards of Engaddi." Here also balsam used to be found but is no longer found. The wines of the place are excellent; for their sweetness trust to our experience, for we tried and tasted them.

Hence we made the ascent of the mountain called of the Holy Cross, which outtops all the mountains of Cyprus. On its peak is a small convent. The life of its inmates, if they will allow me to say so, is very unlike that of monks. Within the convent is a small chapel, in which that precious cross is kept with much honour. It hangs and swings in the air, they say, resting on no support. But it is not easy to see this. This was the manner and this the reason of its being set there. The devil, that enemy of all good, pursued the settlers and dwellers of this land with such malice that he used to tear up by night the bodies of the dead who had been interred during the day, and brought them back to the homes of their friends. So that the natives could not bury their dead. Helena the mother of Constantine who was then ruler there pitied their trouble, and set that cross which she had brought whole from Jerusalem, as it stands to-day, on that mountain; and thus she drove with power those malicious foes not only from the land, but from the lower air which is thought to be the prison of devils, as though she used that word of the Lord "let the dead bury their dead." And thus that ancient enemy, who conquered on the cross, was by that cross conquered.

From this mountain we saw Paphos: this too is on the shore, and contains the second suffragan see of the lord bishop of Nicosia. It is a small town, and they still show there the tower on which in the days of heathen ignorance Venus was worshipped by her lovers.

Our pilgrimage was now done, and we toiled on to Famagusta. We had gone so far on foot, and were compelled for very weariness to hire asses, and thought we were going to race on them as on stout horses. Then one of our party, whom I do not presume to name, whose tongue many a cup had quickened, when he thought to mount, found his legs going in different ways and fell from his ass, and while trying to rise even received some kicks from it. So was our Silenus overthrown, and spurned by the ass's hoof! He was for throwing all his mishap on the wine, when he ought rather to have followed that maxim of Cato's

"You whom wine causes to err, absolve not yourself:

No fault lies with the wine, the fault is the drinker's."

Hence we reached Famagusta, a city built close to the sea, with a good harbour, slightly fortified. Here is the third suffragan see of the lord bishop of Nicosia. Near it is the site of some city now destroyed, from which, they say, came that famous and blessed Epiphanius, who is commemorated in the Canon.

From this city, after a delay of three weeks while we waited for a favouring wind, we set sail, and with much toil and through a great storm we returned to Acre.

DANTE.

Dante Alighieri, in a mystical passage of the *Paradiso*, xix. 145—148, speaking with the mouth of the Roman Eagle (standing here as the symbol of the justice of the Empire) within the outlines of which he sees gathered the souls of those kings of the earth who did justly and loved mercy, seems to say that, in earnest of that day when injustice and vice shall meet their doom, Nicosia and Famagusta already groan with sorrow and growl with anger at the selfish wickedness of Henry II. of Lusignan (1285—1310), a worthy sty-mate of other bestial kings. Here is the text, Cary's translation, and the comment of Benvenuto da Imola.

E creder dee ciascun che già, per arra
 Di questo, Nicosia e Famagosta
 Per la lor bestia sì lamenti e garra,
 Che dal fianco dell' altre non si scosta.

In earnest of that day, e'en now are heard
 Wailings and groans in Famagosta's streets
 And Nicosia's, grudging at their beast,
 Who keepeth even footing with the rest.

"And everyone ought to believe that by this same token, that is by the token of this prophecy or book, that Nicosia and Famagosta, by which he means to be understood the kingdom of Cyprus—for Nicosia is a city in Cyprus: Famagosta another city, greater and richer, to which there is a general concourse of merchants—laments and groans, that is, is in tumult over their beast, that is their king, who lives as a beast. Wherefore he says which, that is, which king, does not separate itself from the side of the others, that is, does not differ nor depart from the side of the other beasts, that is, of other vicious kings. And truly he does not separate himself and keep himself apart from the bestial living of others, nay rather o'ertops and exceeds with his Cypriot subjects all rulers and peoples of the kingdoms of Christendom in superfluity of luxury, gluttony, effeminacy and every kind of pleasure. But to be at pains to describe the kinds of feasts, their sumptuousness, variety and superfluities, would be tiresome to tell, and tedious to write, and harmful to hear. Wherefore men who live soberly and temperately ought to turn away their eyes from seeing, and their ears from hearing the meretricious, lewd and filthy habits of that island, which by God's leave the Genoese have now invaded, conquered, evil-entreated and amerced."

W. VON BOLDENSELE.

Wilhelm von Boldensele or Boldensleeve (Otto von Neuhaus) deserted the Dominican Convent of S. Paul at Minden, got absolution at Rome, and undertook in 1333 the pilgrimage to the Holy Places. The journey was made perhaps at the instance of Cardinal Elie de Talleyrand, Comte de Périgord, Bishop of Limoges: or, as Basnage says, the Cardinal may have only prompted him to describe it, for his own information or for that of Benedict XII., who was preaching a new Crusade.

His *Hodoeporicon ad Terram Sanctam* was written in 1336, and published in Canisius, *Lectiones Antiquae*, ed. by J. Basnage, fol. Anvers, 1725 (see vol. iv. p. 338).

From Rhodes I went on towards Cyprus. This island is rich in excellent wine, whence the bride in the Songs compares the bridegroom to a cluster of Cyprus in the vineyards of

Engaddi. These vineyards are in Cyprus, near the city Nicomosa, and are called to-day by the inhabitants Engaddia.

The wines of Cyprus are naturally red, and after a year they grow white, and the older they are the whiter they grow: they smell well, are wholesome and very strong, and unless largely mixed with water are hardly fit to drink.

There is in Cyprus on a certain high mountain in the care of the monks of S. Benedict the cross of the good thief, and part of a nail of the Passion; and other worshipful relics. Also in Cyprus is the body of the blessed Hilarion under the royal care in the castle which is called Gedamors [Dieu d'amours]. And another saint who is called Zozonion or Zozomion is held in this island in great reverence, whose head is preserved in the royal chapel. S. Barnabas also of the city Salamina or Constantia now destroyed, near Famagusta, was born in Cyprus.

There are in the mountains of Cyprus wild sheep, with hair like that of goats and dogs, which are said to be found nowhere else. It is a very swift animal and its flesh is good and sweet. When I was out hunting I saw several caught by dogs, and especially by the tame leopards of Cyprus.

On Christmas-day I reached Syria.

J. DE VERONA.

Jacobus de Verona, an Augustinian monk, left Verona May 7, 1335, embarked at Venice May 29, visited Cyprus, preached at Nicosia before Hugues IV. de Lusignan, and left the island on July 21 for the Holy Land, Sinai and Egypt, returning in October to his home.

We translate from the rude Latin of the text published in the *Revue de l'Orient Latin* (1895, pp. 175—179) by M. Reinhold Roehricht.

With a calm sea and favourable wind we sailed past Rhodes, which belongs to the Brethren of S. John of Jerusalem, and reached Cyprus in great alarm, because a pirate, a savage robber of the sea, one Bartholomew Malopolus, was following us or close to us. At length by God's help we escaped him and arrived at the city of Paphus, commonly called Bafa; then passing by the city of Cyprus we anchored in the harbour of Famagosta, a city of Cyprus, on Friday, the last day of June (1335); and on the following day, the first of July, we all, merchants and pilgrims and sailors and crew, went to the church of S. Maria de la Cava, which is about two bowshots outside the town, and there in most devout fashion I celebrated mass, and we offered one large or double candle to the glorious Virgin who delivered us from so many dangers, for while we were yet at sea we had thus made our vow. The church is worthy to be visited devoutly and often: it is in a cavern, and you descend into it by thirty-six steps. It is well lighted and adorned and painted, but of small size. Everyone who lands goes there forthwith. There are three chaplains who remain there continually, and celebrate daily for the crowd of visitors. For at sea when the sailors at even sing *Salve Regina* one of them always invokes the help first of the Holy Cross of Mount Calvary, then that of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Cave, and for many years the worshippers in that church respond *Deus exaudiat*.

I stayed twenty days in that island of Cyprus, and got to the city of Nicosia, and visited the Lord Hugo, king of Cyprus, who is virtuous, gracious and devout. Every Sunday and Feast day he hears sermons from clergy in his own chapel—I too preached before him—and

he has ten chaplains who celebrate daily, and himself is always present at the service. Among the clergy are three monks of our Order, two Preachers, and the secular priests. That city of Nicosia is adorned with many gardens, and has many nobles. It is a day's journey from Famagosta. But from Candia, a city in Crete, to Famagosta the distance is eight hundred miles; and from Candia to Venice fifteen hundred, and from Venice to Famagosta two thousand three hundred miles.

In that city of Cyprus and in the island I saw the novelties which I note here below. The first is that on that day, the last of June, and that very hour when I entered the harbour several large vessels and galleys and *gripparia* came from Armenia, from the city of Logaze, crowded with old men, children, women, orphans and wards more than fifteen hundred in number, who were flying from Armenia because the Soldan had sent hosts, many and mighty, to destroy it, and they burnt all that plain and carried off captive more than twelve thousand persons, over and above those whom they had slain with the sword, and they began to destroy it, as I was told by Venetian merchants who were there, on Ascension Day, which fell on May 25. O Lord God, sad indeed it was to see that multitude in the square of Famagosta, children crying and moaning at their mothers' breasts, old men and starving dogs howling. Hear it, ye Christians who live in your own towns and homes, eating and drinking and reared in luxury, who care not to make the Holy Land your own, and to restore it to the Christian Faith!

Moreover in that same city of Famagosta, while I was there a certain rich citizen died, and all our clerks were invited to pay him honour, and I went, and while we were at the door of the deceased I heard women singing sweetly; then I entered the house, and looked where the corpse lay, and lo, at his head were two women singing aloud, and two at his feet piously wailing, and these are the flute-players (S. Matt. ix. 23) of whom the Evangelist speaks. They were singing in the Greek tongue, so we could not understand them, because all men in Cyprus speak Greek: they understand well the Saracen and Frankish tongues, but chiefly use Greek. I asked what they were saying and was told that they praised the dead man for his beauty and thrift and other virtues.

Also in the same city, one Sunday, I saw a bride go to the house of the bridegroom thus; before her were borne twenty large candles lighted, and after her twenty, and in the midst she sat on a horse, with her eyebrows and forehead painted, and after the candles came forty or more ladies with black cloaks over their heads and reaching to the feet, in very decent fashion, and thus go all the ladies of Cyprus, showing nothing but their eyes, and when they go out of doors they always wear this black cloak; and this from (1291) the time that the Christians lost Acre, which is Acon or Ptolemais.

Also in the same city are several sects which have their own worship and their own churches. First, true Christians; secondly the Greeks, who consecrate not with unleavened wafers, but with leavened bread; they do not elevate the Body of Christ, nor do they believe that the Spirit proceeds from the Son. There are also Jacobites, who are circumcised, and are baptised with the Greek rite. There are also Armenians, who perform their worship like true Christians, but say the service in the Greek tongue, also Georgians and Maronites. Those two sects are baptized like Christians, but use the Greek service. Also Nestorians, so called from the faithless heretic Nestor, who say that Christ was only a mere man, and perform their services in Greek, but do not follow the Greeks but have a service of their own.

Also in that island the heat is such that in summer a man can scarcely live, and no one leaves his house except at night, and in the morning until the third hour, and from the hour of vespers onwards. I was nearly dead of that heat.

Also in that island and province of Cyprus there is a native wine called *Marea*. If it were drunk neat the heat of the wine would burn up a man's entrails. It does not appear so strong to the taste, anyone who would drink it must put one glass of wine to four of water, and even so it is strong enough. The circumference of the island is six hundred miles.

In that island is a very high mountain which is seen from the sea, and on the mountain a renowned monastery of Black Monks called of the Holy Cross, and a church. Between two rocks hangs the cross of the good thief, to whom the Lord said "To-day shalt thou be with ME in Paradise." It is held in great and devout veneration, and a vast multitude visit it. It is called the mountain of the Cross; it is fifteen miles from the sea, and a good day's journey from Famagosta.

To this monastery of the Black Monks of the Holy Cross I went on my return from Nicosia. I arrived there with devotion and reverence, and saw and touched that blessed wood, which is held in reverence by all, and seafaring men in storms at sea invoke the blessed Cross of Cyprus.

L. VON SUCHEN.

Some fragmentary but interesting notes on Cyprus from the *De Terra Sancta et itinere Ihierosol.* of Ludolf, priest of the church of Suchen in Westphalia, are here translated from vol. II. pp. 210—217 of Mons. de Mas Latrie's *Histoire de l'île de Chypre*. The original work, printed in the fifteenth century without note of date or place (Strassburg, 1468?), is extremely rare. The visit took place between 1336 and 1341. One text was edited by Prof. F. Deycks, Stuttgart, 1851: another, "Ludolphus de Sudheim, de Itinere Terrae Sanctae," in 1884 by Dr G. A. Neumann, Ord. Cist. (*Archives de l'Orient Latin*, II. pp. 305—377: see also R. Röhricht, *Deutsche Pilgerreisen*, Gotha, 1889, p. 102). Suchen or Suchem, supposed to be in the diocese of Paderborn, Westphalia, has not been identified.

Concerning the kingdom of Cyprus. From Rhodes we sail to Cyprus, an island most noble and fertile, most famous and rich, surpassing all the islands of the sea, and teeming with all good things, first inhabited by Japhet, son of Noah. It is productive beyond all other lands. The distance by sea which divides Cyprus from the cities situate on the coasts of Egypt, Syria, Armenia, Turkey and Greece is scarcely a day's journey, as you shall hear later. This glorious island belonged once to the Templars. They sold it to the king of Jerusalem, and when the Holy Land and Acon were lost and laid waste, the king of Jerusalem with the princes, nobles and barons of his realm removed to Cyprus, and have remained and lived there up to the present day. And so it was that Cyprus was made a kingdom.

There are three Bishoprics in Cyprus, at Paphus, Nymocia and Famagusta, and one Metropolitan at Nicosia: in my time this last was Hélie [de Nabinal 1332—1367] a brother of the Friars Minor. Pope Clement V. made him Cardinal.

Paphus, whilom a great and goodly city, is the oldest in Cyprus: it lies on the seashore opposite Alexandria, and is now well-nigh destroyed by frequent earthquakes. SS. Paul and Barnabas turned this city to the faith of Christ, and thence was the whole world turned to that faith, as is shown in the Acts of the Apostles.

Concerning the castle of Venus. Near Paphus once stood the castle of Venus, where they were wont to adore an idol of Venus, and came to visit its threshold from distant countries, and all noble lords and ladies and damsels were gathered there. It was there that

counsel was first taken for the destruction of Troy, for Helen was taken captive as she journeyed thither. In this temple also all ladies and damsels before their betrothal yielded themselves to men; for in Cyprus above all lands men are by nature most luxurious. For the soil of Cyprus, and especially where the castle is, if a man sleep thereon, of its own self will all the night through provoke a man to lust.

Near Paphus is the place where S. Hylarius lived and worked many miracles, and many other places where many saints lived, and especially S. Mamas, who was by family of Lucania, whom the Greeks devoutly and intently invoke for the cure of abscesses.

Concerning the vineyard of Engadi. In this same province of Paphus is the vineyard of Engadi: its like is nowhere found. It is situated in a very high mountain, and measures two miles in length and in breadth, girt on all sides with a lofty rock and a wall; on one side it has a very narrow entrance, and within it is quite level. In this vineyard grow vines and clusters of many different kinds, some of which produce grapes of the bigness of plums, others small grapes like peas, others again grapes without stones, or grapes in shape like an acorn, all transparent, and grapes and clusters of many other kinds are seen therein. It belonged to the Templars, and more than a hundred Saracen captives were daily therein, whose only task was to clean and watch that vineyard, and indeed I have heard from many of experience that God had made for the use of men no fairer or nobler ornament under the sun. And so we read of it in the Song of Songs "my beloved is unto me as a cluster (of Cyprus) in the vineyard of Engadi."

Concerning the little Engadi, and the city of Nymocinum. Not far from Paphus is the city of Nymocia, which was once fair but now laid waste by constant earthquakes and by floods coming suddenly from the mountains. This city is set on the seashore directly facing Tyre and Sydon and Baruch. After the loss of Acon the Templars and the Friars of the Hospital of S. John and other nobles and burghers dwelt here, and many of their palaces and castles are seen there.

Concerning the vineyard of Engadi. Near Nymocine is another vineyard called the little Engadi, in which grow vines of many different kinds, which a man cannot gird with his arms. But they are not tall, nor do they produce much fruit.

In this diocese there live monks of the house of the Teutonic (knights) in a place called (Pravimunt or Perrimunt), also English monks of the order of S. Thomas of Canterbury. There too is a very high mountain, very like to the little Thabor, on the top whereof is a fair monastery, in which are monks of S. Benedict. In this monastery is the whole cross on which hung the thief at the right hand of Christ, which was brought thither by S. Helena, and this monastery was by her endowed and built. The cross is devoutly saluted by all seafarers when near to death, and in this mountain for the honour paid to that cross God works many miracles. From hence mount Libanus is clearly seen.

Concerning the city of Famagusta. The third city of Cyprus is called Famagusta, situate on the seashore: here are the harbours of all this sea and realm and a concourse of merchants and pilgrims. It lies directly opposite to Armenia, Turkey and Acon. It is the richest of all cities, and her citizens are the richest of men. A citizen once betrothed his daughter, and the jewels of her head-dress were valued by the French knights who came with us as more precious than all the ornaments of the Queen of France. A certain merchant of this city sold to the Sultan a royal orb of gold, and thereon four precious stones, a ruby, an emerald, a sapphire and a pearl, for sixty thousand florins; and anon he sought to buy back that orb for a hundred thousand florins, but it was denied him. The Constable of Jerusalem had four pearls which his wife wore by way of a clasp, and, when

and where he would, he could pledge it for three thousand florins. In this city in one shop is more aloe wood than five carts could carry away. I am silent touching drugs, for they are as common there as bread is here, and are sold as commonly. But I dare not speak of their precious stones and golden tissues and other riches, for it were a thing unheard of and incredible. In this city dwell very many wealthy courtesans, of whom some possess more than one hundred thousand florins. I dare not speak of their riches.

Concerning Constantia or Salamina. Near Famagusta is another city called Constantia or Salamina, set on the seashore, where was once a harbour, and a very noble, famous and wealthy city, as its ruins testify. Here Epiphanius, a man of marvellous holiness, was in wondrous wise elected bishop, and here he was buried. Here too S. Katharina was born, and her chapel still is shown. In this city too S. Barnabas the apostle suffered martyrdom, and near it was burned and there buried. S. Epiphanius gave glory to this city and to all the land by his many miracles, but it is now in part destroyed.

Concerning the city of Nycossia. There is another great city in Cyprus called Nycossia. It is the capital of the island, and lies under the mountains in a fine open plain with an excellent climate. In this city, by reason of its well-tempered air and healthfulness, the king of Cyprus and all the bishops and prelates of his realm, the princes and nobles and barons and knights, chiefly live, and daily engage in spear-play and tourneys, and especially in hunting. There are in Cyprus wild rams which are not found in other parts of the world. But they are caught with leopards, in no other way can they be taken. And in Cyprus the princes, nobles, barons and knights are the richest in the world. For one who has a revenue of three thousand florins is no more accounted of there than if he had an income of three marks. But they spend all on the chase. I knew a certain Count of Japhe [Hugues d'Ibelin, Comte de Jaffa et d'Ascalon] who had more than five hundred hounds, and every two dogs have their own servant to guard and bathe and anoint them, for so must dogs be tended there. A certain nobleman has ten or eleven falconers with special pay and allowances. I knew several nobles and knights in Cyprus who could keep and feed two hundred armed men at a less cost than their huntsmen and falconers. For when they go to the chase they live sometimes for a whole month in their tents among the forests and mountains, straying from place to place, hunting with their dogs and hawks, and sleeping in their tents in the fields and woods, carrying all their food and necessities on camels and beasts of burden. You must know that in Cyprus all the princes, nobles, barons and knights are the noblest, best and richest in the world. They live there now with their children, but they used to live in the land of Syria, and the noble city of Acon, but when that land and city were lost they fled to Cyprus, and there have remained until the present day.

Moreover there are very rich merchants, a thing not to be wondered at, for Cyprus is the furthest of Christian lands, so that all ships and all wares, be they what they may, and come they from what part of the sea they will, must needs come first to Cyprus, and in no wise can they pass it by, and pilgrims from every country journeying to the lands over sea must touch at Cyprus. And daily from the rising of the sun to its going down are heard rumours and news. And the tongues of every nation under heaven are heard and read and talked: and all are taught in special schools.

There too in the highest mountains facing the sun is produced excellent wine. At first it is red, but let it stand in an earthen jar four, six or nine years it becomes white. Yet is it not thereby diminished but grows ever stronger, so that commonly men mix one part of wine with nine of water. And were a man to drink a whole cask he would not be drunken, but it would burn and destroy his bowels. Yet many hold it wholesome to drink this wine

neat on an empty stomach. In all the world are no greater or better drinkers than in Cyprus. The trees and herbs that grow here are the same as those of the Holy Land.

In my days many nobles, barons and knights came hither from Germany, to wit the Count of Fyanden [Graf Gottfried III. von Vianden], the Count of Suartzborg [Heinrich von Schwarzburg], the lord of Sledin [Schleiden] and nobles of Litchenstein [Liechtenstein] and several others. The seacoasts of Turkey pay tribute to the king of Cyprus, to wit Candelor, Scabmir [Anamur], Sicce [Sechin] and Scacalia [Adalia] and some other towns and castles....

It would be a long task to set down the other wonderful riches of the island, or to tell of its nobles.

J. MAUNDEVILLE.

Sir John Maundeville was born, it is imagined, at St Albans, set out on his travels in 1322, and was buried in 1382 at Liège, where his *Voiage and Travaile* was written in 1356. The work as we have it is really a compilation of later date from the French.

We transcribe from pp. 37—40 of the edition illustrated by Arthur Layard, 8vo, A. Constable, 1895.

From this isle of Rhodes men go to Cyprus, where be many vines, that first be red, and after one year they become white: and those wines that be most white be most clear and best of smell.... From Rhodes to Cyprus be five hundred miles and more; but men may go to Cyprus and not touch at Rhodes. Cyprus is a right good isle, and a fair and great, and it hath four principal cities within him, and there is an Archbishop at Nicosia, and four other bishops in that land. And at Famagosta is one of the principal havens of the sea that is in the world; and there arrive Christian men and Saracens, and men of all nations.

In Cyprus is the hill of the Holy Cross, and there is an abbey of black monks, and there is the cross of Dismas, the good thief, as I have said before, and some men believe that there is half of the Cross of our Lord, but it is not so, and they do evil who make men to believe so.

In Cyprus lies St Zenonimus of whom men of that country make great solemnity; and in the castle of Amours lieth the body of St Hilarion, and men keep it right worshipfully, and beside Famagusta was St Barnabas the Apostle born. In Cyprus men hunt with papyons [*papiones quos appellant, canes silvestres, acriores quam lupi*, Jac. de Vitriaco, *Hist. Orient.* III.], that be like leopards, and they take wild beasts right well, and they be somewhat more big than lions, and they take more sharply the beasts, and more nimbly than do hounds.

In Cyprus it is the manner of lords and all other men to eat on the earth; for they make ditches in the earth all about in the hall, deep to the knee, and they do pave them; and when they will eat, they go therein and sit there, and the reason is that they may be the more cool; for that land is much hotter than it is here, and at great feasts, and for strangers, they set forms and tables as men do in this country; but they had rather sit in the earth.

From Cyprus men go to the land of Jerusalem by the sea, and in a day and night he that hath good wind may come to the haven of Tyre, that is now clept Sur.... Men might go more direct to that haven, and touch not at Cyprus, but they go gladly to Cyprus, to rest them on the land, or else to buy things that they need for their living.

MARTONI.

Nicolai de Marthono Notarii Liber Peregrinationis ad Loca Sancta was edited in 1895 for the *Revue de l'Orient Latin*, t. III. no. 1, by M. Léon Le Grand, from MS. 6521 in the National Library at Paris. The author, a notary of Carinola, near Calvi in Campania, embarked at Gaeta June 17, 1394, for Alexandria; visited Cairo, M. Sinai and Jerusalem, and on November 27 arrived at Famagosta. In barbarous Latin, but simply and conscientiously, he relates what he saw in that city, at Nicosia and S. Croce. He tells us naively enough of the risks he ran, seeing he was small of stature, short-sighted and could not swim. His troubles were severe, the worst however met him on his return to Carinola, when he learned the death of his wife, which had been hastened by anxiety for his safety.

When I reached Famagosta, and how it was built.

On the 27th of the said month of November (1394) I landed at Famagusta. Famagusta belonged formerly to the king of Cyprus, and is situated in the kingdom of Cyprus. Cyprus is a good island, with a circuit of five hundred miles. But now the Genoese hold the said town. The city of Famagusta is large, as large, I reckon, as the city of Capua, and has fine squares, and houses very much like those of Capua, but a great part, almost a third, is uninhabited, and the houses are destroyed, and this has been done since the date of the Genoese lordship. The said city has finer walls than I have seen in any town, high with broad alleys round them, and many and high towers all round. This city is jealously guarded day and night by the Genoese through fear of the king of Cyprus. There are seven hundred armed soldiers in the pay of the Genoese who guard that city with great punctuality.

Of the castle of the city.

The castle of the city is fine, and is nearly all in the sea, except perhaps a fourth part on the city side, and there are fine ditches there constructed on either side which are filled with the sea water, and remain always full of the said water, making the said castle impregnable.

Of the harbour of Famagosta.

The city of Famagosta has a pretty fine harbour, protected from every wind. And in this harbour in front of the city gate is a wooden jetty, a stone's throw in length, and vessels come up to this jetty, and therefrom merchandise is carried to the vessels.

Of the population of the city, and the bad air.

In this city live a certain number of Genoese, and a large number of Greeks, because the whole island of Cyprus is peopled by Greeks; and there is made a great quantity of camlet. There is one custom in force in this city, and throughout the island, that no woman can go out of the city of Famagosta without the leave of the Commandant, and cannot escape giving bail in the Commandant's court for her return to the city: and this is rarely granted to any woman. The reason alleged is that men cannot live in that city but for the women who spin and prepare wool for the camlet, for they have hardly any other means of living. There is another reason too for keeping up the men in the city, which for decency's sake I pass over in silence. But the air of the city is very bad; at all seasons of the year there is mortality, and men die in great numbers, of the Genoese far more than of the Greeks. While I was

there for a month or more the new Commandant who came from Genoa died, and many others were dying, which terrified me greatly, and I remained those days in the city in great fear, chiefly because I was separated from my companions, and had no helper or worldly adviser to keep me sound and restore me to my country.

Of the church of S. Nicolas.

The mother church of Famagosta is dedicated to S. Nicolas, vaulted and very fair, with many chapels round it. The Bishop of that church is a Genoese, who formerly when the city was under the rule of the king of Cyprus had annually from the revenues of the church 4000 ducats. Now, he told me, he had not 2000 ducats a year, because he had lost all his dues from the island since the Genoese came to rule in that city. And I can well believe his poverty, for one day after hearing mass in the said church of S. Nicolas, finding myself badly in want of money I thought to ask an alms for the love of God of the said bishop, and I approached him with reverence as a pilgrim, and said to him "Father and lord, it is my fate to say those words of the Gospel: 'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed.' I beg your paternity to help a poor pilgrim with some charitable donation." He replied that he had not wherewithal to live in that church. I heard matins on the night of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and masses and other customary offices during the same feast.

Of the fruit-market.

Between that church of S. Nicolas and the palace where now dwells the Commandant, which formerly belonged to the king of Cyprus when he ruled in that city—a fine palace with a large fore-court, many buildings and a fair garden—is a court larger than that of Capua, in which are sold bread, a great quantity of vegetables and other fruits, just as at Capua; and daily there are sold there cloths and many other things at auction. This court is, I think, in the middle of the city.

Of the house of S. Francis.

In this town is a house of S. Francis, passing fair, with a fair cloister, a dormitory, many cells and other rooms, with a fine garden and a quantity of conduits, wells and cisterns. The Guardian told me that they live badly, and get indifferent alms.

Of the church of S. Stephen.

In the same city is a church dedicated to S. Stephen, a fine building with a hospital, though at that time the hospital was shabbily kept. In which church I heard a solemn mass on S. Stephen's day, and saw some bones of his body and many other relics of saints. In this church is a crucifix fairer than I have seen anywhere, adorned and chased all round in pure gold.

Of the Monastery of S. Maria de Cammino.

In the same city is a monastery of S. Maria de Cammino. The church is very fair and dignified, vaulted, with chapels round, with very beautiful scenes and pictures, and a right fair cloister with oranges and other fruits. There is also a dormitory, and many other rooms for the use of the monks. In this church I saw the undermentioned holy relics, to wit:

The head of the blessed Ursuline, very beautifully shrined in silver.

A bone of the shin of S. Leo, Pope.

The head of S. Cufinus.

The head of S. Sosius.

And a piece of the wood of the holy cross of our Lord.

Of the Monastery of S. Dominic.

There is in this city a monastery of S. Dominic, in which is a fair vaulted church. There is a fair cloister with gardens, a dormitory and other buildings for the use of the monks, though most of them are in ruins. At present all the monks live in a shabby way in this city of Famagosta.

Of the villages of Famagosta.

Outside the city of Famagosta there were formerly large and populous villages—I reckon there were two thousand hearths—and in them many fair churches. But now the said villages are wholly destroyed, so that there is not one sound house, and not one person lives there. There are many seemly churches, among which is the church of S. Maria of the cave, very seemly, and many people, Latins, and Greeks, go to the said church to pray.

Of the building of the city of Famagosta.

One part of this city of Famagosta is close to the sea, and another larger part is away from the sea: it is encompassed with very fine ditches built throughout. The whole city, or at least its walls, are based on stone as hard as marble, so that it cannot possibly be hewn out: and in the city on the seaside is an arsenal, large and fine like that of Naples. Formerly, that is a hundred years ago, the city was set elsewhere, and stood where is a place named Constanza, four miles from Famagosta. The city was then called Constanza from a king Constantius, father of the blessed Catherine, who built it. It was two miles from the sea, and had no harbour. And when Acre was lost, which was the last place in Syria lost by the Christians, all the people who escaped from Acre fled to the island of Cyprus, and then that ancient city Constanza was removed to the place where is now Famagosta.

Of the women's dress.

And hence comes a custom that all women, as well of that town of Famagosta as of the other towns of the island, wear black mantles on their heads so that their faces can hardly be seen. And this custom began and has been followed on account of the sorrow and dire grief for the loss of that city of Acre and other cities of Syria, and the greater part of the city of Famagosta was made up of the people of Acre.

Of the bad air.

Between the city of Famagosta and the ancient city of Constantia is a large marsh, which seems like an arm of the sea. And it is held that on account of that marsh, and the great number of courtesans, a bad air affects the men who dwell in that city.

Of the place where S. Catherine was born.

And because through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ Who permitted me to do so I saw all the story of the blessed Catherine, and all that she did, as well in Alexandria, the place of her prison and the glorious martyrdom which she endured in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ on the wheel between those two columns, as in her church, where her glorious body was placed by the holy angels on the summit of that great mountain, and then her holy body which was translated from that lofty mountain to her own church of S. Catherine, I desired also to see the place of her nativity; wherefore on the fifth day of December of the third indiction I went to that ancient city Constantia four miles distant from Famagosta,

which was once a great city built by the Emperor Constantius, father of the blessed Catherine, but now is utterly destroyed, and went to the place where one can see the castle of the city stood, which seems to have been of great size, and there directly is that room, now destroyed, where the blessed Catherine was born: near it now stands a seemly chapel, to which the people of Famagosta go with great devoutness and frequency.

Of the great tank.

In the middle where the castle stood is a certain ancient cistern, no bigger one I think is found in the world, with a vault raised on thirty-six columns and with apertures above whence the water was drawn. Into this tank water flowed continuously from a certain mountain, along a conduit built with pillars and arches, just as at Scolo, an appurtenance of the castle of Trajetto or Garigliano.

Of the place where the blessed Catherine was betrothed by an angel as the spouse of Christ.

Concerning the blessed Catherine I was told in that city of Famagosta a story (I cannot just now remember if it is contained in her Legend) how, when she was grown up and the fairest and wisest of women, her father and mother sought to give her in marriage, and the Saint who was rapt in divine love said thus: "I will not accept a husband unless I find one as fair and wise and rich as I am." At last the Empress, S. Catherine's mother, seeing this to be her daughter's will, said, "Thou seekest, my child, one of whom I cannot tell you, a man as fair and wise and rich as thou art. In an island in the sea not far hence is a hermit who serves God, go to him and ask him about a husband dowered with rank, beauty and wealth even as thou art." S. Catherine replied, "I am ready," and went to that hermit, and asked him about taking such a husband. He said to her, "I cannot tell you about taking a husband, except One who is wise and learned, fair and rich as you desire." S. Catherine said, "Who is he of whom you speak?" The hermit said, "It is our Lord Jesus Christ." Then said S. Catherine, "And I desire Him for my spouse and lord, and to serve only Him." And as she stood there an angel of the Lord came down by night from heaven, and on behalf of our Lord Jesus Christ betrothed her with a ring, and received her for the bride of Christ. And so it was on the sixth of that month of December I went myself to the said island where S. Catherine was betrothed to Christ by the angel, which island is about two bowshots distant from Famagosta, and near the harbour. The island is about one modius (1066 $\frac{2}{3}$ yards) large, and therein is a church dedicated to S. Catherine, very seemly.

When I left Famagosta to go to the city of Nicosia.

Being desirous of visiting the spot where is the blessed cross of Cyprus whereon hung the body of the good thief, on Wednesday, the ninth day of December, I went first to the city of Nicosia, where resides the king of Cyprus. I hired at a certain sum a cart to take me to Nicosia. The owner of the cart, who was a Greek, made me drive the cart with the oxen which carried me, and often quarrelled with me because I did not drive them properly, and because I beat the oxen too much. I did not know what to do, because I had never practised this art. With which quarrelling I travelled all day to a village where I slept that night on a rug on the ground, for in those parts beds are not to be found for money, and nearly everyone sleeps on the ground; and throughout the island there are so many fleas that a man

cannot sleep at night, and this on account of the pigs which they keep in their houses. In the morning I rose early, and continued my journey to Nicosia on foot, being unwilling to squabble with the owner of the cart who was always complaining about my beating the oxen and my bad driving.

When I reached Nicosia, and about the shape of the city.

On Thursday, December 10, I walked all day, and towards sunset reached the city of Nicosia. Nicosia is larger, I consider, than Aversa, and through its midst flows a brook which a man can cross on stones when it does not rain. When it is rainy weather a great quantity of water runs down, and so there are several bridges over the stream, some of stone and some of wood, by which men cross during rain. In some parts the city is but sparsely inhabited, and there are fine houses. The house in which the king of Cyprus lives is fine; it has a courtyard as large as that of the new castle at Naples, and many fine apartments round it, among which is a large hall. At the end of that hall is a very beautiful throne with many fair columns and ornaments of various kinds. I fancy that few things or none will be found more beautiful than that throne. Around the hall runs a kind of arcade, beautifully adorned with columns. Such daring had I that I went right up to the entrance of the king's room, and had the door been open I was ready to enter and talk with him. In the courtyard of that house is a fountain of good water, to which many of the city folk come to draw water for their use. The king of Cyprus lives most of his time in this city of Nicosia, since he lost the city of Famagosta, and keeps great state, especially as regards the chase, for he has twenty-four leopards and three hundred hawks of all kinds, some of which he takes every day to hunt.

Of Santa Sofia.

The said city of Nicosia has an Archbishop, and his church is dedicated to S. Sofia, it is a fair and great church, vaulted, and the whole of the vault from the choir-arch to the high altar is painted with fine blue and golden stars. The church was formerly worth 25,000 ducats a year, but now the king of Cyprus annexes and takes a large part of its dues.

Of the Monasteries and the condition of the city.

In this city are monasteries and places, of S. Francis to wit, of S. Dominic and S. Augustine, which are very large and fair, and each monastery has two cloisters, one large and another small, with oranges and other fruits. Within the city are many gardens and orchards, and fields sown with green stuff, wheat and barley. And truly near the monastery of S. Augustine I saw a field sown with wheat and barley within the walls of the city of about 30 modia (over 6 acres). I saw too the gardens of S. Theodore, which is a church of Nuns, also within the walls of the city, of cabbages and sundry other fruits, which are of about 20 modia (over $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres). In another place you would think you saw the city of Alisia, with shrubs and gardens in it. In this city is abundance of bread and wine, and the wine is generally sweet, and is kept in large jars because they have no casks. I intended to remain there a month or so, on account of the abundance of bread and wine, but I could not because there are no innkeepers who keep beds to lodge strangers in, and but for a good woman called Ambrosa from the parts of the west, who for the love of God lent me a room with a bed, I should have had to sleep all those days on the ground.

Of the blessed cross of Cyprus.

Desirous however to visit the blessed cross of the good thief, which is called the cross of Cyprus, I left Nicosia after dinner on December 15 and went towards the mountain where is the holy cross, keeping the road without a guide: and walking all day I arrived at night tired and troubled enough at a village one day's journey from the mountain or church of the holy cross, hoping that with money I should find a bed for the night, to rest and refresh my body. I could get nothing but a rug, upon which I slept that night with the greatest discomfort, on account of those accursed fleas which bit me incessantly. So I rose very early in the morning and with a donkey which I hired arrived at dawn in bitter cold at a village on the skirts of the mountain of the holy cross. There I took some food and began to ascend the said mountain. The ascent is eight miles long, and there are several hills one after another all full of trees called *zibini*, a wild pine which produces many cones in which is no fruit. These trees grow in great numbers, and supply roofing for houses and fuel for fire. With what trouble and toil and sweat, what weakness of soul and body I climbed those hills up to the church God knows! About the hour of vespers I reached the church. It is small, but very seemly; on the right-hand side is a little chapel, and there is the said blessed cross, raised and suspended, and nowhere attached, which seems a great miracle; and in this cross is a piece of the wood of the blessed cross of our Lord Jesus Christ covered with silver. And after I had devoutly seen, examined and adored that holy cross the monks who live there showed me these relics, to wit:

A large piece of S. Anne.

An arm of S. Blaise.

A nail fixed in the hands of Christ.

A rib of S. George.

A stone with which S. Stephen was stoned.

And a piece of the wood of the said cross.

When I had reverently seen these I begged the monks, because the abbot of the church was not there, to allow me to sleep that night with them, because on account of the great toil and the long and bad road I knew that I had not strength to go down that night to the village which I had left in the morning. And such was their inhumanity that they refused to keep me that night, saying that the abbot had the keys of the rooms, and thus in sorrow I began to descend. The descent seemed to fatigue me more than the ascent. But God, Who comforted me, willed that by refreshing myself often from the many runlets which flowed from the holy mountain at night about sunset I reached the village, so tired that I feared my soul would leave my body. There I found the abbot of that church, who was the lord of the village, and I complained to him about the cruelty of his monks, who would not take me in for the night. It displeased the abbot, and he took me to his house and gave me, for the love of God, bread and wine and a rug upon which to sleep that night, and wood for a fire, for the cold there was intense, and thus I remained there for the night.

When I left the village.

At early dawn on the sixteenth of December I took leave of the abbot and went my way towards Famagosta, walking with a poor pilgrim of S. Elia, from the Benedictine monastery of M. Cassino, whom I took for my partner and brother in that journey. We walked the whole of that day in heavy rain, and quite late reached a village, where for all I offered I could not find a bed. A good Greek carter, for the love of God, allowed me to lie on some

straw in a corner of his house where he kept oxen and donkeys, and there I slept that night on that straw which I thought an excellent bed.

When I returned to Famagosta.

On the morning of December 18 I rose early and took the road to Famagosta, and passing the salt-lake where is made a great quantity of salt I came near a castle called Baffa, in the lordship of the king of Cyprus, in which castle is made a great quantity of sugar, and walking the whole day I found many villages destroyed by the Turks and deserted. At night I reached a place where just off the road was a tavern kept by a poor widow who had five sons, two of whom were in swaddling clothes. I asked her to make up a bed for me, for which I would pay, where I might rest myself and my weary limbs. She made up a small bed, which she had on one side where the fire was, and in it she laid those two children in swaddling clothes, then told me to go and sleep by their side. I saw that the bed was not big enough for me, and that it was dirty on account of those children, and refused to sleep there, and so in great discomfort I slept that night on the ground. In the morning I arose and took my way to Famagosta, and on December 19 I reached Famagosta (pp. 62—73).

O. D'ANGLURE.

Orient d'Ogier VIII., Seigneur d'Anglure, Marne, arr. Epernay, visited Cyprus 1395—96. His travels were printed in 8vo, Troyes, 1621, and Paris, 18mo, 1858. So much as relates to Cyprus, and is translated here, was printed afresh from the original manuscript in the National Library at Paris by M. L. de Mas Latrie, *Histoire de l'île de Chypre*, II. 430—432. The later edition by F. Bonnardot and Aug. Longnon, 8vo, Paris, 1878 (Société des anciens textes), is somewhat fuller, and has a good biographical and genealogical preface.

Carable is rendered by F. Godefroy *bellette*, *fouine* (weasel, polecat). Can it be the *Felis caracal*, the *Lynx* of the ancients?

We landed at this same town of Limeso, which was formerly a very fair city, the following Sunday, the feast of S. Stephen, the first martyr, December 26, 1395.

And know that this city of Limeso, which is for the most part uninhabited, was thus destroyed of old by the Genoese when they made war on the king of Cyprus, and they still hold a very fair city and good harbour which is called Famagosta in Cyprus. This excepted the king of Cyprus enjoys peaceably the whole island, which has a circuit of seven hundred miles.

In this city of Limeso we sojourned from the said Sunday until the following Saturday, New Year's day, and on that day the king of Cyprus [Jacques I. de Lusignan] sent us one of his esquires, and with him mules, horses and porters to carry our baggage to the city of Nicosia.

This New Year's day our baggage was loaded, and we mounted our horses to go to the said city of Nicosia, where the king was. And we took the road to go as pilgrims straight to the Holy Cross, which is in Cyprus. It is the cross on which the good thief was hanged at the right hand of our Saviour Jesus Christ. This cross is of very great virtue, and a wonderful thing to behold. Know then that this holy cross, on which the good thief was hanged, Madame S. Helen, mother of Constantine, brought it and set it on the highest mountain of all the kingdom of Cyprus, which mountain is in truth very high and painful to climb. On the highest peak is a fair church, and fair dwellings around it. In this church are two altars, to wit, the high altar of the church, and another altar in a chapel behind the

high altar. There we were shown one of the nails with which our Lord Jesus Christ was nailed upon the true cross. Behind the said chapel is another small chapel in which is the said holy cross of the good thief. And know that this holy cross is a thing wonderful to be seen, for it is very great and thick, and is borne in the air, yet you shall not be able to see that anything bears it, and when one touches it it shakes much.

After this we left that place about noon and went to rest at a town called Nissa. There we rested in a house which belongeth to the king.

Tuesday following, January 4, about noon we entered the city of Nicosia, which is a very goodly city, and fair and great. And in this city the king of Cyprus dwells more often than in any other town or fortress of this country.

The king of Cyprus is a pretty fine man, and speaks French well enough. He made us good cheer, and showed great signs of love to the pilgrims: for, as has been said before, as soon as he knew that we were arrived at Limeso, and that we desired to see him, he sent us horses and mules to go to Nicosia, that is to the Friars Minor, and thither he made them bring us clean beds from his palace, namely mattresses of wool to lie on, and carpets to put around our rooms.

Wednesday, the fifth day of January, which was the eve of twelfth-night, the king of Cyprus sent us pilgrims a gift of one hundred fowls, twenty sheep, two oxen, four vessels full of a very good red wine, and four skins full of a very good wine of *Marboa*, and very great plenty of very good white bread.

The following Sunday, the ninth day of January, the king sent us again presents, to wit one hundred partridges, sixty hares, and five wild sheep, a sight fair to see. He was a prince who greatly loved hunting. He had a little beast no bigger than a fox. It is called *carable*, and there is no wild animal but this little beast will catch it, especially the animals named above. For the rest the king made us right good cheer, and sent some of his finest coursers to bring us before him in his court. And when we came before him he received us very grandly.

And when he had spoken with us for a space he sent to the Queen (Heloise de Brunswick) to bid her come to the hall. Then came the Queen to the hall, very nobly and royally attended, to wit by four of her sons and five of her daughters, and knights and lords and ladies and damsels, and she greeted us all very graciously. The Queen of Cyprus was very honourably adorned, and had a very rich and noble chaplet of gold and precious stones on her head. Her four sons were habited and adorned with goodly raiment. The five daughters were well arrayed, and each had a chaplet of gold and pearls and precious stones on her head. Then the Queen turned and saluted all the pilgrims as she left. After this the king led us to the fields to go a hunting, and then we came back to our quarters to rest.

True it is this kingdom of Cyprus, which is an island, is a very unhealthy and sickly land to people who are not wont to dwell therein, for a kind of fever prevails there which is lightly taken, and from which unless his luck is good a man shall scarcely recover.

[M. de Salebruche (or Sarrebruck, stepfather of M. d'Anglure), one of the pilgrims, a hale and hearty man, was seized with this on Saturday, January 15, and on the Tuesday following resigned his soul "moult debonnairement et doucement" to his Saviour. He was buried in the church of the Franciscans at Nicosia, in a fair tomb duly inscribed; his effigy and arms were painted on the wall above it, and a lance carrying a banner with his arms. The Archbishop of Tarsus, who visited and comforted him throughout his sickness, sang High Mass at his funeral. R.I.P.]

DE CAUMONT.

Nompar II., Seigneur de Caumont et de Chastelnuef, a Gascon noble of illustrious descent, was born in 1391 and died in England in 1446. He had remained faithful to Henry V. and Henry VI. as Dukes of Guienne, and saw his domains assigned by Charles VII. to his younger brother Brandelis, ancestor of the Dukes de la Force. The pilgrimage which he records in his *Voyaige d'Oultremer en Jhérusalem* was accomplished between February 27, 1418, and April 14, 1420, but his manuscript found its way to the British Museum, and was hardly known until it was copied and printed in 1858 by the Marquis de la Grange, whose preface well repays perusal.

The "auzelles de Chipre pour parfumer chambres" which the pilgrim brought as a present for his wife (p. 139) were balls of perfume shaped like a bird (oiselet) covered with a bird's feathers: when crushed they scattered a sweet-smelling powder. F. Godefroy, *Lexique*, 1901.

I left Rama (July 20, 1418) and went to Japhe, twelve miles, where the ships which brought me were waiting for me. I embarked on the very day of my arrival, and next day we sailed for the kingdom of Cyprus. And there we came to anchor at a city called Famagosta, where we reckoned 400 miles. The city is built on the sea-shore, and in it is a very fair church. In this country men count by leagues.

The Kingdom of Cyprus.

Item, from Famagosta I went inland to the king of Cyprus, who lives twelve leagues hence in a great city called Nicossia. But first, after leaving Famagosta I passed a castle in the plain, called Chasteau Franc, four leagues away, which the king of Cyprus had built not long since. It seemed to me well built and strong, considering the flatness of its site. From this castle, without a halt, I pushed on four leagues to a place belonging to the Hospice of Rhodes called Mores, and there I slept the night.

Item, from Moures four leagues to Nicossia, where the king [Jean II.] was, from whom I received great cheer and welcome. He was lodged in a great hostel of S. John of Rhodes, which is a commandery: in this hostel is a chapel where there are fair relics which were shown me, to wit, the arm of Monseigneur S. George, the head of S. Anne, mother of our Lady, and the whole body of S. Euphemia; also the iron of the lance with which Monseigneur S. George killed the serpent, and many other holy relics. Now when I had stayed with the said king two or three days I returned by the very same road I had taken to the city of Famagosta whence I had started, and where the ships awaited me. Be it known that it is a country of very great heat, so that the people hardly dare to ride by day, for the great power of the sun, but by night only. And foreigners can scarcely remain there long in health. And in this country the grapes are generally black, and the wines are all white.

Item, at Famagosta I took the sea and journeyed along the coast of Cyprus to Cape S. Andrew, a distance of seventy miles.

Item, from that Cape S. Andrew to the town of Carpas, twenty-five miles.

Item, from Carpas to the Castle de la Candera, thirty miles. Item, from the Castle de la Candara to the Castle of Leonde, otherwise called Buffavent, thirty miles. Item, from Buffalvent to the Castle and town of Chérines, ten miles: this is a seaport, and the strongest fortress in Cyprus. It was the greathearted Achilles, who was king of Thessaly, who built it. Item, from this Chérines to the Castle of S. Hellarion, five miles. Now I leave the kingdom of Cyprus and come to a country of Turkey, which formerly used to be called Armenia, and now belongs to the misbelieving Turks (pp. 76—79).

PERO TAFUR.

The eighth Volume of the *Coleccion de Libros Espanoles raros o curiosos*, Madrid, 1871, contains the *Andancas e viajes de Pero Tafur por diversas partes del mundo avidos*, a transcript from a manuscript of the eighteenth century preserved at Salamanca.

Of the author little is known. His name points to an illustrious lineage, and he must have enjoyed very fully the confidence of Don Juan II., king of Castile, whose letters commendatory and his own tact won for him a warm reception and a shower of Orders at the courts of Pope Eugenius IV., the Emperor Albert II., king Jean II. of Cyprus, the Mamluk ruler of Egypt el Ashraf Seif ed Din Bars Bey, and the Emperor of Constantinople, John Palaeologus II. Political events mentioned in his narrative fix the date of his journeys between 1435 and 1439.

The work is interesting throughout: the editing, preface and notes of the Marques Jimenez de la Espada are beyond praise.

We left Beirut, keeping along the coast of Syria up to Armenia, where they say Antioch stood, which they pointed out to us thence; and advancing along the coast we saw the castle of Cusco, which was anciently called Colchos, whence came Medea, and was the island home of the ram with the golden fleece. And that castle belongs to the kings of Cyprus, and on its account they all call themselves kings of Armenia. In that part of Armenia is a lofty range which they call the Black Mountain, on which it is said that the ark of Noah rested after the deluge. Opposite that castle is the island and kingdom of Cyprus, and that part which is over against Armenia is the city of Famagosta, an ancient city, which the Genoese captured when they took the king of Cyprus and carried him to Genoa, him and his wife, and there the Queen bore a son called Janus, father of the king that now is. This place is depopulated on account of the bad air and bad water. They say there is a lake there, which they call Constanza, and that makes the unhealthiness of the district, though the whole kingdom of Cyprus is generally unhealthy. We arrived there at daybreak, and anchored to take certain merchandise. I took my leave of the captain and of my friends, and had all my things taken on shore, and made them look out for animals for myself and my servants and what there was to carry, and left at once, and took the road to Nicosia, which is ten leagues distant. This is the greatest and most healthy city of the kingdom where the kings and all the lords of the realm always live. And because it was late I had to wait in a village two leagues away, and on arriving I was seized with so severe a headache that I thought I should die. And that same pain went down to my breast, and stomach and belly and hips and thighs, and so to my knees and feet, and lasted all that night and up to vespers the next day, so that I thought that if each lasted three hours I should die.

That evening I left the place and went to the city of Nicosia, where the king holds his court, and went to an inn where I remained that night. On the morning of the next day, while I was hearing mass in a church of S. George, there came to me an esquire of Madame Ines, sister of king James, who sent for me. And when mass was over I went with the esquire to the lady's palace and there made my reverence, and she received me very kindly, asking who I was and whence I came and whither I was going: and after much talk she ordered that I should be lodged in her house and given all that was necessary for myself and my servants. This lady was very noble, and never married but remained a spinster, and was always of the king's counsels, and generally ruled the kingdom as she would. She would be about fifty years old. And after I had rested that day the lady went on the next to see the king her nephew, and the Cardinal [Hugues de Lusignan, son of Jacques I. and Agnes

of Bavaria] her brother, and there I made my reverence to the king and to the Cardinal his uncle, who received me gladly : and there I told them the story of my journey, that I had come there chiefly to visit the king and his court, and then to obtain a safe-conduct for Babylon [Cairo] and mount Sinai. And as I had brought letters of introduction from the king Don Juan to the Cardinal of Cyprus, who had been lately in Italy and whom I met there, he told me it would give him pleasure to further my wishes. At that time Monsieur Suarez, Admiral of Cyprus, was present and came up to me in a very friendly way, explaining that he was a Castilian like myself, and begged the king and Cardinal and Madame Ines that they would allow me to be his guest ; and so importunate was he, especially with the lady, that he gained his point, and straightway I left with him.

He was a gentleman born in Segovia, of the family of the Cernadilla, and when he was a youth and wandering about the world found himself in Cyprus the day of the battle which the king Janus [at Choirokoitia, July 7, 1426] fought with the troops of the Soldan, and showed such personal bravery that he saved the king's life, and was taken prisoner with him and carried to Babylon. It is a custom with the Moors that no one shall go on horseback who is not a Christian and renegade, and the day the captive king entered Babylon they brought two horses, one for the king and the other for Monsieur Suarez ; and when they were brought before the Soldan and he knew the truth of the story he ordered that the same honour should be paid to Suarez as to the king. And when some days had passed when they were talking of the king's ransom the Soldan said to M. Suarez that if he intended to interest himself in the king's freedom that he would let him go on parole, so that he returned with the money promised, or at least in person. M. Suarez gave his word, and the Soldan ordered all that he needed to be given him, and they even say that he asked him what manner of dress he wished to wear, and he replied, after the Syrian fashion. The Soldan ordered it to be provided at once and dismissed him. He left and came to Cyprus, and there with the Cardinal and Madame Ines, and the rest of the Council, it was arranged to send certain gentlemen to the kings and princes of Christendom to beg their help for the ransom of the king. And I saw there in Cyprus the gentleman who came here who was called Jacques Guiri. It fell to M. Suarez' lot to go to the Pope. After a while all had returned, each with what he brought and what he could get from the kingdom to which he was sent, and the king's ransom was completed. And M. Suarez, with others of the king's Council, took that amount of gold—it was 300,000 ducats—and left to fetch their king. And when they arrived at Babylon, and the Soldan knew of it, he ordered men to go out to meet him, and did him as much honour as though he were his son. And there was given the order for the release of the king after this wise. The Soldan received that sum of gold, and the king of Cyprus further engaged to pay him each year 8000 ducats, and so the affair ended. And the Soldan ordered the preparation of all things needful, and of ships to carry him to his kingdom, and gave great thanks to M. Suarez : and to the Soldan's chief dragoman, a native of Castile, a Jew of Seville, who turned renegade in Babylon, for the services he rendered to the king in his captivity, they give every year 200 ducats. And the king, when he reached his kingdom and held counsel with its nobles, took M. Suarez by the hand, and made him sit at his side, saying that, if he had no legitimate son, to him he would leave his kingdom : and at once sent to call a bastard daughter who was there, and married him to her and made him his admiral, and her his heir in the kingdom. After I had been four or five days in the house of the admiral M. Suarez the Cardinal sent for me and said that I was to go and hear mass with the king, who would give me a safe-conduct for the journey to Babylon, and that I was to dine with him. And after we had heard mass the king went apart to a corner of

the church with the Cardinal and his aunt and some of his Council, and the Cardinal told me on behalf of the king that he had heard I wished to go to Babylon and M. Sinai, and as the king had to send an ambassador on his own affairs to the Soldan he begged me to accept this office, and thereby greatly oblige the king: and I knew well that the Cardinal had managed it so to satisfy me. And I answered that I was well content to serve him, forasmuch as he was a king, and a Christian, and of the land of France. The king bid me dine there with him and the Cardinal, and there he gave the orders for my journey. And thence I left for the port of Paphos, where the king had sent orders that I should be lodged in a village on a mountain, a wholesome spot, on account of the great unhealthiness of Paphos, and I rested in the house of Diego Thenorio, an esquire of Castile, and had much pleasure with him. And after three days there arrived in the port of Paphos a *fusta* of eighteen thwarts, which was to take me, and it brought the king's dragoman who was to go with me, and much victuals, as for a king's household, and the instructions as to what I was to do with the Soldan. On the following day we sailed and were at sea for eleven days, sometimes with a favourable wind, and reached at last the harbour of Damietta, where the Nile, which rises in the terrestrial Paradise, enters the Mediterranean sea. We passed up the river a league and a half to the city of Damietta, which is about the size of Salamanca.... There I saw the first pigeons which carry a letter on the feather of the tail: it is done by carrying them from the place where they are bred to another place, and attaching the letter and letting them go, and the bird returns to its home. It is done to have early news of people arriving by land or sea, that they may not be taken by surprise, since they live without a fortress and without walls (pp. 66—72).

[Pero Tafur sailed up the Nile to Cairo, saw crocodiles, elephants and giraffes, the pyramids (which he calls Joseph's barns) and other wonders. He obtained an audience of the Sultan, who granted the king's requests—one of these was that "he might be allowed to sell his salt, which was a great source of income, throughout Syria without paying dues." He then journeyed to Mount Sinai and returned safely to Cairo in company with one Nicolo de Conto, who beguiled their time and toil with strange tales of Preste Juan and the sources of the Nile.]

From Damietta I put to sea and arrived in seven days at the port of Paphos, where I had embarked, a very unhealthy place: the very day I arrived the Bishop (Angelo de Narni) and two of his esquires had died. And God was gracious to me so that directly I set foot on land I mounted the animals of the Bishop and his men and left for the court of the king of Cyprus, who was in Nicosia. And my dragoman whom the king had given me went ahead to tell the king and the Cardinal, and they sent to bid me halt that night in a village, because the next morning they wished to give me an honourable reception, and so they did. The next morning as I was going on my road I found many of those gentlemen of the king's court, who came out to receive me, and accompanied me to the king's presence, and when I arrived I found the king and the Cardinal and many of the grandees with them, and I was very well received, and treated with as much kindness as if I had been of their family: they praised God that I was returned safe from so great a journey, and thanked me warmly from the king for what I had done in his service, offering me freely things which I might like. I then took my leave of the king, and the admiral who was there took me to his house as before, where I was very well lodged. The next morning there arose a great tumult throughout the town, and all took to arms, the Cardinal among the first and Madame Ines his sister and some of the grandees of the realm against the king to kill or take a favourite of his, called Jacobo Guiri [Jacques Gourry], by office a judge. The king fled to a fortress on the edge of the city, called the Citadel, and there they surrounded him, and made these terms with him, that he would put

away his favourite and not let him approach the court for a year. The king swore to this, and it was straightway carried out and the people retired.

The next day the king sent for me, and before the Cardinal and some nobles told me and begged me to accept from him what I pleased for the expenses of my journey, and I replied that I thanked him much, that I had enough for my return, and that I prayed him to order that leave be given me to go, and a *fusta* to take me as far as Rhodes: and I strove as much as I could to leave and he to keep me. And he bid me stay there at least eight days, and I because I saw that it pleased him had to do so, and certainly in these days I was so greatly refreshed that I could not have been better, and the vessel which was to take me was made ready, and I took my leave of the king, and with real unwillingness he gave me the permission to go, and there he gave me his Order, which I have still: he gave me also ten pieces of camlet and delicate linen, and a leopard, and so much victuals to take me to Rhodes as would suffice for a year. And at the time I was there there came two embassies to the king of Cyprus, one from the Duke of Savoy, and another from a Duke of Germany, each of them to arrange a marriage between his daughter and the king: and he made no bargain with either, because (it was said) the Grand Master of Rhodes was proposing to him a much desired alliance with a daughter of the Count of Urgel of Arragon, sister to the wife of the Infante Don Pedro, Regent of Portugal. It appeared however to me that that to which the king's councillors most inclined was with the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and that I believe was adopted.

The king was a youth of sixteen or seventeen, and tall, although his legs were certainly as thick or but little less thick about the knees as at the thighs. He is a graceful person, and for his age of plenty of intelligence, lively and active, especially in riding. Certainly were the country not so unhealthy I would willingly enough have determined to enter his service for a while. But it was almost impossible for a stranger to live in so unwholesome a country, and for that reason and for the longing I had to return to Castile, on account of the war with the Moors, I had to continue my journey with all speed.

I left the city of Nicosia and went to Aherines, where the vessel awaited me which was to take me to Rhodes. It is an ancient city built by Achilles, from whom it takes its name: small but strong, and well walled, with a good harbour, which though small is closed with a chain and well defended. Hither took refuge the present king, with his uncle the Cardinal and Madame Ines and many others of the kingdom when king Janus was taken prisoner. It is the most healthy district of the whole kingdom of Cyprus, because it lies open to the west wind (pp. 119—123).

W. WEY.

William Wey, Fellow of Eton College, reached Paphos, July 9, 1458, and returned to it on August 7, to find the king, Jean II., dead, and his daughter Charlotte reigning in his stead.

From the *Itineraries*, published by the Roxburghe Club, 4to, London, 1857, I copy one short passage, and translate another.

In Cipresse ye schal haue grotis of sylver and half grotis, and other denars of black money, and besauntis: and halfe a besaunte ys worth XLVIII denars, and VII besauntys and half to a doket of Venyse. A grot of Cypres ys worth XXXVIII denars (page 3).

From Rhodes we came to Paphus on July 9. There S. Paul was imprisoned in a spot belonging to the Friars Minor, and there is S. Paul's fountain. Also two miles from Famacosta, in a city called Constantia, S. Katerina was born. Also in Famacosta is a chapel in the church of the Friars Minor behind the High Altar and the spot where S. Katerina learned to read. Also in the city of Nicoccea, which is one of the chief cities of Cyprus, there lies the whole body of the lord Mountford, once an English Knight, in the abbey of the Order of S. Benedict, and there he is revered as a saint, and two hundred years and a little more have passed since he was buried there. Also outside Nicoccea is the body of S. Mamma, which exudes oil: also the body of the Abbot Ilarion.

CAPODILISTA.

Count Gabriele Capodilista, a gentleman of Padua, visited Cyprus in 1458. On his return to Italy a friend, Paolo Boncambio, edited from his notes the *Itinerario della Terra Santa nel 1458*, a rare volume in small quarto, without a date, but printed probably at Perugia about 1485.

Queen Helena Palaeologus, wife of Jean II., died April 11, 1458. Lo Postoleo (*le Postulé ou l'Elu*, H. de C., III. 82, *l'Apostolle*, III. 105, *l'Apostulle*, III. 106, *Apostelerius Cypricus*, III. 166, ὁ Ἀποστόλης, G. Boustron, *el padre el fese Postulato*, Malipiero) was Jaques II. de Lusignan, then titular archbishop of Nicosia.

This extract is translated from De Mas Latrie, *Histoire*, vol. III. pp. 76, 77.

Friday, June 16, in the morning, their course brought them close to the island of Cyprus. They passed C. Epiphania, and a city called Papho, ruined and almost without inhabitants. At XXIII of the clock they reached a little village called Episcopia, very rich in sugar, which belongs, I think, to some Venetian gentlemen of the house of Cornero. At this place they received news that the Queen of Cyprus was dead, and that the king, scarcely caring any more for sovereignty, had made a bastard son, called *Lo Postoleo*, his lieutenant; also that it was supposed that the Turk was coming to those parts.

They stayed a little while in this village and saw some most lovely gardens of oranges, citrons and carobs, and some other trees called banana, which produce fruit very much like small cucumbers; when it is ripe it is yellow and very sweet of savour...and they saw many fields of sugar cane: and these gardens and fields are watered by running streams, and bulbs and squills grow there in abundance. Miser Gabriel and his companions went on shore at this place Episcopia; the air there is very bad, and they all got ill, one of a fever, another of a flux, except M. Gabriele who remained well; but for fifteen days his chest and stomach suffered from nausea from having imbibed that foul and almost pestiferous air; and some of his companions died.

Sunday, June 18, coasting along the island they passed Cape Gavata and Limisso, and then came on Saline where was once a city called Sellamina, and here MM. Anthonio and Gabriele, on their return from Jerusalem, went on shore, and taking horses travelled all night, and with morning arrived at a city of Cyprus called Nicossia, eleven miles from Saline. They alighted at the house of that worshipful gentleman M. Andrea Cornero, of Venice, by whom they were received with affectionate courtesy, as though they had been his own brothers. On the morrow he took Miser Antonio and Miser Gabriele to visit the king's Majesty. He was in a convent of monks, and received them with gracious kindness, and gave to the honourable Miser Gabriele his order, fastening it on his breast with his own hand. It is a sword encircled by the legend "POUR LIUTE MANTENER." With the royal permission, and after homage paid to this most noble king, they returned to Miser Andrea's house, and the next day, after they had seen the town, they went to a palace of the king's two miles beyond, called La Cava, where was an endless profusion of oranges, citrons, lemons, and many other valuable fruits, and very great wells from which all that garden is watered.

FELIX FABER.

Felix Faber, a Dominican monk of Ulm, made and recorded two pilgrimages to the Holy Land. He started on the first and shorter of these on April 14, 1480, and touched Cyprus twice: on the second occasion he left Ulm April 14, 1483, landed in Cyprus on June 25, and again on his return, November 7 of the same year. Yet in the third of the articles drawn up at Venice between the pilgrims and the owner of the galley it is specified (i. 89) that the captain shall visit no unusual ports: "and we particularly desire that he shall keep away from Cyprus, and not touch there, or if he be obliged to touch there that he shall not remain more than three days in port; because we have it by tradition from our elders that the air of the island is pestiferous to Germans. If, however, any of us wish to visit Nicosia, to present ourselves to the Queen, and to receive the insignia of her Order, the captain must wait for them, as is the old custom with nobles while the island had still a king." (This was no doubt the Order of the Sword, with its noble motto "*C'est pour Loiauté maintenir*," founded by Guy de Lusignan, 1195. So Favine, *Théâtre d'honneur &c.* 1620, but M. de Mas Latrie makes Pierre I. the founder.)

This *Evagatorium in Terrae Sanctae, Arabiae et Egypti Peregrinationem* was edited in 3 vols., 8vo, 1843—1849, from his autograph ms. preserved in the Library at Ulm, for a literary society at Stuttgart, by C. D. Hassler, a Professor in the Gymnasium of Ulm. His style is divertingly quaint, his Latin divertingly bad. Travelling more than a hundred years before I. van Kootwyck he has even worse to relate of the dangers and discomforts of the journey. What is valuable to us is what this active and intelligent monk saw with his eyes and recorded with his pen, not the scraps of old world learning which he painfully collected in the library at Ulm. So we omit his history of Cyprus (III. 217—230) from Japhet to Catarina Cornaro.

A good paper by Professor E. Oberhummer, printed as a Separatabdruck aus *Ausland*, 1892, nr. 23—26, gives a summary of all that has been written about M. Santa Croce, from the earliest Greek geographer to the latest German geologist.

A Marcellus=2 baiocchj, 10½ silver Marcelli=1 ducatone of Venice, *al.* coined by the Doge Nicolo Marcello (1472—1474) and worth about 10 soldi.

On Monday we came to Cyprus, and made for the harbour of Limovicus, because a contrary wind forced us to seek a port. When that died down we sailed to the harbour of Nimonia, to tarry there some days, because our captain had a brother with the Queen of Cyprus in Nichosia, with whom he had business, and we had to wait until it was done (I. 41).

[*The pilgrims go to Jaffa and Jerusalem, and in less than a month are again in Cyprus, all of them weary or sick.*]

With good weather we returned to the port called Salina: there we took the weaker pilgrims to a town hard by, the sounder of us went with our captain on hired horses to Nychosia, which is the metropolis of Cyprus and the royal residence, six German miles from the sea. It is an ancient custom that the knights of the Holy Sepulchre present themselves to the king of Cyprus and make with him a kind of pact. He calls them his companions, and enters their names in a book, and gives them a silver dagger in a sheath with a belt for it, and at the end of the dagger hangs a silver flowret like a violet, in token of the alliance between them. For this reason my lord Georius de Lapide, whom I never left, with other nobles entered Nychosia and stayed there three days. But because the kingdom of Cyprus has now no king, the nobles begged of the Queen to be received into the companionship of the kings of Cyprus. She summoned them to a large banqueting hall, and when they were set before her proposed to them through an interpreter the statutes of that companionship, which are: that they should strive to help the kingdom of Cyprus in its need, since it lies midway between Saracens, Turks and Tartars. They pledged their faith to the Queen with their hands, and she delivered to them the daggers, and allowed them to depart. We then returned on horseback to the sea. Moreover we passed on the road the skirts of a certain very high mountain, on the crest of which is a chapel, in which they told us is set the cross of the thief on our Lord's right, suspended in wonderful wise, which I would gladly have seen. But I had no time, and so put this off until my second pilgrimage.

When we reached our galley we found two pilgrims dead: one was a priest of the Order of S. Francis, a strong and learned man, the other was a tailor of Picardy, an honest and good fellow. Others were in their death agonies. We too who came from Nychosia took to our beds with a great illness, and the sick were now so many that there were no servants to supply their urgent wants. The old ladies, seeing our need, were moved to pity for us, and tended us, for not one of them was ill. Herein did God by the strength of these women confound the pride of the knights who had flouted them at Venice, and willed not to travel with them. For they ran about the galley from one sick man to another, and tended in their berths those who had spurned and derided them.

Besides these sicknesses and discomforts there arose new fear of the Turks, and our terror was greater than ever. Meanwhile the captain had taken the galley to sea, but the wind gave us no help, and we cruised uselessly along the coast of Cyprus. So we put in again at the barren port of Limona, and waited impatiently for a favouring breeze. Two days later we put out again to sea. But a foul wind carried us farther than ever away from the land, and out of our course, and so we strayed about for many days to no purpose, and began to suffer on board from a lack of all necessities. One knight died miserably, whom we wrapped in a sheet weighted with stones, and committed with weeping to the deep. Three days later another knight went mad, and died howling in his pain. Him we took in a boat to bury on shore, for we were close to the coast near Paphus. We had a wretched passage and suffered for want of water, bread and other things. A foul wind drove us out of sight of Cyprus, and for three days and nights we saw no land; later on we were again carried into the harbour of Paphus, which is mentioned in Acts xiii. There we bought what was needful, and sailing out drifted aimlessly along the coast (I. 42—44).

On June 25, 1483, we came over against the most ancient harbour of Cyprus which is called Paphus, and mentioned in Acts xiii. 6 and 13, near which we saw the mount of Venus, as I shall tell on my return, and sailed slowly up to mid day. Then a fresh breeze sprang up and carried us along the coast speedily to the port of Limonnia and Biscopia, and towards

evening we put into the port of Salina, and made fast the ship with anchors and poles. The captain had himself and his servants at once taken ashore, hired horses and rode to Nicosia, which is the capital of Cyprus, to the Queen, for he wished to see his wife who was the Queen's bedchamber woman.

When the captain had left we pilgrims stood on the galley looking at the shore, and I stood with them, talking to those who were near me about the barrenness of that port, and the condition of the land, for in my former pilgrimage I had stayed there several days. I pointed out to the gentlemen the places which I knew, and among them the mountain of S. Cross. It is the highest in the whole kingdom, and on the crest is a church in which hangs the cross of the thief who was crucified on Christ's right hand, and I told them what is said about that cross as will appear presently. And when these gentlemen and other pilgrims were wondering about the cross, and looking at the mountain, which was five German miles from us, I said to them, "Look here, my dear brethren, the captain has gone to Nicosia, and will hardly be back by to-morrow evening. We cannot start before his return, and to-morrow we shall have a very long and wearisome day. Now then, if any one will come with me to the holy mountain, let him come to the poop, and we will visit the holy cross and be here early to-morrow. With these words I went off to the poop, and many of the nobles followed me thinking I was joking. I brought up a servant to the poop who knew the way to the holy cross, and promised that each of my companions should give him a *Marcella*, and hired a boatman to put us on shore. And when the gentlemen saw that the affair was no joke they left my company, with the exception of these who stayed with me.

My lord Heinrich von Schaumburg, a noble knight and brave man.

John the Priest, an archdeacon of Transylvania, a devout and learned man.

Caspar Siculi, knight, a daring and vigorous youth.

Burchard von Nusdorf, knight, a good and cheerful man.

One Rudolf, a Swiss of Zurich, a tall and honest man.

One John, a merchant of Flanders, a very thirsty soul.

And I brother Felix, who had stirred them all to go, and a servant whom I had hired, called Andreas. We eight got into the boat, landed and conferred about our pilgrimage. The hour was late, the sun had set, it was growing dark. Our servant and guide led us thus in the dusk to a town called Ornyca, a mile from the sea, and there fetched up a countryman known to him. This man brought out bread and wine and cheese, and we ate and drank. We hired in the town eight mules, which we mounted, and went off jubilant. Meanwhile the moon rose, scattered the darkness and gladdened us with her light. We were eight picked friends, the weather was fine, the country famous and the road good. The bushes gave out a most sweet smell, for nearly all the plants of the island are aromatic, and particularly fragrant at night when bathed in dew. We continued our journey until the rising of the morning star, and reached a village called Santa Croce; there we tied up our beasts, and my companions lighted a lamp and drank. I said matins and abstained, because I proposed to celebrate mass on the mountain. We lay down to take a little rest, and slept until it was high morn, lying beside our beasts on the ground.

On the 26th, the feast of the holy martyrs John and Paul, when we got up we begged the Greek before whose house we rested to provide a good meal for us, for we intended to return from the mountain hungry. We mounted our beasts and went on, having the holy mount before our eyes, and shuddering somewhat at its height. However, at its foot we came to a delightful valley, through the midst of which flowed a stream, clear, sweet and sparkling; its course was full of beautiful flowers unknown to us, and of fragrant shrubs. There were

many trees full of carobs, which the vulgar call S. John's bread. We wound up this valley in grateful shade, for the sun which was already firing the adjoining hills could not yet reach us in the valley. At last we arrived at a steep slope which our beasts could not climb: we tied them to trees, and toiled up on foot perspiring freely. For the mountain is high and precipitous, and exactly resembles M. Thabor in the Holy Land, on which our Lord was transfigured. I heard this from one who had ascended both. When we reached the top we knelt in prayer before the church, and sat down in the breeze before entering it, to recover our breath, to wipe off our sweat and get cool. Then, as was fitting, I hurried on before the rest, entered the church and pulled the bell to warn the sacristan. There appeared at once a clerk who knew no Latin. He brought out some very old Latin books, with what else was necessary for the mass. The bell was rung, and I read the mass of the Holy Cross, with the collects for the holy martyrs John and Paul, and for travellers. After mass I returned to my brethren and preached to them on the fitting veneration of the Holy Cross, and explained the difference between the cross we were going to see, and that of our Lord, and the respect to be shown to each. I exhorted them also not to pry too curiously, nor crave to see a miracle, for not even in Jerusalem, in the most holy sepulchre of our Lord, were we going to see a miracle, much less should we expect one here. This I said because we heard about that cross strange and wonderful things which were to be seen there. I then took a lighted candle, and passed over to where the cross was: my brother pilgrims followed me, and the chaplain accompanied me. When we came to the place the chaplain opened it, so that we had the holy cross before our eyes. I first went up and kissed the cross, and observed it carefully before and behind. Then my companions approached and did it reverence, one after the other looking at it carefully. The cross is fairly large, covered in front with silver-gilt plates, but on the side to the wall it is bare, of a fair and sound wood like cypress. They say it is the cross of Dysmas, the thief on the right hand to whom Jesus on the cross promised Paradise. For S. Helen when she found under Mount Calvary three crosses threw away one, namely that of Gesmas, the thief on the left. The second, that of Dysmas, she kept for herself. The third, the cross of Christ, she exposed to the veneration of the whole world. But her own cross, that of Dysmas, she carried whole from Jerusalem to this mountain, and here she built a large monastery of monks, and a church, in which she left this cross as a relic of rare value, and caused to be built for it near the altar a niche or shrine, and set it therein. And there it still remains, untouched, though long since the monastery was utterly destroyed by the Turks and Saracens, and the monks of S. Benedict, who served the church, are scattered.

Wonderful is the position or location of this cross in its place. It is in a niche dimly lighted, both its arms are sunk in recesses made in the wall, and its foot is sunk in a recess in the floor. But the recesses of the arms and the foot are large, disproportionately so to what they hold, yet does not the cross touch the wall, but is absolutely free from any contact with it; and this is the wonderful story about the cross that it hangs in the air without support, and yet it stands as firmly as though it were attached by the strongest nails, or bonded to the wall, which it is not, for all these recesses are large, so that a man can put in his hand and feel that there is no fixture in the back or the head of the cross. I might have examined it more curiously than I did, but I feared God, and what I forbade others to do I ought not to do myself. For I ascended this mountain to do honour to this cross, not to find a miracle or to tempt God. That this cross may be the more worthy of veneration they have set in it a small piece of the true cross of Christ. In this chapel hangs a bell, which we rang, and I said to my companions that we should hear no more bells until we returned to Christian lands.

And this was true, for thenceforth for four months we heard no bell but this, which we believe was put up by S. Helena, who set here this cross. But what moved that holy woman to set this cross here? We might say that she had many excellent reasons. First for the destruction of gentile rites and errors. For on this mountain stood a temple dedicated to Venus, who claimed indeed the patronage of the whole island because she left throughout marks of her wantonness. Helena therefore destroyed the shrine, and set up the cross for a rule of chastity, and bid religious men, vowed to chastity, live here to give the lie to Venus. She changed the name of the mountain: it was formerly called Ydoli^{us}, now Santa Croce. 'Twas said too of old that Perseus, sire of all the nobility of Greece, took his flight from this mountain to free Andromeda, who was bound to a rock at Joppa and left to be devoured by a sea monster. Hence too he flew to fight the Gorgon. These fantastic stories drew many people hither. So the holy woman placed here the cross from which the good thief flew to Paradise.

Secondly, she did this for the comfort of the Cypriots. For in a certain part of the mountain is a cleft, whence were heard rumblings and a roar of wind. It was said to be a way down to hell, and hence the Cypriots feared hell the more when they saw they had among them an entrance thereto. To meet this vain fear this holy woman set up the cross. Thirdly, she did this to stir the devotion of pilgrims. For those who journey towards the Holy Land long with all their hearts to see that land, and the nearer they approach the warmer is their desire. From this mountain the Holy Land is seen in fine weather. So that of old time pilgrims climbed it to see that much desired country. Wherefore S. Helen set here the cross and built the convent to stir the devotion and give comfort to pilgrims. Fourthly, she did it for our instruction, signifying that he who would reach to the Cross of Christ must first take on himself the thief's cross of penitence.

When we had finished our visit to the church we went out and entered the cell of the chaplain, hoping to find there something for our refreshment. But the room was empty and bare, there was neither cold water nor biscuit, nor could he talk to us, because he was a pure Greek, to whom Latin was Barbaric, Italian Arabic, and German Tartar. So we went out without refreshment, and strolled about on the top of the mountain, and saw there remnants of thick walls belonging to the temple of Venus. Looking to the shore on every side we saw the island in all its length and breadth. But on account of the extreme heat the air was somehow dark and cloudy, and we could not see the Holy Land, nor the mountains of Armenia, Cappadocia, Coelesyria, or Galilee, all of which would have been visible if we had had a clear day. Finally we entered the church, saluted and kissed the holy cross, and hurried down the mountain to our mules, and rode to the town of Santa Croce. We found dinner ready, and gave thanks and ate. We could not leave the place at once, for it had grown very hot and the sun burned like fire. So we went over to a Greek church hard by, to pray and to rest a little in the shade. While we were sitting there a certain clerk came, who said to us in Latin, "What are you doing in a Greek church? close at hand is a Latin church in which you should pray and rest." We rose and went with him to the Latin church. He produced from the treasure of the church the arm of S. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, decently set in silver. He brought out also a nail likewise sheathed in silver, which he said was one of the nails with which Christ was nailed on the cross. We kissed these relics, and pressed our rosaries against them, as I said before. I learned that this clerk was a monk, which I could not have known from his dress, for he wore a habit of camlet, and was curate of both churches, the Greek and the Latin, and performed indifferently the offices of either rite. On Sundays he first said mass in the Latin church, and consecrated the Host, as do the

Westerns, in unleavened bread. This done, he went over to the Greek church and consecrated as do the Easterns, in leavened bread. This displeased us mightily, and I set down that priest as a heretic of the worst kind, deceiving the people of both rites. For the two are incompatible in one person and scarcely tolerable in the same city, because of the great difference in many grave and capital points. The Roman Church once tolerated the Greek rite, but even then a man could not be at one time both a Greek and a Latin: much less now, when the Church condemns them as schismatics and heretics, and the Greeks themselves follow us not in their offices, and every Sunday tell their people that the Latin Church is excommunicate, and hate us Latins with a mortal hatred. How then can an honest man and good Catholic be a Latin and Greek curate? No one would do this except he willed to satisfy his covetousness or his fancy. For such men take on themselves what in each rite catches their fancy, but reject what is hard and burdensome in both. Many Latin priests go over to the Greek rite, and presume to take wives, but they wish at the same time to enjoy the privileges of Latin priests, in which they have no part.

The sun's heat began to abate, and mid-day being past we mounted our beasts and descended towards the sea to the church of S. Lazarus, which is near the shore, our galley being in front of us a long way out; there we gave up our mules to their owners. There was a great gathering of men on the shore on account of our galley, and our seamen brought ashore their wares, and trafficked with the Cypriots. And so it was in every port at which we touched. We watched their marketing, and then went back to our galley to our companions, and found them cross and grumbling because the captain had not returned, and they had passed a weary day. And all the pilgrims crowded round us to hear what we had seen. They called us lucky men, and grieved that they had not gone with us.

On the 27th, when we found the captain still tarried, some of the pilgrims were again rowed to the shore, of whom I was one. But most of them stayed in the ship, fearing the air of Cyprus, which is generally hurtful to Germans, unless they are of good constitutions and strong. At the back of the town is a place surrounded by hills, which at certain times the rising sea fills with water, making a kind of lake; and when the flood retires the sea water left therein is refined into excellent salt, very white and valuable. This salt is taken for sale to many countries, and the Queen of Cyprus receives a large income from the salt merchants. On my first voyage I saw many men working there, separating the salt from the water which was not yet congealed; and there were heaps of salt there quite like little hills. But now there was not a single man, and where the salt heaps stood was deep water.

We returned to the galley towards evening, very wroth with the captain. The same evening the woman returned who was left behind at Rhodes. There was little joy at her coming. But I pitied the poor thing on account of the trouble she fell into by leaving the ship. On the 28th the captain arrived from Nicosia with some Cypriots who desired to visit the holy places in Jerusalem. Among them was a pretty woman of the Queen's household who proposed to end her life there. We weighed anchor, and with a light wind moved slowly out of the port (I. 171—179).

In the whole realm of Cyprus are four bishoprics or dioceses. The first is in Nicosia, which is the capital, now a great city, not on the sea but five German miles away in the heart of the island; surrounded by fertile and pleasant hills. A large torrent runs through its midst, which at certain seasons rushes down in a mighty stream: when I was there it had not a drop of water. Here are merchants from every part of the world, Christians and infidels. There are stores, great and precious, for the aromatic herbs of the East are brought here raw,

and are prepared by the perfumer's art. The island itself abounds in dyes and perfumes, so that the stores of Nicosia are a source from which such drugs flow over the world.

There are many churches in the city, both Greek and Latin. The Latin have belfries and bells and clergy who officiate according to the Latin rite. The Greek have towers (*pinnacula*) and wooden instruments with which they summon the people to divine service, and they sing and read in Greek. The metropolitan church is Latin, dedicated to S. Sophia. It is pretty large and well decorated, and maintains an archbishop, canons and clergy. On the right of the church is a chapel dedicated to S. Thomas Aquinas, in which the legends of the holy doctor are exquisitely painted, while a gilt plaque on the altar sets forth his acts. In this chapel I saw a remarkable monument, which I will describe. For at the side there stood, and still stands, a large and beautiful tomb, of great value, made of precious jasper. I measured it with my own hands, and found it twelve palms or spans in length, seven in depth and five broad, and one in thickness, the whole of solid stone. It has a cover of the same dimensions, "*à dos d'âne*," in the usual form, of the same stone and price. The colour is generally green, but the stone which is polished is spotted with other colours, which add to the beauty of such marble. It is said to have as many virtues as it has spots, and these spots, which are innumerable, are red or rosy as though the stone had been sprinkled with blood. Those who carry it about chastely will find in it these virtues. It drives away phantoms, checks fevers, cures dropsy, helps women in childbed, preserves a man in danger, allays inward heat, stanches blood, represses passion and its consequences, cures inveterate ulcers, purges the eyes, and strengthens and comforts their use, is proof against witchery and spells, and more efficacious set in silver than in gold. It is found only in the mountains of Scythia, where it is of excellent quality, and whole cliffs and rocks of it exist. But lest so precious a treasure should remain unguarded, and its plenty render it valueless, God has set round those mountains very strong and fierce guardians, the gryphons, most savage beasts who resist the approach of strangers, running and flying upon them, and tearing them with their beaks and claws, so that no one can come near the stone until he has overcome the gryphons. Jason had to battle with them for the golden fleece, and Hercules for the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides. These gryphons are most fierce creatures, with the heads of eagles and the bodies of lions, they fly like the one and run like the other, and have such daring and strength that they attack an armed horseman, and carry off both man and beast whither they will: they are indeed huge and savage beasts. The head, beak and wings are fashioned as those of an eagle, their forefeet also, which have long claws: the hinder feet and the tail are those of a lion, but the legs are shorter, and the claws short and so large that drinking cups are made of them. It is said these beasts are never found except near mountains which teem with gold and precious stones: these they dig up, and take an extraordinary pleasure in gazing at and playing with them, defending them most savagely against others. In Asiatic Scythia, a rich but uninhabitable land, and accessible only to the Arimaspians, these savages, who have a single eye in their foreheads, arm themselves against the gryphons, and go and carry off the gems. Jerome, in his letter to the monk Rusticus, speaks of the way gold and gems are guarded by the gryphons....

While I was standing near this precious sarcophagus and wondering who it was who had beaten the gryphons and carried off this huge stone, and for whom it was carved into so priceless a tomb, it occurred to me that perhaps in the days of the giants, who used to lay low the pride of centaurs and gryphons, it was brought for the sepulchre of Venus, whom nearly all the gods venerated, and here abandoned. For I cannot suppose that any king would have had a tomb of so great value, for jasper is more precious than gold, in which the

dying Alexander ordered his remains to be placed. While I was standing and thinking certain canons were walking up and down the nave of the church, waiting for the last stroke of the vesper bell. I approached them and begged them to tell me for what god or goddess or king or lord this incomparable tomb was designed. The canons entered the chapel with me and told me a long and very pleasant story about this tomb, and although I never read this story in any book, or heard of it elsewhere, still I believed it and set it down in my *Evagatorium*. And if the fact is not as I have written it down, at any rate this is what I heard, and as I was blameless in hearing it so was I blameless in writing it down : so it too may be read without blame, and piously believed without injury to the faith.

When Venus, queen and goddess of the Cypriots, threw aside all modesty and entertained a number of lovers, she took among them to her adulterous arms the god Mars. He grew jealous, and yoking his steeds to his chariot, with his sister Bellona to guide them he went to the hyperborean mountains. There he routed or captured the gryphons, and tore a huge stone from the hill of jasper. Bellona too carried off a crystal shield. These things they put in the chariot, and compelled the Arimaspi or Cyclopes to draw them. And when they reached the isle of Venus they set the stone for her bed, to temper and subdue her unbridled appetite. But when death cut off Venus they could not grave her image nor make her statue, hence in her temple, in the place of her effigy, they set this rude unpolished block of jasper. So Virgil writes that the image of Venus bore no human likeness.

However in the days of our Lord Jesus Christ among other gentiles who desired to see Jesus (S. John xii. 4) there were many Cypriot merchants, such as often went to Syria on account of the nearness of the two countries. Now when these Cypriots heard the Lord preaching and saw Him doing miracles they believed, and heartily abhorring the ingratitude of the Jews they begged Him that He would deign to sail with them to Cyprus, and shower His blessings on that people. To whom He replied as He had replied to Abgarus, king of Edessa, who begged Him by letter to come thither, that first of all He must suffer the cross and die, and on the third day rise again, and then He would send to them His disciples. They returned then to Cyprus and told the people what they had seen and heard, and fearing the envy of the Jews and his threatened execution, lest His crucified Body should be thrown out by the Jews as those of other condemned criminals they agreed to send certain persons to Jerusalem to bear away the Body of Jesus, and bring it in a vessel to Cyprus. They entered the temple of Venus and overthrew the jasper stone which was her symbol, and shaped thereof a tomb for the Lord Jesus. But when our Lord was dead and honourably buried the Cypriots were appeased, and preserved this tomb even to to-day. Nor would they sell it to anyone, nor suffer any man to be buried therein because it had been dedicated to Christ our Lord. And that was perhaps the reason why the image of Venus was of stone, precious indeed but unsmoothed and unshaped; for it would have been unmeet that the likeness and effigy of Venus should be the sepulchre of Christ. But Gio. Boccaccio (*De Gen. Deorum* 111. 23) did not discover it. In this the gentile Cypriots are no less to be commended than the Jews, Joseph and Nicodemus, who buried Christ, and we may well apply to their praise the words of 2 Samuel ii. 5, "Blessed be ye Cypriots of the Lord, that ye have showed this kindness to your Lord, and have buried Him. And now the Lord show kindness and truth unto you: and I also will requite you with kindness because ye have done this thing." So much then for this story.

A large archiepiscopal palace is attached to this cathedral church. Moreover in this city is a fair convent of our Order. It is the last house of the Preachers towards the East, and is situated in the royal castle over a torrent; for a certain king of Cyprus bore such an affection

for the brothers that he would have them nowhere but in his castle. This building is guarded by very stout and high walls: a stone bridge built archwise gives access to both the castle and the convent, and the torrent is led round the outer circuit of the walls. But when the kingdom was in divers manners stricken and laid waste, as we have said before, the interior of the castle was thrown down and burnt, yet through the exertions of the monks the convent remained intact, and the wall surrounding it, with the bridge, survived that great fire and is still standing. But of the habitable portion of the castle nothing remained except the lofty walls which the flames could not hurt. So it is that our convent stands to-day inclosed by those walls, and no one is allowed to build anything therein, but the monks own the whole site of the castle. The conventual church is right royally adorned, and in it is the burial place of the kings of Cyprus. It has two cloisters with marble pillars throughout their circuit, and all the offices of the monks are very good and convenient. Above are well-lighted dormitories, paved with marble. One day when I was strolling alone through the dormitory I found a cell open, and seeing it empty and uninhabited I went in to look at it. There was a recess in the wall, with a wooden door without a lock but closed by a small iron bolt. Out of curiosity I went up to the cupboard, drew the bolt and opened it. Immediately there burst upon me an infinite swarm of angry bees, flying round me and buzzing, the cell was full of them. I escaped with great difficulty from the cell, but they followed me all through the dormitory. There was a little hole in the wall by which they entered from the garden into the cupboard, and there they swarmed: for the convent has beautiful gardens all round it, and is altogether a delightful place. What kind of monks they are, how many, how zealous in the monastic life, how learned and diligent in the performance of divine service, how hospitable and charitable, I little know, and what I do know I should blush to write. But small wonder is it if there is little religion in these remote places, which are never visited by the superiors of the Order, where the monks are not corrected for their excesses, and are led astray by the evil example of the Greek priests. Whereas all should be different. For they are sent as mendicants to those countries to edify the Greeks by their words and works, and bring them into the obedience of the Roman Church. All the brethren of this convent are bearded like the Greeks, and they have a secular agent who gives every month to each monk eight *marcelli*, with which each buys what pleases him; the convent has no other funds.

The Friars Minor have a fair convent in this city. And the brethren of the Hermits of S. Augustine have a convent in the sugar cane gardens, and in their church on the left hand is a stately and gilded tomb, in which lies the body of a certain German noble called John Montfort, whom the Cypriots hold to be a saint. And pilgrims visit his shrine and ask his prayers. The body lies whole, but the flesh, muscles and skin are shrivelled: in one arm you see the bone stripped of flesh and skin as though a bit had been torn away by the teeth. It happened, they say, thus. There was a certain noble lady of Germany, a kinswoman of the said John of Montfort, who after visiting the holy places at Jerusalem sailed to Cyprus, and came to Nicosia to see the tomb of her friend, the blessed John. They opened the tomb for her, and removed the grating, and she lay down on his body putting her mouth to his shoulder as though she would kiss it long and fervently, but secretly she fixed her teeth in the flesh of the corpse and bit it, tearing away a piece which she hid in her bosom, desiring to carry it to her country as a relic. Wonderful to relate! when she had taken ship and was far out at sea they lost each favouring breeze, and while other vessels sailed gaily on her ship made no way at all. But the sailors saw in this something miraculous, and began to search the cabins, bags, wallets and chests of each passenger, as is their wont when any

unwonted obstacle occurs. But when they found the morsel wrapped in a little cloth, and heard the truth as confessed by the lady, they returned to the port which they had left, and when they had replaced the morsel sailed away with a favouring wind. In this city the Queen has her palace, and all things are cheap.

The second bishopric is that of Famagusta, which was once famous, and the capital of the whole kingdom, and the residence of its kings. This city is set on the seashore, and has a port most convenient for fleets. Our brethren have a convent there, but it is almost a wreck, for ruin threatens the city and all that is in it. It is said that no one can stay there on account of the corruption of the air. In these two cities were centred all the glory and the imported riches of Cyprus: here too was a crowd of all nations and tongues. But day by day all these things are vanishing. Near Famagusta are the ruins of a very ancient city which was called Salamina, said to have been built by one Teucer. When this Teucer went with his brother to the Trojan war, and after the war was ended returned to their country without him, he was repulsed, and sailing for Cyprus built Salamina and there ended his days. His father Telamon had been the first to scale the walls of Troy: he married the daughter of a noble Trojan who bore him Ajax and Teucer. From that Teucer there are persons who think the people of the Teuceri, or Turks, take their origin. Hence they now call themselves Turks, as sprung from Teucer (vol. III. 230—236).

This Salamina then in Cyprus, the ancient city of Teucer, besides foisting on us the hateful and abominable Turks, gave us S. Barnabas the Apostle, who there suffered martyrdom, and the holy and lovable Catharina, who is said to have been born there, and a chapel erected on the place of her birth is still shown to travellers. For Salamina was the capital of Costa's kingdom. Some of the histories call this city Constantia of Cyprus, which is its newer name, as saith Jerome in his Life and Death of S. Paula. But some who read the history of S. Catharina, when they see she was born in Constantia, think that Constantia to be the German city situated on the lake, whether natural or fed by a river, so called. There too is shown the place of her birth, but not the true one.

Moreover in Salamina was a holy man, that Bishop Epiphanius of whom S. Jerome makes frequent and flattering mention, because they were comrades in the defeat of the heresy of Origen, as we learn from the Epistle of Jerome to Pammachius against John, Bishop of Jerusalem. Hence also we learn that the see of Famagusta was anciently at Salamina, and later translated to Famagusta.

The third see is Paphus, the oldest of all the cities of Cyprus, and made illustrious not only by the songs of poets, but by the deeds of apostles. For SS. Paul and Barnabas preached there. There too Hilarius the abbot lived, and S. Manna, whom the Greeks invoke against the pestilence, and find him a true intercessor. How vast this city was, and how stately the churches which stood there, the extent of the ruins and the noble columns of marble which lie prostrate prove. It is now desolate, no longer a city, but a miserable village built over the ruins; on this account the harbour too is abandoned, and ships only enter it when forced to do so, as was our fate. As the city was laid low by an earthquake so it lies still, and no king nor bishop gives a hand to raise it up again.

The fourth see is in Nimona, on the seashore, where I stayed some days waiting for the vessels. Nimona is a ruined city, with a good harbour, facing Tyre and Sidon, and whence with a favourable wind one can sail in a day and a night to ports which are the best in the world for business, to Armenia, Cilicia, Laodicea, Seleucia, Antioch, Syria, Palaestina, Alexandria of Egypt, Beirut, Tripoli, Ptolemais, Caesarea, Tyre, Sidon, Joppa, Ascalon and others. Nimona, as its ruins show, was a great city, to which when Saladin took Jerusalem

the Templars, the knights of S. John and of the Teutonic Order migrated. They took possession of it, and fortified it with walls and towers, especially the port, near which they built a very strong castle, facing the sea on one side. Within the town they built Latin churches and convents of which the ruins are still visible, but only one wretched church remains standing, without bells. Its ornaments are of the poorest kind, and they call to prayer with bits of wood. A few Latin clergy still live there, but (as we shall show) their habits are not edifying. Ruin in many forms has stricken the city, the hatred of the Saracens towards the knights of the Temple, of S. John, and of the Teutonic Order, earthquakes, and floods rushing down from the mountain behind. On its slopes are made excellent wines, and the vines are said to be so large that a man cannot clasp his arms round their stems. Carobs too grow there in great number.

Above Nimona is a certain wooded spot so full of serpents and noxious animals that no one can live there. Nevertheless in the middle of the wood some ancient fathers built a monastery, so that being surrounded with serpents they might be less exposed to the visits of worldlings, which are known to disturb devout monks. But lest the serpents should molest the inmates of the convent they maintain a number of cats, who naturally make a prey of snakes, mice, dormice and rats, and do not allow such to approach the walls: and daily war is waged between the cats and the snakes to drive the latter from the walls. At night they remain within, and roam about the offices lest any reptile be hidden there, but during the day they hunt in the wood, and when their dinner hour comes the monk on duty rings a bell, at the sound of which they all run to the place where they are fed. For the mouse catcher has good hearing and better smell, but best of all is his sight, which can pierce the shades of night, hence he is called cat: for *cattus* means cunning, and the ancients thought that cats were akin to the *Genii* or *Lares*, saying that *Genii* though unseen by men could not remain invisible to cats. They tell me that Brutus was doing something one night in the house with a light, and saw a black figure. He asked what it was. "I am thy evil genius," it answered, and vanished. For the ancients laid down that every man had always at his side a good and an evil genius, just as Christian truth tells us that with every man are coupled two angels, one good, the other bad. The *Lares* were said to be the sons of Mercury and the nymph *Lar*. They lived in the homes of men, and guarded them, their seat being in the common hall of the house, near the fire, and there men paid them due reverence, a custom not wholly fallen into disuse. And because cats have flashing eyes, and like to lie on the ashes near the fire they said they were of kin to the *Genii*, *Lares*, *Penates*.

There are many other notable things in Cyprus, such as the mountain of the Holy Cross, of which I have already spoken. So much then for the description of Cyprus.

The condition of the island, its organization and government so far as regards temporal matters, its four dioceses, have been set forth at sufficient length in the preceding pages. As to the bishops and clergy both secular and regular I can only speak with bitterness of spirit, and were I moved to speak I must lift up my voice to heaven. It were supremely necessary for the dignity of the Catholic faith that to countries like Cyprus, the outworks and bounds of Christianity, were sent bishops of ripe age and strong character, who should live in their sees, and by their teaching and example should bring not only their own flocks but Greeks, Armenians, and other Eastern heretics and schismatics to love the Roman Church, and provoke the Saracens and Turks to admire their striking virtues. For Cyprus is encompassed on all sides by these monstrous races, which send men daily into all parts of the island for business. So that experience is more necessary here than holiness at Rome: and excess is more pardonable there than an evil example here.

We know that in the early Church the chief apostles were sent to the countries of the gentiles, as Peter and John were sent from Jerusalem to Samaria (Acts vii.). But now who are the men who are sent to be bishops in these remote places? Let the senders look to it! Brothers of the Mendicant Orders, who detest the poverty they have embraced, who pay no heed to chastity, and find obedience a burden, who loathe the observance of their Rule, and are ashamed to wear the monkish habit—these are the men who fawn and pray and solicit the interest of princes and nobles, proffering anon infamous and simoniacal gifts, alms which they have collected with pious but lying pretexes from Christ's faithful flock, to be appointed bishops in those parts. I met once a bishop of Paphus of this kind. We were detained for three days in the port of the Salines, and heard that two bishops were to come and travel with us. And two bishops did arrive with a mounted suite and much pomp, and boarded our galley, and made themselves very disagreeable to us pilgrims, and narrowed our already narrow room. One of them was a monk of some Mendicant Order, whom I observed more closely than the other gentleman. He was young, beardless, with a womanish face and thoroughly effeminate manners: he wore his proper habit, but varied in colour and quality. For he had made it of precious camlet, with a train behind like a woman, and wore on his fingers many rings set with gems and round his neck a golden chain: he was always quarrelling with his attendants, for he looked down on everybody, but especially the pilgrims whom he would not allow to sit down with him. One of us, a priest and chaplain to a pilgrim knight, once begged him to move a little from his seat, to make room for the knight. The bishop looked down contemptuously on the priest, but the latter faced him, and defended against the prelate his seat and berth, for which he had paid a large sum. To whom the bishop in the hearing of all, said, "And how do you dare, you ass, to contend with me? Don't you know who I am?" The chaplain replied, "I am not an ass, but a priest: I do not despise a priest, or make light of a bishop, but I see before me a proud monk and irreligious brother, with whom I shall contend for my rights to the bitter end." Whereupon the bishop made a *figo* at him, as Italians do with their thumb when they wish to insult anyone. When the knight saw this he rose up against the bishop and other young knights with him with clamour and complaint, and the bishop wisely fled aloft to the captain's cabin, and came down no more to the pilgrims' quarters. I spoke above of a certain clerk, who was Greek and Latin at the same time, and have noted many other things of the same kind, so that I wonder that the name of Christ has not been uprooted from Cyprus, lying as it does among Turks and Saracens.

November 8. We remained in the harbour of Paphus up to the hour of vespers, when we lifted our anchor and left the port; but the wind was contrary and we beat about all that night on the coast....On the night of Sunday, November 9, we lost sight of the island (vol. III. 239—244).

F. SURIANO.

Fra Francesco Suriano, of a patrician family of Venice, left a work of which there exist two manuscripts in the Communal Library of Perugia (one of them in the autograph of the author, corrected and enlarged by him in 1514) and a single printed copy, preserved in the Civic Library of Lucca, published by F. Bindoni at Venice in 1526 under the title *Trattato di Terra Santa*.

Suriano, born 1450, had made no less than sixteen journeys to the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean before, in 1475, he assumed the Franciscan habit. He visited Cyprus in August, 1484, on his way from Jaffa to Venice, and was still alive in 1529. He mentions in a note on p. 219 an earthquake which in 1480 nearly destroyed the royal city of Levcossia or Nicossia, "a town twice as large as Perugia," throwing to the ground a large number of palaces, houses and churches, particularly the archiepiscopal church of S. Sophia.

I translate from the Italian text edited by P. Girolamo Golubovich, O.M., 8vo, Milan, 1900 (pp. 241—243).

We left Jerusalem, or rather Zapho, on the tenth of August, 1484, with the galley of Messer Augustin Contarino, and sailing for six days together over the open sea we arrived at the Salines of Cyprus. To this place came S. Paul with Barnabas from Seleutia. These Salines, as one reads in the chronicles of the island, were thus miraculously made. The whole plain was planted with vines, and as S. Lazarus passed by he asked from those who kept the vineyards a few grapes for the love of God. The alms was refused him, and he asked what there was in a basket which hung near. They told him it was salt, but it was full of grapes. Then he laid a curse on them and said, "May all these vineyards turn to salt." And so it befell, for from that hour the vines dried up, and every year the water (is turned to salt). These Salines are almost miraculous because the rain that falls collects without any art of man in a space a mile in circuit (and from under the earth some veins of sea water burst up, and mix with the fresh water which congeals, and becomes most perfect salt, white as snow, hard as stone, four fingers thick, and sweet as violets. And such a quantity is formed that were it all collected it would furnish salt in abundance for the whole of Italy. To keep ever alive the memory of the event a church was built in honour of S. Lazarus, in which I celebrated in token of my devotion. Here we stayed two days, and left it sailing always close to the shore, and the following day reached Limisso, a city entirely destroyed and overthrown by wars and earthquakes. Leaving this we came to C. Gavata, eighteen miles away: we call it the Cape of Cats. And here I saw a great and strange wonder.

Of the miracle of the cats in Cyprus.

I heard a marvellous thing. From the said city of Lymisso up to this cape the soil produces so many snakes that men cannot till it, or walk without hurt thereon. And were it not for the remedy which God has set there, in a short time these would multiply so fast that the island would be depopulated. At this place there is a Greek monastery which rears an infinite number of cats, which wage unceasing war with these snakes. It is wonderful to see them, for nearly all are maimed by the snakes: one has lost a nose, another an ear; the skin of one is torn, another is lame: one is blind of one eye, another of both. And it is a strange thing that at the hour for their food at the sound of a bell all those that are scattered in the fields collect in the said monastery. And when they have eaten enough, at the sound of the bell they all leave together and go to fight the snakes. On this account the monastery has large revenues. From this Cape Gavata we sailed up to Paphos, in which city S. Paul by his

preaching converted the Proconsul. It is entirely ruinous, except one or two towers on the harbour. Hence sprang Venus, the goddess of lust. And now that we are presently leaving the island I ought not to pass it without notice but tell you of its condition.

Of the condition of the island of Cyprus.

This island of Cyprus has a circuit of 700 miles: it is a kingdom, and has six cities, Nichosia and Famagosta are well inhabited, Salamina, Lymiso and Bapho are in ruins. It has one strong fortress called Cerines, of old it had 8000 hamlets or villages, now only 800, and these in bad condition except la Piscopia and Larnacha. The island produces meat in plenty so that one may get twelve or fourteen sheep for a ducat. It is poor meat and unwholesome. The air is very bad, hence you never see a creature with a natural colour in his face, it is all art. Almost every year it is smitten with locusts, and the result is great barrenness and death. When the locusts do not come they harvest grain enough for four years. It produces plenty of sugar and good cotton, plenty of cheese, ladanum, honey, wool, the finest camlets known, and sanite. The inhabitants are few and lazy. In the summer season on account of the sun's great heat they work and travel by night. By day they lie idle in huts of reeds open at the ends. In the winter they dress in cloth, but in the summer in skins of polecats, foxes and sheep. If one exposes oneself to the cool air one falls at once into long and dangerous sickness. The horses are born amblers. The women are lewd. The country and climate of themselves incline to fleshly lust, and nearly every one lives in concubinage. In the days of king Jacques the women went about attired in a seductive manner like nymphs. Now they go decently dressed. To this island belonged S. Barnabas the Apostle, S. Catherine, virgin and martyr, daughter of king Costa, S. Epiphanius, a most eloquent man: Philanio, a most holy man and a martyr, was bishop of the island. And in it died S. Hylarion and S. John Monfore (pp. 241—243).

ZAMBERTI.

A quaint sonnet in the Venetian dialect contains probably the first printed account of Cyprus. It appears in the very rare book entitled *Isolario*, by Bartolommeo Zamberti (da' Sonetti), a small quarto, without note of place or date, but printed probably at Venice about 1485. The last sonnet in the book is on Cyprus, the concluding leaf being a curious outline map, without any names of places, of the island.

The verses, copied *verbatim et literatim*, and a translation, are printed below.

S. PER LINSULA DE CIPRO

Questa e quela achamantida che piaque
 cotanto a venus delichata e molle
 amathussa e machara pria dir se sole
 adeso cipro e qui come iaque
 Vedila a quela parte oue il sol naque
 posta ala sirya e da quela chel tolle
 sta verso charia col suo piano e colle
 piu verso coro onde la hyems il taque
 Questa e simele a crete de grandeza
 e per i venti quasi un stile tene
 e gia de piu dun regno fu in alteza
 qui cuchari qui sale a sai qui bene
 Qui cerere dal trito fa diuicia
 qui da se alba un vino tinto fato
 qui le done de se non fa auaricia
 Qui pappho e salamina furno in stato
 qui se ha de amaso e coloe notitia
 qui bufauento mira dogni lato
 Lydinia chithio carpacio e gostanza
 Famagosta nicosia regal stanza

SONNET ON THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

This is that Acamantis which charmed so much delicate and tender Venus. Anciently it was called Amathusia and Macaria, now Cyprus. It lies thus—see! on the side where the sun rises it is set over against Syria, and on that where it sets towards Caria; with its plains and hills sloping more towards the north-west, so that the winter blasts are hushed. It is like Crete in size, and lies open to almost the same winds. Of old it held more than one kingdom. Here are sugar, much salt, and wealth, for Ceres showers here store of grain. Here a wine black when made grows light of itself. Here the women are not chary of their favours. Here Paphos and Salamis were renowned: and we hear of Tamassus and Soloi. Here Buffavento looks to every side. Lydinia, Citium, Carpas and Constantia, Famagusta, and Nicosia, seat of kings.

N. LE HUEN.

Concerning Nicole Huen, a Carmelite of Pont Audemer, and his work I can learn nothing but what may be gleaned from (1) the imprint on his last page (the book has no title) which runs thus: "Des saintes peregrinations et des avirons et des lieux prochains. Du mont de synay et la glorieuse lratherine: cest ouvraiè et petit livre contenant du tout la description ainsi que dieu a voulu le donner a congnoistre. Imprime a Lyon par honnestes hommes Michalet topie de pyrmont: et Jacques heremberch dalemaigne demourant audit lyon. Lan de nostre seigneur mille cccc quatrevingtz et huitz et le xxviii de Novembre." And (2) a note inserted in the Grenville copy, British Museum, G. 7203: "Breydenbach, traduit par N. Huen, fol. Lyon, 1488. La Croix du Maine ii. p. 190, together with Du Verdier iii. 143 and Pinelo, *Bib. Geog.* p. 1463, or Recharderie iv. 402. have all considered N. Huen as an original traveller, but Panzer i. 538, together with La Valliere iii. 30, and Crevenna iv. 20 very truly concur in describing Huen as giving only a translation of Breydenbach (Bernhard von Breitenbach, *Peregrinatio*, fol. Mainz, 1486), though not a literal one. This edition is most extremely rare, and sold at the Roxburgh sale, No. 7259, for £84. It is the first French book with copper-plates."

Cyprus is an island, a kingdom, a country, thus named from a chief city so named, which was formerly called Paphon, and is dedicated to Venus. In time past it had great renown for its metal, and abounded in bronze, the use of which was there first discovered. A land producing many wines, surrounded entirely by the sea: but in the interior it has had noble cities, great and rich, situated in all directions. The chief and capital is called Nicossia, in this there are fine churches. The cathedral is magnificent: there are parish churches with mendicant friars. Our Carmelite house is near the king's palace, and was founded by the lords of France, for you can see a proof in the church, by the arms of the king of Jerusalem, of the king of France, of the duke of Normandy. They are also inside the great episcopal church. Near our convent rests the body of S. Jean de Mountfort quite entire: it is the most beautiful corpse which was ever seen on the earth. In devotion and with eagerness the people go there to seek for health. Near there, quite seven miles away, is the body of S. Memer, from which flows an oil of much virtue. At the extremity of the island in that direction was a city formerly very famous, as is shown by its ruins, called Baffa. There is bad air there, as in all the island. Very noble were its churches in time past, as you see them in their ruin. Below the church which belonged to the Friars Minor is a prison where S. Paul was bound and kept for some time with S. Barnabas while preaching the Gospel, and seven pits hard by in another church where were the seven sleepers. And a spring of water of much virtue which is carried afar to cure fevers. The city called Famagusta was likewise strong and powerful; Costus, the father of S. Latharine (*sic*) was king there, and it was called Famacosti. Limesson is another city where there were fine churches. The bishop still lives there with two canons. Besides there is Salines, which was called Piscopia, or rather Cyprus, from which the island took its name, and now there is no house except the church of S. Ladze, ill equipped, and a single begude.

The cause of this destruction arose from the sister of the king of England who was going for devotion's sake to Jerusalem. The king of Cyprus took her and dishonoured her, which thing wrought ill for him and all the country which came to help her and destroyed everything with fire and sword. The soil is fertile, and rich in good things, fine plains, mountains and forests which hold wild animals, and great plenty, so that you may have twelve sheep for a ducat. It is 175 miles in length and 125 miles broad: 300 miles distant from Rhodes. It is to-day under the Venetians, and they are in danger of losing it in no long time, for the soldiers

or gendarmes they have there are not paid, and have not wherewithal to live, except meanly and very ill at their ease. No man can leave it without permission, wherefore at times many of the dwellers in the land go to give themselves up to the Turks, so as to escape from the place and its government.

Wednesday, August 29, was the feast of S. John Baptist in the church of Cyprus. We landed at Salines. There is a church founded by S. Lazarus, the seat of a bishop. There are no other dwellings than a house for a beguete.

There we found bread and wine, grapes and pomegranates. We slept inside the church like good sheep.

Thursday, August 30, we stayed there to hear the pilgrims' mass. Several hired horses to go to Nicossia where the Queen of Cyprus holds her court. All our company agreed to hire donkeys to follow the rest, and took a guide who led us all the night through to Nycossia. Friday morning we reached Nychossia at sunrise. Thence we went to the great church called S. Meme or Mamar whose body is outside the city: it drips oil. This church is very beautiful, and nobly adorned in the French fashion, for the lords of France caused it to be built. In this church is the tomb of Godeffray de Billon, all of jasper and of a single piece, except the cover; although it was not in this place that he was buried, but in Jerusalem, as I have told you. Mass was heard, then we went to drink in a tavern, then each of us slept three hours. Afterwards we made the circuit of the city, and to the churches of the mendicant friars. There are three convents with large buildings, Carmelites, Jacopins and Franciscans. In this city they cut the stones called Baffa diamonds. At night we returned to the Salines where was our ship. This city was formerly a very important one. There are fine walls of long circuit, and within them large buildings, but all in ruins.

Saturday, September 1, 1487. The wines of Cyprus are good and strong, but they have a savour of pitch. Without this they would not keep, for the heat is so fierce, and the air so wonderfully dangerous, that by day one would not dare go about the fields or streets except in the morning and evening. To prove this, when we landed in Cyprus there was not a sick man of our company in all the ship, and we remained there nine days, thanks be to Jesus, without any ill. But when we withdrew to the vessel, there were seven sick, all pilgrims. Let all future pilgrims be warned that it is the worst port of all the voyage.

Sunday, our company went to a village a mile from the port, and lodged with a Greek priest, and there we stayed until we left to put to sea. The Salines are like a lake, a league in length and breadth, and there is just a foot of water above the mud, and there it congeals like ice by reason of the heat of the sun, and is taken up in pieces like broken ice. And when one piece is taken out the rest congeals, which is a thing to wonder at...

Friday, September 7, we left Salines....Saturday, the feast of the Nativity of our Lady, it was calm, and we stayed at Lymesson to get victuals, biscuit, sheep and some wine. One gets there thirty sheep for a ducat. Sunday, September 9, we landed to hear mass, and stayed till after dinner....Monday, we left Lymesson....Thursday. In four days we had sailed but thirty miles. We anchored as near as we could to Baffa, and some went on shore to get victuals. (*Quire c. ccc verso. Quire e recto.*)

FRA. NOE.

A little book of 192 pages, measuring 6 inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$, with rude woodcuts, bears the imprint of G. A. Remondini, Bassano, without date. The title runs *Viaggio da Venetia al S. Sepolero, et al Monte Sinai... Composto dal R. P. Noe (Bianchi) dell' ordine di S. Francesco*. The British Museum possesses editions of 1500, 1519, 1546, 1555, 1563, 1587, 1640, 1647, 1680, and 1728; and others are known of Venice, 1566, 1614, Bologna, 1690, and Bassano, 1770. The phrasing is here and there so curt and disjointed as to be scarcely intelligible.

P. 25. We left Rhodes...and reached Cyprus. We passed by several cities, one of which was called Baffo. This was once large and strong, as its ruins testify. It is now all destroyed. And below is a church which once belonged to the Friars Minor, and a large prison with seven different cells, in which S. Paul was for some time confined, and S. Barnabas the Apostle. In this place under another church runs a wonder-working spring, which is drunk as a sovereign remedy for fever. In this place are seven little rooms where it is said the seven sleepers slept, but not those who slept in the Coelic hill. From this city we came to another, also in ruins, and leaving this we came to Limisso, which a sultan rased to the foundations. Here wherever you dig you find sweet waters....Cyprus is 300 miles from Rhodes, 165 miles long and broad. Mutton is very cheap, but not very good. Sometimes you can get nine sheep for a ducat.

P. 178. How we left Egypt...and arrived in no long time at the island of Cyprus, at the city of Famagosta, a seaport. I left that city and went by land to the place where king Costa once lived, who was father to the holy virgin Catherine. The place is called Salamina, and the city Constantia, but the city is quite destroyed, yet one may see the walls of the castle in which king Costa lived. Where S. Catherine was born is a little church outside the city in the hands of the Greeks. There is a little chapel to mark the spot where S. Catherine was beheaded, and the Apostle Barnabas. And there are many indulgences: and in the same city is the body of S. Epiphanius, which is shown entire and uncorrupt...

We left Beffania, and passed the island of Beffania, and in a few days found ourselves at Nicosia, where the king of Cyprus lives, and we went to get his leave, for no one can quit his kingdom without leave, so that one must get his seal, and so we went to the port of Famagosta [whence we sailed for Venice].

BAUMGARTEN.

Martin von Baumgarten in Braitenbach was born 1473 at Kufstein on the Inn, where he died in 1535, the third of the twelve children of John von Baumgarten, a noble and wealthy Tyrolese. He made the usual pilgrimage to the Holy Land and Mount Sinai, and on his return visited Cyprus, remaining in the island from February 8 to March 28, 1508. His *Travels* were published in Latin, 4to, Nürnberg, 1594, and in English, in Churchill's collection, fol. London, 1704, and 8vo, 1752. I transcribe from the first English edition, vol. i. pp. 489—491.

On the eighth of February, about the third hour of the day, we arrived at Cyprus, and got into harbour at Salina; here we stayed many days for certain reasons. This city was of old called Salamis, or Salamina, on this occasion. Salamina is a certain island in the Eubæan Sea, over against Athens, having in it a city of the same name, in which reigned Telamon, the father of Ajax and Teucer. But when Teucer returned from the Trojan war, and had not revenged his brother Ajax's death, being exiled by his father, he went to Cyprus, and called this city there after the name of his native country.

In this city it was that Paul and Barnabas preached. And there too it was that Barnabas suffered martyrdom. There is near it a lake of excellent salt, which being coagulated by the heat of the sun only proves the best salt of any, and is exported in great quantities into Syria, Greece, Italy, and other countries, yielding great profit to the state of Venice.

Near the harbour of Salamina is a church, in one end whereof the Greeks, and in the other the Latins perform their divine worship.

Not far from this place, by the sea, at the foot of a hill are to be seen the ruins of an amphitheatre; adjoining to it is a cave laid with pyramidal stones, and about it many huge stones and pieces of antiquity, and pillars of white marble, but the inscriptions are totally defaced.

*Nymosia or Nicosia, a city of Cyprus. Its episcopal see. A storm at sea.
A pirate at Rhodes. Piscopia rased. Paphus, its founder.*

The third day of March, because our ship was to be loaded with corn in another part of the island, leaving all our things on board, we travelled by land both for our recreation and to have the better view of the island. The first place we came to the next day was Lymosin, of old Nymosia, and lodged in the bishop's house, for this is one of the four episcopal sees that are in Cyprus. The first is in Leucosia, now called Nicosia. The second at Famagusta. The third in Paphus, which episcopal sees are each of them double, so that in every one of them there's both a Greek and Latin bishop. The same day about noon our ship arrived, so we made haste to get some provisions, which we carried with us and went on board. Sailing from thence immediately, before we had got a mile off, the wind rose and blew so hard that we were forced to anchor under a promontory; and there did we for three days together without intermission dance and caper, but not very merrily, having for music the loud noise of the winds, the rattling of the storm, and the roaring of the sea. While we were thus circumstanced, there came up with us a pirate ship belonging to Rhodes, who asking us whence we came, and what we had on board? when they found that all belonged to Christians they took away from us some oars they wanted and left us.

On the eighth day about noon, the storm being over, we set sail, and launching out into the main sea, we sailed by Colossus, a village of Cyprus, remarkable for its great plenty of sugar. We sailed by Piscopia too, a city which one of the kings of England once rased to the ground, in revenge of his sister's having been debauched, having left her there as he was going to Jerusalem.

On the tenth day we came to Paphus. This is a noble city, formerly the metropolis of Cyprus, and the palace of Venus; now a very desolate and ruinous place, as most of the cities of Cyprus are, occasioned by the frequent earthquakes that happen there, yet by the very ruins it appears what once it was. In Paphus the air is not very wholesome, nor indeed in all Cyprus, though it abounds with marjoram, hyssop, and other wholesome herbs. This city was built by Paphus, Pygmalion's son by Eburnea, who called it after his own name, and consecrated it to Venus, to whom also they dedicate a very large temple; to which, as some will have it, when Helen arrived from Greece, being stolen by Paris, she repaired, and gave occasion to the Trojan war. Others will have this to be done in Cythera.

Our stay at Corsico, a village. Presents made to us there. Cyprus described; its situation, fertility, cities, inhabitants. Their grievous oppression.

On the eleventh day setting out from Paphus, we arrived in the dark night at the town of Corsico, which is situated in a very pleasant valley, having a prospect over the sea as far as Cilicia, which is now called Scandilora. Here we spent several days, till the ship was loaded with corn and silk. In the mean time we had presents offered to us of almonds, peas, and other fruits of the same year's growth, which afforded us no less subject of admiration than of pleasure and deliciousness, to consider the extreme coldness of the weather in our country at that very season.

Cyprus, a noble island situated in the Carpathian Sea, in the middle of the greatest bay of Asia, lying from E. to W. in a right line between Cilicia and Syria, the most considerable and famous island in the world, anciently abounding with riches, too much addicted to luxury, and for that reason consecrated to Venus, is very large, and formerly had the wealth and title of a kingdom. This island is called Cethim in the Holy Scripture: is very fruitful of corn, abounding with silkworms, silks, oil, sugar and wine. Here are very beautiful hills, most pleasant and delightful valleys, always resounding with the melodious singing of birds. Here are warm suns, shady groves, dewy herbs, green grass, and soft downy meadows to lie down and rest upon. Yet notwithstanding all this fruitfulness and pleasantness, neither its cities nor villages are much frequented, but as if it was barren and a desert place it is inhabited only by a few people that live in cottages. It has no cities but Nicosia and Famagusta; the former of which is famous for its largeness, and for the ruling power of the Governor residing there; the latter is remarkable for its harbour and fortifications. Besides all the inhabitants of Cyprus are slaves to the Venetians, being obliged to pay to the state a third part of all their increase or income, whether the product of their ground, or corn, wine, oil, or of their cattle, or any other thing. Besides every man of them is bound to work for the state two days of the week wherever they shall please to appoint him: and if any shall fail, by reason of some other business of their own, or for indisposition of body, then they are made to pay a fine for as many days as they are absent from their work. And which is more, there is yearly some tax or other imposed on them, with which the poor common people are so flayed and pillaged, that they hardly have wherewithal to keep soul and body together.

We spent the rest of our time with a great deal of uneasiness in this island, being forced to tarry till the ship had taken in her lading of several sorts of merchandise.

LE SAIGE.

Jacques le Saige was a silk merchant of Douai, who died there February 11, 1549. He started on the journey to Jerusalem March 19, 1518, and reached his home on Christmas Day of the same year. His autograph, scratched on a wall of the church of S. Francis at Famagusta, was found in 1901 by M. Camille Enlart. He printed at Cambrai an account of his travels, with the quaint title *Chi sensuyvent les gistes repaistres et despens que moy Jacques le Saige marchant demourant a Douay ay fait de Douay a Rome...et autres lieux. Jusques au retour dudit Douay.* There may have been three issues of this work between 1520 and 1523, but copies are of very great rarity, and Mons. H. R. Duthilloeul did well to publish at Douai in 4to, 1851, the edition from which I translate here pp. 92, 93, and 135—151, though the text needs revision, and the glossary is very meagre. “Messeurs prenes couraige de lire et vous ares du passe temps” (p. 2).

The Flemish livre=3 marcells=20 gros or sols; the sou was worth 12 deniers. His journey, including 22 livres, 10 gros given as presents on the way, cost him 436 livres, 13 gros. To find the money he had to pledge some property in Hainault, for no one would give him cash for his stock of silk.

July 21, 1518. The wind freshened, and towards supper-time we saw the beginning of the island of Cyprus somewhere near the city of Baf, where it is said is the temple of Venus. And about midnight we arrived off Limechon, where we anchored and did not land until the dawn of day.

The landing at Limechon in Cyprus. They reckon the distance from Rhodes at 400 miles. July 22, the feast of the Magdalen. We left our vessel and landed at Limechon. It is now a village situated in the open country quite close to the sea, but there is no harbour. There is a castle which is pretty strong, and Limechon was once a walled town and large, but the English left it thus ruined to avenge themselves on the king of Cyprus, who debauched the sister of the king of England, who was returning from the holy voyage to Jerusalem. They sold us wine pretty cheap, but it tasted of pitch, for they put their wine in a large jar pitched within, and draw it thence. It is so hot by day in the summer that we dared not leave our houses. Towards evening we went to see cotton growing; there was a large expanse of it. The twigs are as high as a turnip plant, the pods are as big as the head of a wild poppy; and when the cotton is ripe the head opens, and one sees the cotton. Later we thought to return all of us to sleep in our ship, but our sailors were detained, and we were obliged to return to the houses, and we were even lucky to find such.

July 23. When I awoke I had only to give my head a shake. I went to see a small church where I found a Greek priest who was robing himself to say mass: but as he put on each vestment he made it catch the fumes of a censer. I saw him say mass right through, but it was wonderful to see the ceremonies he performed. There is in Limechon another church where they sing after our rite, and there are five Latin canons. I made my way back to our lodging, and on the way saw capers growing. To write of the other riches of this land I shall wait until our return, for, if God will, we propose to see the chief cities of this realm. Well, just as we had returned to supper, they came to tell us we must get back to the vessel. Seven or eight of our company swore to me they had been in the castle mentioned above, and had been shown the brazen head which spoke to Valentine, the brother of Orson. I have written it down to record the fact; I heard of it late, or would have gone to see it. But I had to return. And as soon as we were on board the anchors were raised and our sails spread. Now I had spent at Limechon 20 gros (pp. 92, 93).

The harbour of Famagosse in Cyprus.

Sunday, August 28, the night of the beheading of S. John, we anchored our vessel in the harbour of Famagosse. We were greatly astonished to see so strong a city. For vessels cannot come nigh by reason of the rocks, and the walls too are terribly thick, and there are fosses lined with masonry along the town. Hence you may gather that one might attack it from without yet be unable to injure that city. It is small, and has the most beautiful houses possible, but they were destroyed what time the king of England took vengeance for his sister whom the king of Cyprus had killed, thinking to debauch her, but the good lady, who was returning from the holy voyage, had fain rather suffer death. And as soon as her brother heard the news he vowed to God that he would avenge her, as he did. The walls of Famagosse are all freshly repaired, and there is a very grand boulevard. In brief it is an impregnable city if it had a sufficient garrison. But there are only 800 soldiers in the pay of the Venetians, for they have the whole land of Cyprus under them. By a custom of no long standing to keep at peace with the Turks they pay them a heavy tribute; but the peasants pay it well. They are heavily taxed, and have no trade except with Venice. Along the sea on the other side there is fine level country, which supplies produce in plenty. It rains only from All Saints to Candlemas (November 1 to February 2). The rest of the year it is so hot that men go into the fields by night only, and then there is a heavy dew. Two days after our arrival we went for our pleasure to the place where S. Catherine was born, and left at daybreak. The distance is only about two leagues, but we thought we should die of heat on the way back, and we had made no long stay there. For we found neither bread nor dinner, only a little chapel where are two altars; hard by is a ruined church. It is the spot where the fair dame went to learn our law: a quarter of a league away one sees the prison into which she was thrown when it was known she was a Christian. All this part, which used to be the city of Famagosse, is now called in our tongue Old Famagosse; one can still see the arches on which were the pipes which brought water from the mountains to the city. All the rest is destroyed and swept away. So we crawled back two leagues or so and stayed until the following Friday. We lived, my companions and I, in a church of S. Nicolas, and by reason of the heat remained therein all day until it was time for supper. This church is fine, and vaulted throughout. During the six days I was in Famagosse I spent the sum of 48 gros.

Friday, September 2, after supper my companions with whom I ate every day, that is to say Jehan du Bos, of Soignie, and three churchmen who had accompanied us to Venice, wished to leave on foot to go to a place called Salline, where there used to be a great city, now there is only a village. When they were debating about going on foot (the distance was quite eight French leagues), I tried to defeat their plan, alas! this travelling on foot was the cause of their death. I begged them to take a mule each, and to come and take their pleasure and see the country, for in any case we had to wait until our vessel was loaded with salt, and they took fully fourteen days to fill up. I pleaded with them that the rest of the pilgrims were taking each of us a mule to travel all night through to Nicossia, a great city, and that we should get good value for our money. They replied that they would spend more in the village. Alas, they had enough of it fifteen days later, for they were near their end, as you can hear. At last I saw I was wasting my time, and went and engaged a mule, and agreed with the muleteer that he should come with me, for everyone else had left. And for the whole journey as far as Nicossia it cost me but twenty gros. And even when I had mounted my mule I came back to our lodging to see if my companions had not changed their

minds. They told me they were resolved to go right through on foot, and that they would rather buy drink with what it would cost them to take a mule. Alas! they would have been very glad about midnight to have had one apiece, for they knew not where they were going, they had no guide, there were only four of them, and they lost their way. I commended them to God, and left with my muleteer as I said. We hurried on so fast that my guide was bathed in sweat, thinking to overtake the main body of my companions. But it was all for nothing, the two of us had to travel all night alone because I had tarried so long. We found the country pretty level, and passed by a large village, where there is a great castle: it is five miles from Famagosse, and called Sinore. We met, my muleteer and I, more than a hundred persons on the road, for in this season on account of the heat of the sun men go to their fields by night only, and even sheep and other animals go out to feed at night. I was often afraid, for many of those whom we met stopped to chat with my muleteer. But I rode on, and if I had heard any of them turn back with him I was determined to get off my mule and hide in some bush, for there are many such by the way side. However God be praised, no one asked of me anything. Good order must be kept there. In two or three other villages we found the people sleeping in their courtyards to enjoy the cool of the night; they had just a few branches over them. We rode on till we saw the day and reached Nicossia about half an hour after the sun rose. I was much rejoiced and paid anon the twenty gros.

So on Saturday, September 2, I arrived in the city of Nicossia. It is very large, and I knew not where to address myself to find a lodging, for the townspeople understand neither French nor Flemish nor Latin. I found a priest and thought he would understand Latin. But he was no more good to me than if I had called to a dog; he was a Greek. I began to feel tired, for I did not know what was the Greek for a lodging, and I had my wallets containing my shirts, and my two sheets which I had brought to get washed, and a couple of bottles, and I was all in a fuss, for my muleteer had left me at the gate. I went till I found a saddler, and asked for the inn. He showed me a house. I hurried in and found there the four buglers of our ship. You may be sure I was glad. I asked them where was the large party who came on by night: they told me they had breakfasted, and were gone to the great church to find a cool place and sleep their fill. Then I breakfasted very well, thanks be to God, and then went to rest in the great church called S. Sophia, which is a very beautiful little church. There is the finest possible beginning of a bell tower of well cut sandstone, and already there are five porches, three of which open a way under the said tower before one enters the church, and at the two ends of the transept there are two beautiful little doorways of fine stone, and the church is vaulted throughout. The singing is in Latin, after our rite. Many pilgrims have made their marks and set their names on the walls; I saw the name of Jehan Potiez of Mons near one of the entrances. After I had been there a long while I went to a little Greek church close by; it is dedicated to our Lady. It was a pleasure to be there, for there was one of the priests who was at least seventy years old and chanted so loudly that it was a wonder. After vespers said in Greek large loaves were brought, one of which was cut into large pieces, a piece was given to each of us, and then some good wine to drink. Then I returned to my lodging, and was told that our hostess was brought to bed while we were in the church. I should have liked well to be the godfather, but they told me they would wait a month to baptise the child. Then they brought us supper.

The next morning, September 4, I heard talk of the body of a saint which was in a church of the Scalzi, and went there with several other pilgrims to hear mass. We found it a long walk, for the town, as I said, is very large. Near the convent is a great space of garden ground watered from a well. A horse turns a big wheel, and many earthen pots

are bound on this wheel which pour out a wonderful quantity of water, and there are many small pipes in the garden by which the water is distributed. There is a great plenty of fruit-bearing trees, mostly pomegranates, and under the trees the ground is all full of gourds, melons, cucumbers, and other good things. Were it not for these wells there would be no dainties in Cyprus, while there are so many that it is a wonder. After I had looked well over the place I came to the convent, which is small as well as the church. But it is very pleasing and well adorned. After we had heard mass we were shown the body, which is still entire, of a saint called Jehan de Montfort, which works many miracles and cures fevers: he was a gentleman, for he was of Brittany, and on his return from the holy voyage to Jerusalem was taken ill and died in this city of Nicossia. I saw him all naked, he seemed as though he slept, and he has been there three hundred years. Alas, I greatly wished my companions had been with me. After we had paid our devotions I returned to dinner. And then I went to hear vespers in the church of S. Sophia, of which I have spoken, and we were shown the right arm of S. Laurence enshrined in silver, but I saw only a finger-joint.

And we were shown a double cross in which I saw a piece quite four inches long of the holy and true Cross of our Saviour, and also many other relics, and then I went to supper. And at the hour of the Ave Maria one of our pilgrims showed me a thing which astonished me greatly. It was an attendant who carried on his shoulders a rail quite ten feet long and about three inches wide, and he tapped on the middle of the rail with two little wooden mallets, and produced so loud a sound that it was a marvel. He was ringing for the Ave Maria. I had often heard this tapping but knew not what it was. In many of the churches of the Greeks they have no other bells, so they are at no expense.

On September 5 I went for my pleasure outside the town, not to get into the sun, but so that I could see that at some former time it was a grand thing, for it has two very strong castles, but now it is ugly, for the houses are chiefly of earth and have no roof except some stout reeds and then earth, that is their covering. And the streets are crooked, above and below: such destruction the king of England wrought when he avenged his sister, as I have written before. I stayed in this city of Nicossia until the following Friday. Our captain was very ill, and we quite thought he would die, but he had a good doctor. And I, who was very anxious to know how my companions had fared, left that day. I had spent in all 52 gros.

Friday, September 9, after supper I left the city with some Franciscan pilgrims who had hired three carts drawn by cows, and got on one of the carts, but God knows how well shaken we were. I was very sorry that I had not taken a mule. We were journeying all the night through until about an hour after dawn on the morrow. We had to rest in a village to wait for evening, and were poorly treated there, for there were no tables, only wretched planks upon stones: and I saw them bake more than forty bits of mutton, such as shoulders and necks, just as they bake pies and set them on the edge. When I tried to eat I was obliged to pull and hack as if it had been bull beef: the wine was good enough. Throughout Cyprus the sheep are worth nothing at all: there is quite as much to eat on one sheep's tail as there is on two of their shoulders, for these tails hang quite down to the ground, and are about a quarter broad. But all the substance is there. The fowls are always good, but people who had passed that way had bought them all, and we had to go without. After we had dined it was very windy, and we left in the carts. We found plenty of sand and hills and valleys, with nothing on them but stones and trees, and we kept on till about sunset we reached the village where there used to be a large city called Salline, because near it much salt is collected, as you shall hear by and by. At this hour then we arrived in the village:

they reckon it twelve miles, which make quite twelve leagues, from Nicossia, and it cost me to come on the cart, with the expenses on the road and supper at the village, altogether 36 gros.

Sunday, September 11, I rose very early, for I had slept on a table; it was too late to find a bed, and I was hungry, but I took it patiently. As soon as I was up I bought a fine fat hen, thinking to take it as a gift to my companions, and begged that it might be cooked quickly, while I went to hear mass. Now the church is far from the village and quite close to the sea; it was here that aforetime the main town stood, but it is all destroyed except a part of the church, in which at one end they chant in Latin as with us, but in the middle, or what we might call the choir, they chant in Greek....

Tuesday, September 13, after having heard mass very early we went, ten or twelve of us, to see the place whence they collect the salt. We were very greatly astonished, for the place is quite four leagues round, and is like a great frozen marsh. One is quite dazzled at the sight, for the salt is as white as I ever saw, and comes of itself: the sea is close by, and there is only a broad bank between the two. The sea swells two or three times a year, and then they make little holes in the bank, and the water enters the lake. And when there is enough of it they close those holes again, and forthwith the sun which is a hundred times hotter than in our country absorbs that water, and nothing is left but the salt. Moreover the sun burns on that salt so fiercely that it is as white as snow. And it is cut into great blocks, as is done with sods or turves. And when we were there we saw enough cut and ready to load two hundred carts. None can take of this salt without paying the Venetians for it; it is a valuable revenue to them. We stayed so long to look at this salt that we did not know how we should get to the village for the heat, but God be praised we suffered nothing but the inconvenience, and refreshed ourselves with a good drink. Then several of us went to bathe in the sea, that is to say when the great heat had passed. Then we came back to the village, and heard that a gentleman had arrived, and I went to lodge with him. For he had been the companion of the three priests who came with Jehan du Bos and me, and had left them because they were too stingy. And I believe that if he had remained he would have died like the others. But he was a man used to good living, so that he and I returned to Paris, and he carried back the money of his shipmates, and I that of mine, as you will hear later. So I went to supper and we enjoyed ourselves.

Wednesday, September 14, we went to hear mass in a chapel where they sing in Greek. Then we came to dinner, and after dinner heard a crying and singing. They were carrying a young woman to her grave. There were four or five women crying so that it was piteous to see them. They had put a mask on the corpse, painted like the face of a beautiful dead woman. They had clothed her too in a fine black robe; she even had a fine scarf of black silk round her, and they told us that when a poor person dies they borrow for her beautiful clothes which she wears up to the mouth of the grave. We did not go to see her buried, because there had been deaths from the plague pretty close to the place. We went to amuse ourselves and to see what had formerly been the size of this town of Salline: we were greatly astonished to see such extensive foundations; the highest of them was hardly two feet. Then we returned to supper.

Thursday, September 15, after hearing mass and eating an excellent breakfast, we wrote our diaries and then went in a great troop to bathe in the sea, and there we rejoiced greatly for they came to tell us that all our company which had stayed in Nicossia had arrived. So we went to our lodgings for fear of losing our places, and after we had dined well I reckoned how much I had spent since Saturday. I had spent only 24 gros.

[September 16, they embarked. Our Jacques found them all ill. He took charge of his old mate Jehan du Bos and another, and did what he could for them, but he was no nurse and wished himself on the market place of Douai. Next day they sailed. He begins to suspect there was plague on board, and drinks freely of the Malmsey he had bought on shore. Then he too got ill, his head ached, and he stumbled about, not knowing whether it were fear or drink. He commended his soul to S. Claude and to our Lady of Weziers, to whom he promised a taper of three pounds weight, and vowed a pilgrimage to S. Adrian. This, he thought, saved him from death. On the 18th an English priest, strong and hearty, died: he was put in the box which carried his provisions, and thrown into the sea. On the 19th another death, on the 20th two. On the 21st Jehan du Bos died, to the satisfaction of the sailors, for they had already played away the nine *marcelli* which they got for making a red cross on the coffin and throwing it into the sea; on the 24th foul winds had driven them back to Paphos, where they got wood and water. A church was visited where they sang in Latin, not far from the spot where the seven sleepers lay so long. "The town is in ruins: it was the first which the English destroyed. But on the seashore there are still two massive towers, and there was once a strong castle. A fine plain lies around, and near the sea fields of cotton were now ripe. Beyond are high mountains covered with scrub. The air is dangerous to strangers." By November 8 the surviving pilgrims had reached Venice, and on Christmas Day Jacques le Saige was again in his home at Douai.]

BORDONE.

Benedetto Bordone was a native of Padua, an astronomer and geographer, and of great skill as an illuminator of MSS. He may have been the father of Julius Cæsar Scaliger (ob. 1558), a scholar of more learning than taste.

His *Isolario*, an extremely rare book, first printed at Venice in 1528, contains an account of all the islands of the world, and might well be reckoned in its day as a work of great erudition. Each island is illustrated by a map. We translate from pp. LXV, LXVI of the edition *impressa in Vinegia per Nicolo d'Aristotile, detto Zoppino, nel mese di Giugno, del MDXXXIII.*

Towards Syria there lies no island but Cyprus, which has a circuit of $427\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and its length towards N.E. and E. 200 miles. The headland which looks towards the rising sun is called by Ptolemaeus Clides extremæ, but now Cape Bon Andrea: that which lies to the W. was called Drepano by the ancients, but by the people Trepano. Cape Bon Andrea is 260 miles from Tripoli on the S.E., and from Syria on the S. 80 miles, and from the gulf of Giaccia, called by the ancients the Cilician Gates, on the N.E. and E. 130 miles. On the N. lies Cilicia, from which also it is 80 miles, and the western cape lies S. of Antiocheta, called by the ancients Antiochia, 100 miles.

Such is the situation of this most noble island, which yields to no other in merit. It abounds greatly in wine, oil, wheat, barley, sugar and cotton: it produces veins of various metals, and vitriol of the greatest use in medicine. Eratosthenes says that the fields of Cyprus were so full of trees thickly set that they could not be cultivated, nor could any human device keep the trees down, wherefore the land lay unproductive, albeit, both in the construction of many vessels, and the continuous smelting of metals, an incredible amount of wood was here consumed: and although the island was very powerful on the seas, still in no way and by no human device could the wood be exhausted. Wherefore it was determined in their Council that every man who should cut down these trees so that the land could be

brought into cultivation, as much as each should bring under good culture so much should be his own, and thus all that vast quantity of trees which hindered cultivation was rooted out of the soil, which made excellent fields.

This island had always tyrants in its cities until the Ptolemies, kings of Egypt, became its lords, under favour, however, of the Romans who allowed them to rule there; and they remained its masters to the time of Ptolemy, uncle of Cleopatra, who succeeded to the throne, but for some fault the Romans took it from him, and made Cyprus a prætorian province. The chief cause whereof was Publius Claudius Bellus, who was captured by pirates, who imposed upon him for his ransom the payment of a certain sum of money. Claudius begged King Ptolemy, as a friend of the Republic, to pay this amount to the pirates for his ransom. The King sent him a small sum, which the pirates saw and despised, and sent back. Claudius too they set at liberty without any payment. To the best of his power he gave them such thanks as he thought were fitting; and not long after, being made tribune of the people, he strove eagerly to have M. Cato sent to take from King Ptolemy the sovereignty of Cyprus; and as soon as the King heard this he slew himself before Cato arrived, and would not wait to be deprived of his kingdom. Cato now assumed the government, and sold all the treasures of the dead King and sent the money to the public treasury: and thereafter the island was made a prætorian province. So Strabo tells the story, but Sextus Rufus gives it in another fashion. He says that the fame of the immense wealth of Cyprus, and the poverty into which the Roman people had fallen, moved the latter to make a decree that the island should be confiscated, although it was an ally, and when the King heard the will of the Romans he chose rather to lose his life than his wealth, and took poison, and Cato took the treasures of Cyprus, and carried them to Rome, and placed them in the public treasury, which at the moment was reduced to the greatest straits. But no long time followed before Antony gave it as a gift to Cleopatra and her sister Arsinoë.

To return to the island. I say that in it is a mountain a thousand paces in height, with a circuit of two miles, composed entirely of the bones of various beasts, and even of men. It is called Cirenes, and the dwellers there affirm as of perfect truth that whosoever is stricken by fever, and drinks a little of the powder scraped from these bones, has no sooner drunk than he is freed of his fever.

But among so much good, that there may be found nothing in this world without its bitterness, the luck of the island has this one drawback, mingling with its blessings so heavy a curse that men can hardly bear up against it, that a vast multitude of *cavalette* or locusts appear with the young wheat: these as they pass from place to place are so many in number that like a thick cloud they hide the sun: and where they light they devour and consume not only the grain and grass, but even the roots below ground, so that one might say that fire had blasted everything. Yet they use all diligence to destroy these insects, and make a very great outlay to seek out the eggs while they are in the earth; and they do indeed in some years find of them thirty thousand bushels. Besides this they use yet another remedy of a strange kind; they send to Syria to fetch a certain water, with which they soak the ground, and where it is thus soaked the eggs burst, and produce none of these insects.

In old times the island had several names, as Achamantide, Cerastin, Spelia, Amatusa, and Machara, and now Cyprus. In its midst is the Mount Olympus, and on its western cape the city of Paphos, now called Bafo. Here formerly was built a temple to Venus on which rain never fell. Venus was called hence Cypria, and the first woman who made a habit of selling her body for money was in this island. It lies at the beginning of the fourth clime, in the ninth parallel, and the longest day is of fourteen and a quarter hours.

POSSOT.

On Monday, March 11, 1532, Maistre Denis Possot, a priest of Coulommiers in Brie, and three companions met at the sign of the Swan at Nogent sur Seine in the diocese of Troyes, visited the church of S. Lawrence, and offered a collation to the friends who had brought them so far on their road. The next day they began their pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. On the return journey from Jaffa to Cyprus and Candia, a grievous sickness befell them, and four of their company died. Denis Possot himself expired September 17, and was buried on the following day under the choir arch of the church of S. Francis in Candia. He had confided his notes to Charles Philippe, Seigneur de Champarmoy et de Grand Champ, for whom they were printed at Paris by R. Chaudiere, 1536. Had they received the author's revision we should probably not have found the Cypriot hares weighted with the fat tails of our sheep! I translate from the edition of Ch. Schefer, 8vo, Paris, 1890 (pp. 135—151).

(Wednesday, June 12, 1533.) We saw an island in which was a city called Cain Caput Album [Curium, near Capo Bianco?]. Thursday, June 13, we anchored and took in stores to carry us to Jerusalem. Friday, June 14, when we reached the port of Lazarus we paid our guide and captain for our victuals and for the fare due to him each seven ducats, and came to a village half a mile from Larnacha, where we lodged. Saturday, June 15, I sang mass in the church of our Lady. We saw two camels, which had big tails, tall bodies, long necks, little ears like a hare, and small nails. Sunday, June 16, I gave the Communion to my companions. Monday, 17th, we stayed in this place. Tuesday, 18th, we left in the evening and went on board our ship, so we were five days here.

Cyprus is an island 87 leagues long and 30 broad, situated in the Adriatic [Carpathic?] sea, in the lordship and possession of Venice, for the government and defence whereof they send every three years one of the most distinguished of their lords and gentlemen, to whom is paid due obedience as to the representative of the said Signory. This island is full of stony hills, is hot, rich and fertile in produce, and cheap; with the best wines possible, such that one dare drink but very little, so great is their strength. There is good wheat, whereof is made bread which is sweet and wonderfully good, fowls, doves and very fat partridges. The hares are large and have big, broad and thick tails, which make them sway and waddle, and strike those who see them with wonderment. The sheep are larger than those of our side; some of them have six or seven horns, but one cannot eat their flesh for its unpleasant savour, one dares not taste it. The goats have long and pendulous ears like bloodhounds. There are camels of huge size, which like the mules and asses amble along without any art or training of men. There are no wolves nor deer nor hinds nor other like animals in this island. One finds here plenty of wild sheep, which have the hair of a deer and run in the country like wild animals. Many venomous creatures are found in the island, as vipers, serpents, adders, lizards, scorpions, basilisks and other such beasts in great abundance. There is a kind of apple which they call the apple of Paradise, of a wonderful form. There are likewise trees of which the leaves are four palms in breadth, and reach in height the stature of a man. In the fruit which these trees bear there are many seeds and pips, more than a hundred of them, which are long and large as a finger. These trees last only three years, and others spring from their roots.

In Cyprus the water of the springs is such that let a man drink of it as much as he will it never does him harm. There are several rivers which water this same island. The country is very pestilential, especially in summer time on account of the great heat, and also of the

unhealthiness of the air. The inhabitants have a kind of small house covered with earth in which they put their wheat and live by day in summer, but at night they put their beds in the courts and gardens to cool themselves. These beds and tents they leave always hanging on the branches of trees, for they have no fear of thieves, since the law is well observed and one sleeps in safety. There is another reason why they make their houses low and almost level with the soil, because there are often earthquakes, and if they made great buildings they would generally sway and totter. In this island there is much sugar and cinnamon, much silk which the worms make, many mulberries, trees which provide food for the silkworms: there is likewise a great abundance of white salt. There is a port in the island which is ruined; it is called the port of Lazarus, and near it is a village called Larnacha, and this stretches along the valley near the shore of a great lake, where is a great quantity of saltpans containing nearly two miles of soft water. And this water looks as it were frozen and congealed, for the sun's heat dries it and makes it settle in this way. And this water yields salt which would suffice for the whole world. One sees there more than thirty heaps of salt as large as mountains. Some persons ascribe it to a miracle of Lazarus, who one day passing there, and desirous for the great heat that raged to quench his thirst, begged a woman who was there to give him a bunch of grapes, or some liquor to appease his thirst, and the woman gave him some salt earth, on which account the spot and the country teems with salt, but less with vines.

Description of the towns in the island of Cyprus. Cyprus is ennobled with four famous cities: the first is called Nicosia, which is the metropolis, Famagosta, Nimesso, Paphos, and several others. Nicosia the metropolis is ennobled with the body of Monsieur S. Jehan de Montfort, from whose tomb drops sweet manna. Paphos was of old a great and holy city, of which the earliest name was Cyprus, from which the whole island took its name; just as Candia is a town, city and island. So Paphos too is a city, and the country of Cyprus is called likewise Paphos, and the whole island is called in Holy Writ Cethin. There used to be there a church belonging to the Friars Minor, which seems to have been formerly of great size, and to have had seven doors. It was of the time when Monsieur S. Paul preached, and his companion was Monsieur S. Barnabas. Some men say that the Maccabees were there martyred. There is in this island great abundance of silver and copper, and there is it said was discovered the use of copper; on all sides the island is girt and surrounded by mountains, very high and difficult to climb. [Among them is the mountain of the Holy Cross,] thirty miles from Famagosta, as much from Nicosia, sixteen miles from Salins. On the summit of the said mountain there is a little chapel entirely covered in front with silver, which a Frenchman caused to be made at his cost. It is seven feet long and five broad, and it is said that many miracles are wrought there. It is said that herein is the cross of Jesus Christ which was found to be too narrow; others say that it is a portion of the Cross of our Lord; others say that it is the cross of the good thief. Whereof God knows, and He is judge of all.

This island with its towns was altogether destroyed and demolished, and the king of Cyprus put to flight by a king of England, for that the king of Cyprus had done violence to the wife of the said king of England while making the voyage to Jerusalem, and this was the reason that since that time it has had no king of its own, but has ever been subject to strangers.

Tuesday, June 18, the feast of SS. Marcus and Marcellianus, towards night we embarked on the *gripe* of M. Constantine de Scio, captain, with whom we had made an agreement to take and carry the thirteen persons of our company from the port of S. Lazarus as far as Jerusalem, and generally through all the Holy Land and Holy Places: in return for which

we were bound to give and pay him the sum of forty-five golden ducats of Venice fresh from the mint, viz. the half in cash and the rest of the sum on our return. And to this end a bond was drawn up on board the vessel of Paul Blanc, before the chancellor of Monsieur the Proveditore of Cyprus, the magnifico Estienne Stempulo, and we paid the said captain the sum of twenty-four ducats for which he gave us a receipt. Thursday, June 20, morning, we determined to return to Larnaca, seeing that the wind was contrary. Nevertheless there came a puff of favourable breeze, we took up the anchors and shook out our sails, and began to advance towards Nimeson, but our luck lasted no long while, the wind veered round and again we were compelled to anchor. However the captain told us he wished to land, and in fact he did land with a few of the passengers and went to visit a little church of S. George, very fair and built in the Greek style. Thence we went on for a mile and rested at a village where we found many sheep with tails as big as their bellies. One of them had four great horns, two straight and long and two others twisted. There were goats of which the males were as big and stout as stout donkeys. The good flies (bees) are inside the houses of the said village, and on the outside of the walls of the houses they have little holes to go in and out, and the wax and honey are thus inside the houses. This is the fashion throughout the kingdom of Cyprus. Near the said place there was a fair spring of cold water, which we saw with great interest. It is very necessary in this place on account of the heat which would be unbearable but for the winds which are nearly always blowing there. There too we saw some very fine French mulberry trees, which had many ripe mulberries, of which we ate freely. There are also white mulberry trees with white fruit, but it is not good, for it is too sweet. But the leaves of this kind are very suitable food for the worms which make silk. There are many fields where cotton is grown, and it is to be noted that when the wheat harvest is done this cotton is sown at once, and what is left of the seed is used to fatten oxen. From this seed is produced a plant two feet high, with a leaf rather like that of the rose, and a flower like a poppy, except that it is yellow. From this flower is produced a pod, like a nut, from which cotton is extracted. And because the seed is mixed with the staple of the cotton they have certain tools of wood and iron to get out that seed. And this is repeated every year in February, and so in all parts of Cyprus. And because it scarcely rains at all in summer in Cyprus we observed a wonderful way of watering the fields, and cotton particularly, as we shall tell.

There was a great spring, abounding in water, like a deep cistern of four fathoms, long and narrow, built of cut stones, in which was a large wheel, and ropes thirty fathoms long, on which thirty large and stout pots were fastened by chains. And when the said wheel turned with its chains or ropes all the pots below filled themselves with water, and when they came up and went down again they poured their water into a large trough, which spread this water over the adjoining fields on whichever side they wanted it to run, guided by channels and drains. This wheel is turned by another wheel which they cause to be moved by a horse or ass which has its eyes blindfolded; and in an hour they draw enough to water copiously two acres of land.

Hard by is another fountain of cool and living water from which we drank as we went by. We saw there several kinds of trees the like whereof we had never seen. In the same place is a little Greek church where there are figures painted more than three hundred years ago, which were carried off from Nimeson when the Turks destroyed that place. At even we returned to the vessel, a fair wind sprang up, our anchors were raised and our sails spread, and we sailed all night making progress towards Nimeson. Saturday, June 22, we passed on our left close to the island of Capo della Gatta, in which there is a fine Greek

monastery of S. Nicolas, at which bread and wine and a lodging are offered to all passing strangers for the glory of God. From Salines to Nimeson is a distance of fifty miles. The same day we dined at Nimeson under the shade of nine olives and five fig trees: we supped there as well, and the beds were hung up as I have related above. Sunday, June 23, Vigil of S. John Baptist, I celebrated mass and communicated my companions in the Latin cathedral church dedicated to our Lady: there were four priests, a Franciscan who said the High Mass, another a Jacobin [Dominican] and two secular priests, with one clerk and two surpliced acolytes; they use the Roman rite. The other churches are Greek.

Nimeson has several fine churches which were ruined long ago. Also a castle on the seashore, destroyed, but it is still habitable and has a commandant, and fosses without water. One sees in the neighbourhood several fine buildings as though they had been before their ruin the palaces of princes. In one of these are arms in the windows blazoned thus, a pallet between two fleurs de lys, and in another thus, a cross, which we take to be the arms of the late Duke of Savoy who was once king of Cyprus. All round is great abundance of cotton.

Monday, June 24, the feast of S. John Baptist, a fair was held at Nymesson. There came many horsemen and tilted at the ring on the seashore; they were the deftest tilers I ever saw, and had horses like the Turks, very well trained. An Albanian gained the prize. After this they had a fencing-bout, with all kinds of sticks, for prizes, in the presence of the magnates of the town.

In this country they leave their wheat in heaps in the fields, and do not thresh it, but they make a fair place on which they arrange the sheaves, and then they have a fine harrow all set with sharp flints; on this they stand and drive about the horse, ass or mule; it cuts up the straw small, and that they give chiefly to their cattle. Between the tasks of day and night they leave them loose in the fields. Wherever one digs in this city one finds sweet water, even on the shore, at two lance-lengths from the sea, which is a wonderful thing. The same day at evening we went on board our ship to go to Jaffa and the wind was fair.

G. AFFAGART.

Greffin Affagart, Seigneur de Courteilles, a gentleman of Maine, visited Cyprus in August, 1534, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. His diary was published in *Échos de Notre-Dame de France*. I translate from page 59 of No. 61, March 15, 1901, Paris, 8vo. The whole *Relation de Terre Sainte* has now been edited by M. Chavanon, 8vo, Paris, 1902.

On the seventh day of August, after laying in a little stock of eatables, we went on board a Venetian vessel to go to Cyprus. From Tripoli to Cyprus is about 150 miles; we stayed at that town nine days, and at last arrived at the port of Salines, where there are only a few poor houses to store merchandise, and near them a large church all in ruins, founded by S. Lazarus.

The island of Cyprus is under the lordship of the Venetians, although the common people are Greek Christians; on this account in each town there are two kinds of churches, for service in Greek and in Latin, and also two bishops, one for the Latins and one for the Greeks. There is another port called Famagusta which is almost impregnable, where dwelt the father of Madame S. Catherine, and there she was first imprisoned, and her prison is still shown.

Leaving Salines we came to Ycossia, the capital of Cyprus, where there are two monasteries of S. Francis. One is outside the city, called S. Jehan du Montfort, in which reposes the body of a venerable pilgrim, who in life was Count of Montfort near Paris, through which our Lord works in this place many miracles. And in the principal church, called S. Sophia, is one of the hydriai in which our Lord turned the water into wine.

Leaving Nycossia we went on to the mountain of the Holy Cross, on the summit whereof is a convent of Greek monks. Here is the cross of the good thief; and we saw as far as the pier of Minesse where our vessel lay. And from Minesson we journeyed along the seashore to the port of Basphe, for our ship was going there to load sugar and cotton. At this port, as is told in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, S. Paul converted Sergius Paulus, and you still see a prison in which he was for some time confined: on it had been built in old days a very fine convent of S. Francis. But on account of the unhealthiness of the place the monks have abandoned it, for the air is so poisonous and tainted that no one can live there but a native of the country. Here too is shown the cave of the seven sleepers, in which is a fair fountain, and seven niches round the cave. We waited in this place about eighteen days until our vessel was loaded to our great loss and sorrow, for the first day we went on board we all fell ill, from the tainted and poisonous air, and the fruits and other unwholesome things we had eaten there. [*Sir of the pilgrims died between Paphos and Parenza.*]

LILIO.

What "every schoolboy" in the sixteenth century might be expected to know about Cyprus can be gathered from an Italian Manual of Geography, published at Venice, by Gabriel Giolito de' Ferrari, in 1551, under the title *Breve descrizione del mondo, di Zaccheria Lilio Vicentino, tradotta per M. Francesco Baldelli*. See page 28.

Cyprus is an island sacred to Venus, situated between Cilicia and Syria, the most famous of all the islands in the world, abounding in wealth, and much given to sports and pleasures. Its most highly adorned and famous cities are Salamina, Paphos and Cithera, from which Venus herself was called Citherean. Pliny, in his ninth Book, writes that here was the seat and residence of nine kingdoms. There is great store of wine and oil, a sufficiency of grain and veins of metal, from which are produced vitriol, and a metallic rust of much use in medicine. In Cyprus is found much sugar-cane, in which sugar is secreted. Besides they make cloth of goats' hair, which in our day is called camlet. Many things are exported from the island and carried to other countries, whence are derived no small gains. But it is true that the air is not very wholesome. The island teems with delicacies; the women are very lustful, and so we read in Justin that Cypriot girls, before they marry, are wont to lend themselves to the unholy pleasures of foreigners who touch there in ships, so that our ancestors were not without reason in saying that the island was sacred to Venus.

J. LOCKE.

I can learn nothing of John Locke, who visited Cyprus in 1553, but transcribe his account of the island from *Richard Hakluyt. The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, fol., London, 1599, vol. 11, No. 51, pp. 102—110. *The Voyage of M. John Locke to Jerusalem.*

I John Locke, accompanied with maister Anthony Rastwold, with divers others Hollanders, Zelanders, Almaines and French pilgrimes entered the good shippe called Fila Cavena of Venice, the 16 of July 1553, and the 17 in the morning we weighed our anker and sayled towards the coast of Istria, to the port of Rouigno and the said day there came aboard of our ship the *Percevena* of the shippe named Famisart, for to receive the rest of all the pilgrimes money, which was in all after the rate of 55 Crownes for every man for that voyage, after the rate of five shillings sterling to the crowne: This done, he returned to Venice.

The 24 we were past Ragusa 14 miles, and there we mette with two Venetian ships, which came from Cyprus, we thought they would have spoken.

The 11 in the morning, we had sight of the island of Cyprus, and towards noone we were thwart the cape called Ponta Malota, and about four of the clock we were as farre as Baffo and about sunset we passed Cavo Bianco, and towards nine of the clock at night we doubled Cavo de le Gatte, and ankered afore Limisso, but the wind blew so hard, that we could not come neere the town, neither durst any man goe on land. The town is from Cavo de le Gatte twelve miles distant.

The 12 of August in the morning we went on land to Limisso: this towne is ruinated and nothing in it worth writing, save onely in the mids of the towne there hath been a fortresse, which is now decayed, and the walls part overthrowen, which a Turkish Rover with certaine gallies did destroy about 10 or 12 yeeres past. This day walking to see the towne, we chanced to see in the market place, a great quantitie of a certaine vermine called in the Italian tongue *Cavalette*. It is as I can learne, both in shape & bignesse like a grassehopper for I judge but little difference. Of these many yeeres they have had such quantity that they destroy all their corne. They are so plagued with them, that almost every yeere they doe well nie loose halfe their corne, whether it be the nature of the countrey, or the plague of God, that let them judge that best can define. But that there may no default be laied to their negligence for the destruction of them, they have throughout the whole land a constituted order, that every Farmer or Husbandman (which are even as slaves bought & sold to their lord) shall every yeere pay according to his territorie, a measure full of the seede or egges of these forenamed *Cavalette*, the which they are bound to bring to the market, and present to the officer appointed for the same, the which officer taketh of them very straight measure, and writeth the names of the presenters, and putteth the sayd egges or seed, into a house appointed for the same, and having the house full, they beate them to poudre, and cast them into the sea, and by this policie they doe as much as in them lieth for the destruction of them. This vermine breedeth or ingendereth at the time of corne being ripe, and the corne beyng had away, in the clods of the same ground do the husbandmen find the nestes, or, as I may rather terme them, cases of the egges of the same vermine. Their nests are much like to the keies of a hasel nut tree, when they be dried, and of the same length, but somewhat

bigger, which case being broken you shall see the egges be much like unto antes egges, but somewhat lesser. Thus much I have written at this time, because I had no more time of knowledge, but I trust at my returne to note more of this island, with the commodities of the same at large.

The 13 day we went in the morning to the Greekes church, to see the order of their ceremonies, & of their Communion, of the which to declare the whole order with the number of their ceremonious crossings, it were to long. Wherefore least I should offend any man, I leave it unwritten: but onely that I noted well, that in all their Communion or service, not one did ever kneele, nor yet in any of their Churches could I ever see any graven images, but painted or portrayed. Also they have store of lampes alight, almost for every image one. Their women are alwayes separated from the men, and generally they are in the lower ende of the church. This night we went aboard the ship, although the wind were contrary, we did it because the patrone should not find any lack of us, as sometimes he did: when as tarying upon his owne businesse, he would colour it with the delay of the pilgrimes.

The 14 day in the morning we set saile, and lost sight of the Island of Cyprus.

The 23, 24 and 25 September we sailed our direct course with a small gale of winde, and this day we had sight of the Island of Cyprus. The first land that we discovered was a headland called Cavo de la Griega, and about midnight we ankered by North of the cape. This cape is a high hil, long and square, and on the east corner it hath a high cap, that appeareth unto those at the sea, like a white cloud, for toward the sea it is white, and it lieth into the sea southwest. This coast of Cyprus is high declining toward the sea but it hath no cliffes.

The 26 we set saile againe, and toward noone we came to the port of Salini, where we went on land and lodged that night at a towne one mile from thence called Arnacho di Salini, this is but a village called in Italian, *Casalia*. This is distant from Iaffa 250 Italian miles.

The 27 we rested, and the 28 we hired horses to ride from Arnacho to Salina which is a good mile. The salt pit is very neere two miles in compasse very plaine and levell, into the which they let runne at the time of raine a quantitie of water comming from the mountaines, which water is let in until the pit be full to a certaine marke, which when it is full, the rest is conveyed by a trench into the sea. This water is let runne in about October, or sooner or later, as the time of the yeere doth afforde. There they let it remaine untill the ende of July or the middest of August, out of which pits at that time, in stead of water that they let in they gather very faire white salt, without any further art or labour, for it is only done by the great heate of the sunne. This the Venetians have, and doe maintaine to the use of S. Marke, and the Venetian ships that come to this Iland are bound to cast out their ballast, and to lade with salt for Venice. Also there may none in all the Iland buy salt but of these men, who maintaine these pits for S. Marke. This place is watched by night. Also under the Venetians dominions no towne may spende any salt, but they must buy it of Sainte Marke, neither may any man buy any salt at one towne to carie to another, but every one must buy his salt in the towne where he dwelleth. Neither may any man in Venice buy more salt then he spendith in the city, for if he be knownen to carie but one ounce out of the cittie and be accused, he looseth an eare. The most part of all the salt they have in Venice commeth from these Salines, and they have it so plentifull, that they are not able, never a yeere to gather the one halfe, for they onely gather in July, August, September, and not full these three monthes. Yet notwithstanding the abundance that the shippes carie away

yeerely, there remaine heapes able to lade nine or ten shippes, and there are heaps of two yeeres gathering, some of three and some of nine or tenne yeeres making, to the value of a great summe of golde, and where the ships do lade, they never take it the measure, but when they come at Venice they measure it. This salt as it lyeth in the pit is like so much ice, and it is sixe inches thicke: they digge it with axes, and cause their slaves to cary it to the heapes. This night at midnight we rode to Famagusta, which is eight leagues from Salina, which is 24 English miles.

The 29 about two houres before day, we alighted at Famagusta, and after we were refreshed we went to see the towne. This is a very faire strong holde, and the strongest and greatest in the Iland. The walles are faire and new, and strongly rampired with foure principall bulwarkes, and betweene them turrions, responding one to another, these walles did the Venetians make. They have also on the haven side of it a Castle, and the haven is chained, the citie hath onely two gates, to say, one for the lande and another for the sea, they have in the towne continually, be it peace or warres, 800 souldiers, and fortie and sixe gunners, besides captaines, petie captaines, Governour and Generall. The lande gate hath alwayes fiftie souldiers, pikes and gunners with their harnes, watching there at night and day. At the sea gate five & twenty, upon the walles every night doe watch fifteene men in watch houses, for every watch house five men, and in the market place 30 souldiers continually. There may no soldier serve there above 5 yeres, neither will they without friendship suffer them to depart afore 5 yeres be expired, and there may serve of all nations except Greeks. They have every pay, which is 45 dayes, 15 *Mozenigos*, which is 15 shillings sterling. Their horsemen have onely sixe *soldes* Venetian a day, and provender for their horses, but they have also certaine lande therewith to plow and sowe for the maintenance of their horses, but truely I marvell how they live being so hardly fed, for all the sommer they feede onely upon chopt straw and barley for hey they have none, and yet they be faire, fat and serviceable. The Venetians send every two yeeres new rulers, which they call *Castellani*. The towne hath allowed it also two gallies continually armed and furnished.

The 30 in the morning we ridde to a chapell, where they say Saint Katherin was borne. This chappell is in old Famagusta, the which was destroyed by Englishmen, and is cleane overthrowne to the ground, to this day desolate and not inhabited by any person, it was of a great circuit, and there be to this day mountaines of faire, great and strong, buildings, and not onely there, but also in many places of the Iland. Moreover when they digge, plowe, or trench they finde sometimes olde antient coines, some of golde some of silver, and some of copper, yea and many tombes and vautes with sepulchers in them. This olde Famagusta is from the other foure miles and standeth on a hill, but the new towne on a plaine. Thence we returned to new Famagusta againe to dinner, and toward evening we went about the towne, and in the great church we sawe the tombe of king Jacques, which was the last king of Cyprus, and was buried in the yere of Christ one thousand foure hundred seventie & three, and had to wife one of the daughters of Venice of the house of Cornari, the which family at this day hath great revenues in this Island, and by means of that mariage the Venetians chalenge the kingdom of Cyprus.

The first of October in the morning, we went to see the reliefe of the watches. That done, we went to one of the Greekes Churches to see a pot or jarre of stone, which is sayd to bee one of the seven jarres of water, the which the Lord God at the mariage converted into wine. It is a pot of earth very faire, white enamelled, and fairely wrought upon with drawn worke, and hath on either side of it, instead of handles, eares made in fourme as the painters make angels wings, it was about an ell high, and small at the bottome, with a long necke

and correspondent in circuit to the bottome, the belly very great and round, it holdeth full twelve gallons, and hath a top hole to drawe wine out thereat, the jarre is very auncient, but whether it be one of them or no, I know not. The aire of Famagusta is very unwholesome, as they say, by reason of certaine marish ground adjoyning unto it. They have also a certaine yeerely sicknesse raining in the same towne, above all the rest of the Iland: yet neverthesse, they have it in other townes, but not so much. It is a certaine rednesse and paine of the eyes, the which if it bee not quickly holpen, it taketh away their sight, so that yeerely almost in that towne, they have about twentie that lose their sight, either of one eye or both, and it commeth for the most part in this moneth of October, and the last moneth: for I have met divers times three and foure at once in companies, both men and women. Their living is better cheape in Famagusta then in any other place of the Island, because there may no kinde of provision within their libertie be solde out of the Citie.

The second of October we returned to Arnacho, where we rested untill the sixth day. This towne is a pretie village, there are thereby toward the sea side divers monuments, that there hath bene great overthrow of buildings, for to this day there is no yere when they finde not, digging under ground, either coines, caves, and sepulchres of antiquities, as we walking, did see many, so that in effect, all amongst the seacoast, throughout the whole Island, there is much ruine and overthrow of buildings: for as they say, it was disinhabited sixe and thirtie yeres before Saint Helens time for lacke of water. And since that time it hathe bene ruined and overthrowen by Richard the first of that name, king of England, which he did in revenge of his sisters ravishment comming to Jerusalem, the which inforcement was done to her by the king of Famagusta.

The sixth day we rid to Nicosia, which is from Arnacho seven Cyprus miles, which are one and twentie Italian miles. This is the ancientest citie of the Island and is walled about, but it is not strong neither of walles nor situation: It is by report three Cyprus miles about, it is not thoroughly inhabited, but hath many great gardens in it, and also very many Date trees, and plentie of Pomegranates and other fruites. There dwell all the Gentilitie of the Island, and there hath every Cavallier or Conte of the Island an habitation. There is in this citie one fountaine rented by Saint Marke, which is bound, every eight dayes once, to water all the gardens in the towne, and the keeper of this fountaine hath for every tree a *Bizantin*, which is twelve *solidos* Venice, and sixpence sterling. He that hath that to farme, with a faire and profitable garden thereto belonging, paieth every yeere to saint Marke, fifteene hundred crownes. The streetes of the citie are not paived, which maketh it with the quantitie of the gardens, to seeme but a rurall habitation. But there be many faire buildings in the Citie, there be also monasteries both of Frank & Greekes. The cathedrall church is called Santa Sophia, in the which there is an old tombe of Iaspis stone, all of one piece, made in forme of a cariage coffer, twelve spannes high, which they say was found under ground. It is as faire a stone as ever I have seene.

The seventh day we rid to a Greeke Frierie halfe a mile without the towne. It is a very pleasant place, and the Friers feasted us according to their abilitie. These Friers are such as have bene Priests, and their wives dying they must become Friers of this place, and never after eate flesh, for if they do, they are deprived from saying masse: neither, after they have taken upon them this order may they marry againe, but they may keepe a single woman. These Greekish Friers are very continent and chaste, and surely I have seldome seen (which I have well noted) any of them fat.

The 8 day we returned to Arnacho, and rested there. The 9, after midnight my company rid to the hill called Monte de la Croce (but I not disposed would not go) which hill is from

Arnacho 15 Italian miles. Upon the sayd hill is a certaine crosse, which is, they say, a holy Crosse. This Crosse in times past did by their report of the Island, hang in the ayre, but by a certaine earthquake, the crosse and the chappell it hung in were overthrowen, so that never since it would hang againe in the aire. But it is now covered with silver, and hath 3 drops of our Lordes blood on it (as they say) and there is in the midst of the great crosse, a little crosse made of the Cross of Christ, but it is closed in the silver, you must (if you will) believe it is so, for see it you cannot. This crosse hangeth nowe by both endes in the wall, that you may swing it up and downe, in token that it did once hang in the aire. This was told mee by my fellow pilgrimes, for I sawe it not.

The 10 at night we went aboard by warning of the patron: and the 11 in the morning we set saile, and crept along the shore, but at night we ankered by reason of contrary windes.

The 12 we set saile toward Limisso, which is from Salinis 50 miles, and there we went on land that night.

The 13 and 14 we remained still on land, and the 15 the patrone sent for us; but by reason that one of our company was not well, we went not presently, but we were forced afterward to hire a boate, and to overtake the ship tenne miles into the sea. At this Limisso all the Venetian ships lade wine for their provision, and some for to sell, and also vineger. They lade also great store of *Carrobi*: for all the country thereabout adjoining, and all the mountaines are full of *Carobi* trees, they lade also cotton wolles there. In the sayd towne we did see a certaine foule of the land (whereof there are many in this Island) named in the Italian tongue *Vulture*. It is a fowle that is as big as a Swanne, and it liveth upon carion. The skinne is full of soft doune, like to a fine furre, which they use to occupie when they have evill stomachs, and it maketh good digestion. This bird (as they say) will eate as much at one meale as shall serve him fortie dayes after, and within the compasse of that time careth for no more meate. The country people, when they have any dead beast they cary it into the mountaines, or where they suppose the sayd Vultures to haunt, they seeing the carion doe immediately greedily seaze upon it, and doe so ingraft their talents that they cannot speedily rise againe, by reason whereof the people come and kill them: sometimes they kill them with dogs, and sometimes with such weapons as they have. This foule is very great & hardy, much like an eagle in the feathers of her wings and backe, but under her great feathers she is onely doune, her necke also long and fulle of doune. She hath on the necke bone, between the necke and the shoulders, a heape of fethers like a tassell, her thighs unto her knees are covered with doune, her legs strong and great, and dareth with her talents assault a man. They have also in the Island a certaine small bird much like unto a Wagtaile in fethers and making, these are so extreme fat that you can perceive nothing els in all their bodies: these birds are now in season. They take great quantitie of them, and they use to pickle them with vineger and salt, and to put them in pots and send them to Venice and other places of Italy for present of great estimation. They say they send almost 1200 jarres or pots to Venice, besides those which are consumed in the Island, which are a great number. These are so plentiful that when there is no shipping, you may buy them for 10 *Carchies*, which coine are 4 to a Venetian *Soldo*, which is peny farthing the dozen, and when there is store of shipping, 2 pence the dozen, after that rate of their money. They of the limites of Famagusta do keep the statutes of the Frenchmen which sometimes did rule there. And the people of Nicosia observe the order of the Genoveses, who sometimes also did rule them. All this day we lay in the sea with little wind.

The 16 we met a Venetian ship....Toward night we ankered under Cavo Bianco, but because the winde grewe faire, we set saile againe presently.

ELIAS OF PESARO.

In the *Revue de Géographie*, 8vo, Paris, September, 1879, M. Moise Schwab printed a translation from the Hebrew text of a letter from one Elias of Pesaro, dated at Famagusta, October 18, 1563, to a brother or friend in Italy. The writer had proposed to emigrate with his wife and family to the Holy Land, but news of the plague in Syria induced them to remain in Cyprus. He tells us that vessels left Venice monthly for Famagusta, and *vice versa*. "Il est vrai que les bâtiments abordent à la localité de Leucolla, qui est à une distance de 3 milles d'ici en mer, ou un trajet de 22 (?) milles par voie de terre; mais dès que les navires y arrivent, le même jour nous en recevons la nouvelle, car il y a toujours des gens qui y vont et en reviennent." Cf. *supra*, p. 65 (Lusignan). From pp. 221—228 I translate so much as concerns the town and its inhabitants. The coins mentioned may be reckoned thus: 1 *denaro* equals 4 *quattrini*, 1 *soldo* 12 *denari*, 1 *gazetta* 2 *soldi*, 1 *marcello* 10 *soldi*, 1 *lira* 20 *soldi*, 1 *ducat* or *sequin* 10 to 12 *lire*.

There is a German version by Dr J. M. Jost, of Frankfurt, 1860.

Famagusta is situated on the sea shore, its area is quite flat. It is a fortified town, girt with a double wall, commanded by a fine large and solid castle. It is like Pesaro. The Government always keeps here five empty galleys to watch and guard the sea, as well as four captains living in the town, who have 800 Italian mercenaries under their orders. The townsfolk, who are thus exempt from all military service, are very well behaved and clean, careful to protect themselves from contagion, especially from the plague, which is common enough in the neighbouring parts of the Levant. Their precautions are very thorough, as in Italy, and no person arriving from an infected or suspected locality can enter the town before he has been detained forty days in the harbour. The houses are fine and well built, the roads well kept up. The products and merchandise of the country are sold in two places arranged as markets. Before the Royal Palace is a large and very pretty square, and at all the street corners are fountains of running water. The money current here is in all respects that of Venice. A *scudo* is worth 10 *soldi*, a *sequin* 8 *livres*: a *scudo* other than Venetian, 6 *livres* and 8 *soldi*.

People say that snow has never fallen here, and that there has never been frost. The amount of rain even is very small. On the other hand the heat is much greater here than in all the Turkish provinces. In summer no one leaves his house except for an hour in the morning, and an hour in the evening, and the summer lasts eight months. To go from one place to another one travels on horseback by night. Such is the custom of persons who wish to preserve their health. For the transport of goods and money they use great carts drawn by oxen. But the carts are not like ours, no more are the oxen, which are spotted and of many colours. One would think that the Patriarch Jacob had fed his herds here. One finds plenty of animals to ride, horses and donkeys. You hire a good horse for four *livres* a day; forage is cheap.

Ophthalmia is very common here. It generally begins on the longest day of the year, and lasts beyond the autumnal equinox. It begins with a fever, which lasts two or three days, and violent headaches. Then the fever grows less, and a flux attacks the eyes with pain and inflammation, and lasts for twenty or thirty days. If one is observant and careful the affection disappears of itself. Men and women, adults and children, are equally liable to it. It must be a result of the heat, for at this moment in mid-October, we cannot bear a sheet over us at night.

House rent is about the same as in Italy. I have hired a house composed of two large and handsome rooms upstairs, with a kitchen, besides a room below which makes a good kind of store for wine, oil and wood, and a poultry yard, the whole for ten ducats a year. No one can go and fetch water for himself from the fountain, for the Greeks and crew of the galleys would at once break his pitcher, but the water carriers are constantly coming and going, and bring a barrel to the house for two *quattrini*, quite enough for one day's drinking and cooking.

I have seen here a large and fine synagogue supported by a community of about twenty-five families, Levantines, Sicilians and Portuguese. Hatred, discord and jealousy reign among them. They have no poor to be helped by alms, and if some needy stranger came from abroad they would take no notice of him, as in Italy. The only tax they pay is a sum of 26 ducats sent yearly to the judge of the town for the whole community. They live comfortably without exertion. They have no trades, but live on the interest of their capital, all but two or three less wealthy, who have not enough ready money to lend, but win a tolerable livelihood as brokers. Throughout the rest of the island there are no Jews, although it is of some size and contains about 15,000 villages, which they call *casali*, besides the capital city called Nicosia, 36 miles from Famagusta. People who want to borrow money come here. This money-lending business is really remarkable. One lends to no one except on a thoroughly sound security. No trust or credit. If the pledge is of gold or silver the interest is twenty per centum: if of wool, thread or silk twenty-five per centum. The pledge is kept a year, after which notice is sent to the debtor at his expense that he must pay in a month at the latest. If when this is past he does not come, the pledge is taken to the town-court and sold by auction. If the price fetched covers the capital, interest and costs the borrower takes the balance. If otherwise, the court gives the lender an order on the debtor for the remainder, and he can insist on another pledge to cover that sum. There is no public loan-bank, and no lender has any advantage over his fellow. Anyone who wants to follow this business has only to say so, but he is bound to keep a very exact account of the pledges he takes, and get his ledger stamped by the judge; it is then accepted as legal evidence.

As soon as the Christians see a fresh Jew arrive to stay here they ask him if he wants to lend money. If he says yes, they are kindly towards him, and he need not fear that the other Jews will look askance at him as though he were poaching on their preserves. The country is big enough to feed them all. They even beg the newcomer to lend to their friends whom they cannot oblige themselves. Sometimes sums as great as 50,000 ducats are lent for more than six months, but not of course to the first comer. It is an essential condition, and a good custom it is, that the borrower before he receives the loan, were it but a crown, makes some present in proportion to the sum he asks, a chicken or two, a lamb or goat or calf, some wine, cheese or oil. But when the pledge represents a large loan, the gift will not be in the same proportion as for small sums, but will be something worth having, equivalent to 3 or 4 p.c. additional interest. It is an old custom, without legal basis or authority from the regulations in force, yet better observed than any law, so that you have no occasion to ask for the gift, it is offered to you spontaneously. In ten days I have lent all the money I brought with me, and all against gold or silver: I would not take clothing in pawn, nor make loans of more than 30 *scudi* or less than three. Sometimes the brokers ask a considerable sum for commission (this is a doubtful question among us) so that the borrower pays as much as forty per centum interest: but nobody cares. In spite of all, the inhabitants are very glad to find ready money for their pledges, as they need it. Besides, every mechanic,

every labourer, has in his house vessels of silver or jewels, for they are all rich, and pledges are easy to find.

I propose now to set forth in detail the advantages and inconveniences of this country, such as I have seen them with my own eyes. The Christians who live in Cyprus, Candia, Corfu, Zante or Constantinople are mostly Greeks, and are in no wise like Italians. Their intelligence is less developed, their manners are peculiar, and differ from those of all their fellow-Christians. They do not follow the religious laws and ordinances of Roman Christendom, and are not in accord with the Latin races. They have a patriarch at Constantinople who rules them, and to him they go for guidance. Their churches have no bells, and in many other of their customs they differ from the Italians. For instance, on feast days some shops remain open, some are closed: some keep the feast, others work. The Greeks eat meat on the other days of the week as well as Sunday. They keep a Lent three times a year, abstaining from all animal products, even from fish and eggs. Their popes marry once, but if that wife dies they do not take a second. Most of the Greeks are workmen. For all the gold in the world they would not eat anything that a Jew has touched, and would never use his cooking utensils. Suppose a Jew wishes to buy anything from them he must not touch it but must describe what he wants: anything he touches he must keep. They reject, as though it were carrion, the flesh of an animal which has had its throat cut, and hate their Italian fellow-Christians much as we do the Karaites. They do not allow their women to show themselves in the town by day; only by night can they visit their friends and go to church. They say this is by way of modesty, but it is really to avoid the frequent adulteries, for their rule of life is thoroughly perverse. They are all liars, cheats, thieves. Honesty has vanished from their midst.

The salt here is wonderfully fine, you get a measure of two pounds for five Venetian *quattrini*. I have never seen so good bread as that of Famagusta, but it is dear. Wheat sells by the Bolognese basket 4 *livres*, 4 *soldi* Bolognese. The olive oil is very bad, one cannot use it in cooking, and in lamps it gives off a detestable smell: the pound of twelve ounces costs eight *quattrini*. Most people use oil of sesame for basting and cooking. It is good and costs two *quattrini* the ounce. But the smell is too strong to eat it raw. Olives for eating are as big here as walnuts, and are cheap at fifteen *quattrini* for ten pounds. But they never ripen thoroughly. There are pomegranates in great quantity, some sweet, some sour, others middling. They are large and have thick pips, as good to look at as to eat. The largest costs a *quattrino*, and it seems they will keep a whole year. When I arrived here their vintage was nearly over, for they gather their grapes in August, and all their fruits ripen a month earlier than in Italy. The time of peaches too was past. I have found no eatable grapes, except such as the vinegrowers bring now and then from the hills, white and black, but they will not keep more than three or four days. I asked also about the price of wine, and was told that this year it was selling at 3 *livres*, 14 *soldi* of Bolognese money the large Bolognese measure. It is very strong, and must be diluted with two-thirds of water. I have bought a cartload and half of wood for eleven silver *marcelli*. Onions and leeks are finer than in Italy, but cost twice as much. Cabbages and cauliflowers are found in abundance, for a *quattrino* one can get more almost than one can carry. Also green stuff of every kind, beetroot, spinach, carrots, mint, marjoram, parsley, rue and other herbs, is plentiful and cheap: also pulse of all kinds, peas, lentils, white kidney beans (not red), beans, rice, millet and the like, not dear. Daily, morning and evening, one can buy fish as cheaply as in Italy. Four eggs cost a *denaro*, or 1½ *quattrino* each. Geese and turkeys are rare; for

a couple of geese you will have to pay five to six silver *marcelli*, for a pair of turkeys four *marcelli*. Fine fowls three *marcelli*, medium do. two and a half. Quails a little more than a *marcello* the couple, tame pigeons about the same, wood-pigeons a little more. Six walnuts for a *quattrino*, the same for a quince, but these are small. Apples scarce and poor; such as you can find cost a *quattrino* for two. I have seen no pears yet, but am told that peasants bring them from the hills and sell them very dear. Medlars, sorbs and almonds are nowhere grown. Citrons, lemons, oranges, capers, pistachios, dates, breadfruit, figs, green and dry, are abundant and cheap. The native cheese is made of a mixture of the milk of sheep, goats and cows, but it does not keep, for it is too rich. Most of the Jews here get their cheese from Zante or Tripoli, and pay dearly for it.

The small sheep and the lambs, they tell me, are fine and good: there are many of them, they sell at a *mocenigo* each, more or less, according to the size. One or two families buy a whole one, because you cannot resell the legs, which the Jews do not eat, to anyone outside. We have not had them yet, they begin to come into the market about the end of this month. Until then the Jews eat mutton or goat, at six or seven *quattrini* the pound: beef costs nine *quattrini*. As a matter of fact this does not come dearer than what is lost on animals declared ritually unfit for food. At Constantinople, Salonica, Candia and here in Cyprus the Jewish sacrificers force air into the lungs of the animals they examine: in this way they are saved much waste, and leave a gain to the butchers, who keep as sound most of the animals whose throats they cut for the Jews. Honey is dark and thick, and sold at two *quattrini* the pound.

A man is lucky if he knows medicine, for the Greeks respect the Jews as good doctors, and trust them. It is true that they pay in ordinary cases two hundred *sequins* a year for each patient to the Christian doctors, while they give only a hundred and twenty to Jews, about a Venetian *gaceta* a month per patient. These are the common fees. But there are also two Jewish doctors, a Portuguese and a Roman, who earn more and make a fine income by their profession. They are held in great respect, and wear a black hat with a yellow badge no bigger than the small coin called *issarion*, a privilege allowed to no other Jews, who are all obliged to wear, as at Venice, a head-covering entirely of yellow. Washing is very dear, twice as dear as we pay in Italy. Shoes are cheap, one can get a good pair with stout soles for two and a half *marcelli*.

So much for a rapid sketch of the life, manners and customs of this town....Written at Famagusta, Monday, October 18, or the new moon of Heswan, in the year of grace 5324, by him who humbly kisses the dust of your feet, who writes here in silence and sends you aloud the blessing of peace.

FÜRER.

Christophori Füreri ab Haimendorf, Equitis Aurati, &c....Itinerarium was published in 4to at Nürnberg in 1621, with a fine portrait of the author, a plate of his arms, and six woodcuts of the Holy Places of Palestine. A German version, *Reisebeschreibung*, Nürnberg, 1646, is somewhat fuller than the Latin text.

The author, Ch. Fürer, a man of distinguished lineage and some learning, was born at Nürnberg in 1541, began his travels at 21, and died in 1610. His visit to Cyprus extended from March 29 to May 7, 1566. I translate from pp. 103—109.

We left Tripoli at last for Cyprus with a favouring wind, and sailing first past two promontories, one of which is called C. Greco (to the right of it lies Famagusta) and the other C. S. George, on March 29 we approached the island on its southern side and landed at the port of Salines, where we gave thanks to God the Best and Greatest, for that He had brought us back safe and sound from the lands of the infidel to a Christian country, for at that time Cyprus was still subject to the Venetians. This island, which is situated in the gulf of Issus between Cilicia and Syria, was of old called by various people various names. Josephus asserts that it was called Chetima from Chetim, son of Javan the grandson of Noah. Xenagoras, as we have him in Pliny, called it from its fertility Macaria the blessed, also Aspelia and Amathusia. Philonides names it Corastis, Timosthenes Acamantis, Astynomus Cryptos and Colonia. Ammianus Marcellinus (in *vita Galli et Constantii*, lib. XIV) speaks thus of its fertility and consequence. "Cyprus, which lies at some distance from the mainland and is full of harbours, has many towns and two remarkable cities, Salamis and Paphos, the former famous for its temple of Jove, the other for the fane of Venus. This island (continues Ammianus) is so favoured in the number and variety of its products that without any external help, from its own resources it would build a large ship from the keel to the topmost canvas, and send it fully equipped to sea." To-day, besides other fruits, cotton and carobs (locust beans) abound. It was once the seat of nine kingdoms. Timosthenes, as quoted by Pliny (v. 31), gives its circuit as 429 miles, Isidorus 375 miles, Bordone 3420 stadia or 427½ miles, and 200 miles in length. Of old it was so given over to luxury that it was deemed sacred to Venus, who was there chiefly worshipped. To her the Cypriot maidens made offering of their virginity, whereof Justin writes, "it was a custom among Cypriots to send their maidens before marriage on certain days to the sea shore to seek their dowries, making gain of their virginity, and giving in its stead offerings to Venus." We rested first in a village called Larnica, two miles from the port. At no great distance hence is seen the mount of the Cross, on which they say is preserved the cross upon which hung the penitent thief.

On the last day of March we left Larnica at night, for the intolerable heat made travelling by day impossible, and the following morning we entered Famagusta. It was built on a rock, and though not very large is well fortified, and has a narrow but safe harbour which is closed by chains, and is well suited as an anchorage for light vessels. On the right it has very charming gardens of citrons, pomegranates and quinces. As in Egypt the natives draw the water with which they irrigate the land, and which supplies the daily wants of the city, by the joint use of oxen and wheels. The city is distinguished by a bishop's see, in whose cathedral dedicated to S. Nicolas, lies buried Jacques the last king of

Cyprus. You may read his epitaph on the left of the choir of this church. "To Jacques de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia, be praise unstinted for his noble deeds and his triumphs over the enemy. To claim the honours which were refused him this new Caesar invaded and won the kingdom of Cyprus, took side with the powerful arms of Venice, reduced Amegustus, and united himself in marriage with their daughter Kathelina, a very goddess in beauty. A pious, wise, clement, munificent and magnanimous prince, surpassing all in arms and war. Him savage death struck down in the 13th year of his reign and 33rd of his age, and cut off in his cradle his posthumous son, July 6, 1473. Catherine, the Venetian, Queen, his consort [erected the monument]. Francis [de Pernisiis de] Vicheria, the servant of Christ, Bishop of Famagusta, composed [the epitaph]."

On a stone behind the altar you may read these words, "Francesco de Prioli being in command of the Venetian fleet the banner of S. Mark was happily raised in Cyprus, February 28, 1488."

There is another church of no great size called S. Maria Hydria, in which on the right hand is preserved one of those waterpots in which was the water which Christ at the marriage of Cana in Galilee turned into wine. It is a large earthen pot, one handle of which is completely torn off, while the other is partly broken. Besides these two is a third, the Greek church of S. George, in which you see the marble monument of Epiphanius, with a Greek inscription so wasted by age that it cannot be read in its entirety. Somewhere near this church there lived at that time an old man of small stature called Pietro Paolo, who was said to be of the family of the Scaligeri of Verona. At the capture of that city the Venetians banished him, being yet a boy, to Cyprus, where he was kept for a long time in the castle, but he gained at last leave to wander at his will, but always within the city walls. It had been forbidden him to marry, but by a concubine he begat a son and two daughters, whom he married to two Belgians; one was a doctor of medicine, the other instructed boys in the liberal arts. Both of these throughout our stay in Famagusta did us many kind offices. The annual income of the bishop of this city is reckoned at 3000 golden ducats. Not far from the city is the site of old Famagusta or Salamin, in which Paul and Barnabas preached the gospel of Jesus Christ. Some of its ruins can still be seen, as well as a church with the subterranean prison of S. Catherine, which seems to be cut out of the rock. Justin writes thus of Salamis (*Hist.* XII. 3), "the Galicians assert that after the close of the Trojan war Teucer, whom his brother Ajax' death had alienated from their father Telamon, when he was not received in Salamis retired to Cyprus, and there founded a city bearing the name of his old home."

On April 8 we left Famagusta, and crossing the very great plain which lies in the middle of the island, bounded by a long string of villages and mountains, we arrived in one day's journey at Nicosia. This is a city of some size and beauty, where lives an archbishop, whose annual income reaches (so report goes) the sum of 12,000 golden ducats, and most of the nobles of the island. One can make the circuit of the city in an hour and a quarter. In a monastery of the Franciscans the body of S. Francis, a Burgundian knight, is shown in a wooden bier. There is another monastery of the same order, in which most of the kings of Cyprus are buried, and right royal are their sepulchres. From the time of the kings of Cyprus many French nobles live here, who still preserve the French costume, and enjoy many immunities and privileges. They keep their vassals, who are called *Barici*, in the state of slaves: some of them are born serfs, some are born free and sold later for certain duties only. A free woman who marries a slave bears slave children: in the Roman law it is different, for the offspring of a free mother and a servile father is born free. A slave cannot marry

the female slave of another master, but the nobles themselves pair off their own serfs; unless, and this is a rare case, a master allows a union with another's serf, when the children belong to the master of the female slave, that the offspring may follow the womb that bare it. The nobles are greatly given to amusements, especially hunting and hawking, and at certain seasons of the year, at Carnival especially, they hold solemn games and banquets with great cost and splendour. In their rules of succession the eldest brother takes the title and property to the exclusion of his juniors. Nowadays they mostly marry the daughters of Venetians. At the time we reached the city the inhabitants were making a great commotion, and storming the house of some official, because they had discovered that the greatest part of the corn, in which the country abounds, was being sent out of the island, so that bread was lacking for their daily food. At last some of the chief nobles came and with soothing words and promises appeased the rioters. In the cathedral church a certain Venetian lies buried called Carlo Capello. He was remarkable for his knowledge of three languages and other attainments, and as he came of one of the first families, and was a man whose wonderful grace of manner made him generally popular, the Venetians set him to rule, as their custom is, for a term of two years the island of Crete, then for three years that of Cyprus. During his lifetime he ordered this epitaph to be inscribed on his tomb.

"I, Carlo Capello, knight of the Republic of Venice and Viceroy of Cyprus, bade this shrine be erected for my body: but that my soul shall fly to God I have desired and believed. Hail, ye chosen of God! and win for me by your prayers His boundless mercy.

Reader, I lived and helped the good, but life
Was toil, and death a refuge and release.
All that is good is mind, yet all our strife
To learn and know is hushed in death's great peace.
How vain our hopes and fears! dreams, idle dreams,
Are earth's sole gift; the mind must live and soar
To its own starry home, and death, which seems
So fearful, teach us its eternal lore."

On April 16 we left Nicosia, and next day reached Limiso, a considerable village, with a see the income of which is 3000 ducats, and a castle of which the ruins are visible.

On April 25, two hours after sunset, we left the shore of Cyprus in a Venetian vessel, which was reckoned one of the chief and largest of its time, with more than two hundred persons in our company, and about noon next day we reached the city of Paphos, where Paul and Barnabas exposed in a marvellous way the fraud and malice of one Elymas, and won the Proconsul Sergius to Christ. This city also has a bishopric with an estimated revenue of 3000 ducats.

On May 7 we left Paphos and four days later got into the Attalic gulf.

FALCHETTI.

The personal narrative of Fabriano Falchetti, who was taken prisoner at the fall of Nicosia, September 9, 1570, is here translated from a copy of a contemporary ms. No. 117 in the Biblioteca Oliveriana at Pesaro, kindly supplied by the courteous Librarian, Marchese Antaldi-Sentinelli. The letter was doubtless addressed to the Doge of Venice, and has not, I think, been published.

An account of what happened at the taking of Nicosia in Cyprus.

I, Fabriano Falchetti, of Saluderio, a village in the District of Rimini, who happened to be at Nicosia in the company of Captain Palazzo da Fano, can give an account of many things which happened before and after the loss of that city: and I begin and say truly to your Serene Highness how on the 28th of June the Turkish fleet arrived at the Salines; by common report there were two hundred vessels, galleys, galliots, *fuste*, with other kinds, such as lighters, *caramussalini*, *palancate* and the like, to the number of two hundred more. And as soon as they arrived they sent off one hundred other ships to Caramania to bring other troops, and landed some of their men, and built a few forts and remained quiet nineteen days—it was said on account of a difference between the two Pashas, Piale wishing first to go to Famagosta, and Mustafa to Nicosia. They resolved however at last to go to Nicosia, which they reached in six days. When they were within four miles they fell in with 500 *stradiots*, who were in ambush. These were the balance of the 800 in Famagosta, that is there were 500 in Nicosia and 300 left in Famagosta. A great skirmish followed, and many were killed. One *stradiot* only fell, and Captain Cortise was made prisoner; we heard afterwards that they cut off his head.

When they had pitched their camp about a mile from the city three hundred Italians made a sally and came to blows, without any loss on our side. The enemy, posted behind a hill called Famagosta, began to build there forts which were five in number, facing five of the city bastions, and while they were building them many of their men were slain by our artillery. When the forts were finished they began to batter the city incessantly with their guns, and while still firing to make trenches which ran from one bastion to another. Then they set to make other winding trenches which sometimes came up to the walls of the city, and again another which girdled all five bastions, in which they posted many guns and musketeers, who fired continually, and hindered us from approaching the walls, which were without parapets. Next they brought up their works in serpentine fashion to our ditch, and there made two parapets, one on the right and the other on the left, and managed so that our artillery could not prevent them coming up to the angles of these bastions, and they did come up and cut off the angles. Meanwhile our men made two sallies by night to find out what they were doing, not without loss on our side and theirs. On the Feast of the Virgin, August 15, a sally was made to spike their guns, and a fierce skirmish ensued, in which many of the Turks were killed, and forty of our men, among whom were Captain Giobattista da Fano, Count Alberto Scotto, and Captain Cesare da Treviso, Lieutenant of the Colonel.

After this skirmish no further sallies were made so as not to lose men. The Turks meanwhile set to joining the soil which they dug out of the bastions with other soil which they brought up in front of the ditch, and thus with fascines and earth they built up a road to the level of the bastions, while we could assail them only with fireworks and stones.

Along this road every day some of them kept suddenly mounting up, and always killed some of our men. When they were now fully furnished with everything necessary for the attack they ceased firing and came to a parley, demanding the surrender of the city. Report was duly made to the commanders and to the Governor Rinconi, and it was determined to give no ear to their proposals but to treat them as enemies. A few days later, on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 9, as reveille was sounded, they were already on the walls, having climbed up quietly in the night along the roads they had made without being discovered by our soldiers, and attacked us so suddenly that we could offer little resistance to their first charge. But our troops retired to a shelter constructed by Captain Palazzo, where they met the enemy gallantly. And there the Turks would have got no further into the city, had it not been that while we were fighting there burst on our flank a great band of the enemy who were understood to have entered by another bastion. They killed very many of our men, among whom were the commander, his brother and Captain Palazzo. No resistance was possible, and one fled here, another there. I got safe with twenty-five of my company to the Square of the Salines, where was gathered a large band of nobles. We made a stand, and when the Square was taken with great loss on our side, we retreated to the Great Square, where were the chiefs on horseback, with the Bishop and many others. Here we made a fresh stand, but lost ground and retreated to the palace of Signor Dandolo, where we found himself and the Bishop. The gates were bolted, and when the Turks were for charging at them we told them from the windows that we surrendered. They would not consent, but the Lieutenant, Signor Dandolo, set free a Turk whom he had taken prisoner, and sent him to tell the Pasha that we surrendered with all our forces, and bid him order his men not to kill us. The Pasha sent a note to the janissary who was to take us prisoners; they set to killing and haling us away, and in their onslaught Signor Dandolo was killed, and the Bishop made prisoner with many others.

I had been on the bastion Podochataro, where our standard bearer had lost his ensign which I recovered. I was in all the fights mentioned above, and was at last made prisoner by a Turk, who led me to the pavilion, where three days later I was sold for sixteen sequins to a renegade, who carried me off to the fleet and set me on a galley where I lay chained for twenty days.

SOZOMENO.

Gio. Sozomeno served as an Engineer during the siege of Nicosia, and was made a prisoner at its fall. His name occurs in A. Calepio's list of "noble Cypriot Captains enslaved." I have not been able to see Sozomeno, Gio., *Narratione della guerra di Nicosia fatta nel Regno di Cipro da' Turchi l' anno 1570*, 8vo, Bologna, 1571, but I have little doubt that the translation here offered of a manuscript preserved in the Biblioteca Oliveriana at Pesaro, No. 117, which is clearly contemporary with the events it narrates, would be found in close correspondence with that work. The narrative is addressed "al Serissimo gran principe di Toscana Sr. Mio Ossmo," probably the Grand Duke Cosimo, who died in 1574.

The narrative of Gio. Sozomeno, Engineer.

The first day of July the Turkish fleet appeared in the waters of Baffo, and the second day news reached us that it had landed at the Salines on that very day all the cavalry and infantry without meeting any resistance, although S. Astorre Baglione, Governor General, wanted to show himself with the cavalry and mounted musketeers to throw the landing into

confusion, and to learn the enemy's strength, but neither the Lieutenant nor the Coadjutor would have it so, saying in support of their decision that they could not have prevented the landing because their force of infantry and cavalry was so small, and that it was wrong to risk what they had, and to prejudice the defence of the fortresses, to retire to which was a matter of nearly thirty miles: if this had been four or even ten miles it would have been worth making the attempt. And this opinion prevailed because his lordship affirmed that Signor Sforza Pallavicino used to say the same thing, and because the Lieutenant willed it so. Nevertheless the rest of the nobility of Nicosia, with the exception of the Count of Roccas and his brothers, presented a most spirited letter, saying they were ready and desirous with Signor Astorre Baglione to march to the Salines, and to try every means of preventing the landing, or at least as far as they could to throw into disorder and injure the enemy. A good witness to this is Signor Astorre, who told the whole truth about this letter at Famagosta in the presence of Sr. Niccolo Donato, chief officer, on board his own galley. So the *stradiot* cavalry which was with the Count of Roccas at the Salines retired to Nicosia as soon as the fleet arrived before the Salines, and remained in that city until the end.

Part of the army without artillery appeared in the environs of Nicosia on July 25, and at once Colonel Palazzo da Fano advised and wished to make a sally with all the *stradiot* horse, the cavalry, the newly raised infantry, and part of the Italian and Greek foot soldiers, and to charge that wing of the enemy before the rest arrived (it came up next day with the artillery), showing that there was reasonable hope of effecting some signal success. Neither the Lieutenant and his Council nor the Coadjutor would consent, although among ourselves the said Colonel was esteemed as an officer experienced in war and completely trustworthy. The enemy's forces were now all united, and their camp pitched without any resistance on our part. Five hundred horsemen only were despatched from the Salines to Famagosta, to keep that city strictly invested, and also to cut us off from all help which might reach us therefrom. They camped then with their tents on the open country, and on the hills of Mandia, where stood the pavilion of the Pasha commanding the expedition. They dug on the spot a well in which contrary to the general opinion they found an infinite supply of water. A great part of the army, and specially of the cavalry, was posted at S. Clemente, where is the spring which supplies the citadel, and there were tents also in the villages Galangia and Acalassa, five Italian miles away, for the convenience of the infantry which had halted there. The first thing the Turks did as soon as they were united and settled in camp was to come round Nicosia on horseback to provoke us to sally out and skirmish. But the Coadjutor and the Council would never allow us or the nobles (who were most eager to do so too, and were even by speeches and spirited letters showing that they wanted to meet the enemy) to leave the city; except once only, when Captain Cortese, a *stradiot*, was taken and killed.

When the Turks perceived that we did not intend to come out into the plain they began to devote their time to the making of forts. The first was built on the hill of Santa Marina, at a distance of 270 paces from the Podecattero bastion: it was finished with very great speed, and little resistance on our side, although from the curtain between the Podecattero and Caraffa bastions, and from the front of the bastion we fired with pieces of eighty to prevent its construction: but they built it by night, and we could not hinder them. From this fort they kept battering the houses, and part of the platforms of the curtains, but with no great damage to our soldiers. They built their second fort at S. Giorgio di Magniana, and from this they battered in like manner our houses, and forced us to withdraw our defences, but it was of little service to them to destroy the houses outside. The third was

on the little hill called Margheriti, which is between the Costanzo and Podecattero bastions. The fourth in the middle of the slope of mount Tomandia: but from these forts they could make no grand attack on the walls. From these points they began to push inwards and to come up to the ditch and edge of the old city. Then with their trenches they got up under the four bastions Podecattero, Costanzo, Davila and Tripoli, to face which they set four other very lively forts at eighty paces from our ditch, from which they sought to bombard with some effect, and for four successive days they fired with pieces of 50 from morning to night: only in the middle of the day they rested for four hours on account of the great heat. They discovered however that they could do nothing, because the earthworks were such that the shot from their artillery lodged therein without destroying them. So they gave up their attempts to fire upon us, and began to creep up with spades and picks and sundry very deep trenches. We on the other hand did not fail to respond with our artillery, with which we did them great damage, overturning and disabling some of their cannon. For all that they came up to the counterscarp, round which they drew a great counterfosse, throwing up the earth towards the city, and in this they posted innumerable musketeers, who day and night aimed at anyone who showed himself on the walls. Their trenches and forts were strengthened with empty fosses, lunes and pits broad and deep enough to hold large bodies of men, while neither our artillery, cavalry nor infantry could harass or dislodge them except to our loss. Next they began to drive very deep trenches into the ditch of the city, throwing in earth and fascines, which latter their horsemen brought in from a distance, without any hindrance from our cavalry, such as the knights and feudatories wished to make. With these traverses of fascines they overtopped our flanks, which could do them no kind of hurt. They then began to cut away the angles and front of our bastions. We saw the enemy pushing on without any loss on their side, and no kind of hindrance on ours, and anxious about the future we applied many times to the Government and the Coadjutor, urging that a brisk sortie should be made to destroy what the enemy had constructed in the ditch. But the opinion of their lordships was that no sortie should be made, seeing that the Italian soldiers were very few, and the rest were peasants, while the mass of city folk was without experience, courage, or numbers. For during this summer a general sickness prevailed in this most unlucky city, whereof there died not only very many Italian soldiers, but a very great number of the peasants and citizens. Of the Italians, who were at first 1300, between those who died of disease or who were killed or wounded during forty-six days and fifteen assaults so many were missing that in the last assault only 400 were found fit to fight.

For all these reasons they were against leaving the city. Nevertheless as danger pressed, and men saw the irremediable ruin which hung over us, it was decided to make a spirited sortie with part of the peasants and citizens, the Italians and all the cavalry and stradiots, while the feudatories and knights complained that they were wronged and insulted because they were not allowed to go out. But there was no remedy, and the chiefs even wished to recall the order given, so at mid-day on August 15—the hour was chosen because in the morning the Turks were always about and armed, but at mid-day lay down and slept in the shade—the infantry to the number of a thousand marched out under Captain Piovene of Vicenza, Lieutenant to the Coadjutor, who although his duties were those of a mounted officer wished on that day to go out on foot, and with Count Alberto Scotto and other captains led his brave Italian soldiers and some Greeks so well that they got up to the enemy's forts and made themselves masters of two which were abandoned by the Turks, who feared that worse might yet befall them. So much excitement was caused by this exploit that even in the pavilions there was confusion and dismay enough to drive their owners to

flight. The war indeed would have ended on that day if our cavalry had come out as was arranged. I heard all this from Turks and some Christians during the time that I was a prisoner in their hands. But to our infinite ruin and disgrace the Lieutenant upset the arrangements, and would not allow any of the mounted men to leave the city; the reason was that he trusted very greatly to the nobles for the defence of the city, and feared they might be killed or made prisoners. And when some noble youths, knights, among whom was Messer Gio. Fallier, an illustrious Venetian of courage and honour, wished to go out secretly with their vizors lowered and mixed up with some *stradiots* they were recognised by the Lieutenant who was standing for this very purpose at the gate, and got angry and forbade anyone else to go out, either of these or even of the *stradiots*, and left those poor soldiers, who were victorious and expected to be supported by our horse, to be attacked by the cavalry of the enemy, and thrown into confusion and routed. There were left dead Captain Piovene and Count Alberto Scotto: the Lieutenant of Captain Pochipani was taken prisoner, and many other Italian and Greek soldiers, a hundred in all. The rest retired by the same gate: they carried off muskets, scimitars, bows, *tulipanti* and other spoil abandoned by the Turks. A musket was taken damascened in silver which was sold for thirty scudi. From that day forth do what we would, no further sortie was allowed, as though we had agreed to let the enemy come upon us without resistance to destroy us. By the advice of Colonel Palazzo da Fano two reduits were made in the two bastions Podecattero and Constanzo, and according to the same officer's design the throats of the two bastions were narrowed: in the Avila and Tripoli bastions we made a simple reduit designed by me Giovanni Sosomeno, leaving not a foot of space for the enemy.

We could no longer prevent the Turks from completing a level and easy ascent for their attacks. They made fifteen in forty-five days, now on one bastion, now on two, now on all four at once; all of them were bravely repulsed by us with great slaughter on both sides as well as with great consumption of balls, rockets and other fireworks, so that verily we were compelled to write in cypher to Famagusta, bidding them send us reinforcements of infantry, and with them Signor Astorre. And because the answer tarried, we thought our messengers had been taken, as they were: for the Turks displayed them to us as prisoners, so that seeing we were cut off from help we might surrender. Whereon we were again obliged to send Captain Giobat. Colombo, knowing him to be a man of judgment and weight; who after he had pleaded our cause at Famagosta returned with very great peril of his life without any supports. To the same end we wrote in cypher to those who were in the mountain; these messengers too were taken and shown to us by the Turks, to make us feel sure that from no quarter could we get help, and so to surrender. The last assault was made on the ninth of September, and began at dawn with tremendous vigour and men innumerable, so that the attacks never slackened for want of fresh troops, and all four bastions were assailed at once. At the Podecattero, Caraman Pasha (whose family name was Remoliti) led the Caramanian troops. At the Constanzo was Muzaffer Pasha and his men. At the Avila and Tripoli bastions were Mustafa and Ali Pasha, one of the commanders of eighty galleys of the fleet. All these led at the same time most furious charges. The defenders of the Constanzo, Avila and Tripoli bastions withstood the attacks, and repulsed the enemy without allowing them to get over the parapet. The slaughter was great on both sides, but much more on that of the Turks. In the Podecattero bastion however, I know not from what lack of arrangement, neither the commanders nor the soldiers were of the temper needed for so great a task, so that without check from our men the Turks got in and made themselves masters of the platform and the reduit. The few Italians who were there present fought with spirit and

were cut to pieces, as well as the nobles with them. But the country folk of the *cernide*, and those who were collected at the last moment in the city, behaved badly: some of them let themselves down through the embrasures and along the curtain and fled into the country. When the Coadjutor heard this he ran with his brothers, Colonel Palazzo and other gentlemen to the help of this bastion. Though he came up late he tried with very great valour to drive back the enemy, but their numbers were so great that they got in and killed him, his brothers, the Colonel and all the gentlemen who accompanied him. The other bastions were held until the Turks had forced an entrance into the city and closed in on their rear, pushing through the throat of the works. Then followed a horrid, a pitiful, spectacle. Our unhappy defenders were savagely slaughtered, caught between two fires and knowing not whither to turn, where to seek safety. Yet just a few of them saved their lives by rushing among the enemy and escaping from the bastions into the city. These collected in the narrow lanes with a few of the citizens and held their own. Some country folk of the *cernide* came up, but when they saw the crowd of Turks and the slaughter of our men they turned round, nor could we by any means make them stand: they even turned their arms on those who wanted them to face the foe. There was random fighting in all the streets and squares, with no order, no leaders. The slaughter lasted until three o'clock, those who resisted were killed, those who surrendered were made prisoners. At last the Pasha arrived in the city. Seeing the great slaughter, and finding many armed men both in the Palace Square and elsewhere, he bid his own men cease fighting, and exhorted ours to surrender, promising to save their lives if they laid down their arms. Many did so. The nobles who survived were some twenty-five or thirty, with no great number of citizens.

Such was the miserable end of that most unhappy city of Nicosia. If this capital (and the remainder of the Kingdom) had had a good government and a larger number of soldiers it might have held out for a long time, as long in fact as it had victuals. Further, I am strongly of opinion that if the strength of the Kingdom had been fully known, not only could the landing of troops have been delayed, but if a landing had been made so much injury could have been inflicted that the enemy would have readily changed their plans. Thus if a choice could have been made of six to seven thousand horses (I include our mares), some of them fit for lancers lightly equipped, others for our best musketeers—besides these, if we could have shown twenty-five thousand *francomatti* on the hills near the Salines, in full sight of the troops on the fleet, giving these last the idea that they would be attacked in the open country—anyhow, even allowing that we had neglected to take the necessary measures to prevent the Turks landing at the Salines, I was of opinion (and I submitted a statement to that effect to the Lieutenant of the Kingdom) that we could defend Nicosia and drive back the enemy with the cavalry which we had in the city: for there were five hundred *stradiots*, besides the horses of the feudatories and mounted men raised for the occasion with others who were not obliged to serve on horseback, who could make up in all a thousand or more war-horses, besides a large number of hacks good enough for musketeers. Of these I wanted to pick out the best, and post them with the *stradiots*, who would always have been ready to charge the enemy's flank if they got in, for the ground between the walls and the houses is so broad and open that a large force of cavalry, twenty and more abreast, could have joined battle there. And in the last assault, when we were all in order and fully prepared, the enemy on their entry might have been attacked on both flanks and easily repulsed. But as it was our men were not used to the weapons given them to use on foot, and did little to help the defence of the walls. Cavaliere Magi, an engineer sent by the Signory, was present when I gave my opinion and maintained it against Colonel Palazzo, who thought otherwise.

The whole Turkish fleet was composed of 400 sail, to wit 160 galleys, half of which were in excellent order, with musketeers, artillery and combatants, not less than 100 men to a galley. The other half was made up of vessels badly supplied with men and guns, and many of them were old galleys. Of galliots, *fuste* and *brigantini di essenti* there were 60, all well manned. I could not say if there were more large or small vessels, but the whole number of ships with oars was 200. The rest were sailing ships, *caramussoli*, 3 ships of Venetian build, 6 lighters, 6 mortar boats and many frigates to make up the total of four hundred.

They had 4000, report said even 10,000 horses, counting mares and a large number of mules saddled and used as horses. The horses were carried on the large and small ships, the lighters and mortar boats: each galley also carried two. There were altogether 6000 janissaries: the whole force, including janissaries and cavalry, which was landed in two separate bodies for the siege of Nicosia, made up 100,000 men. The fleet never landed any of the crews of the galleys until they saw that our navy was too weak to molest them: nor did Mustafa Pasha bring up reinforcements for the attacks until Piali Pasha sent up men from the fleet under Ali Pasha: I cannot say how many, the Turks said 25,000, but I do not think there were so many. As soon as these arrived they renewed the vigour of their assaults. Mustafa, the General of the expedition, many and many a time, not only by messengers but by letters fired into the city on arrows, made our chiefs understand that they must surrender: he did not desire their ruin, only their submission; their goods he would leave them to enjoy. But they would never consent.

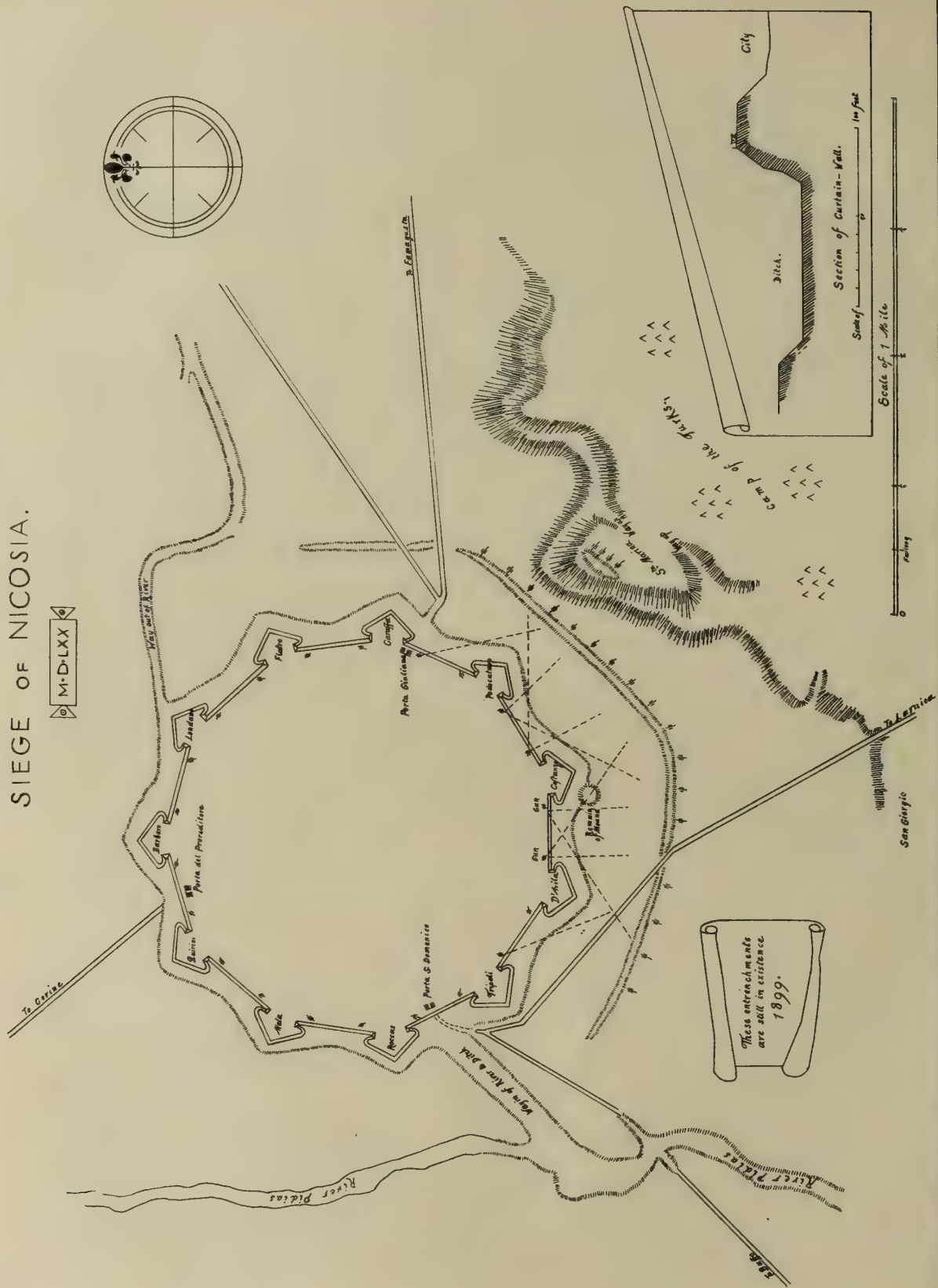
As soon as Nicosia was taken Ali Pasha returned at once with his men to the fleet, which sailed for the gardens of Famagosta. The army marched to besiege this city, and the ships remained there until news arrived that our fleet had reached Castel Ruzzo to engage the Turkish fleet in Cyprus. On hearing this Piali and Ali landed at once and came to the tent of Mustafa Pasha, where they consulted as to what should be done. It was rumoured that Piali was afraid of losing his ships, for he had heard that the junction of the different squadrons had made our fleet extremely strong; and although they were well aware of the great losses they knew thoroughly all the movements of our ships, and were even aware of a dispute between Italians and Greeks at Canea, which made them fancy that we had taken recruits at Candia, especially archers, a force they esteem highly. They adopted however the advice of Mustafa, who insisted that the dignity and power of the Grand Signor would not allow them to refuse battle: they must go bravely on, and God was with them. Whereon they landed all the Christians and useless folk, and equipped their galleys with good artillery and fighting men.

The whole fleet of oared vessels advanced to Limiso; the *caramussolini*, sailing ships, lighters and mortar boats remaining at their anchorage off the gardens of Famagosta. Two galleys were sent to Cape Santepilani and beyond to descry and give warning of our fleet.

All these details I learned from the Turks themselves while I was a prisoner with the forces of Mustafa. As soon as they heard of the retreat of our fleet they came back making great demonstrations of joy, and embarking the slaves and the rest of their baggage sailed away on the sixth of October. I do not know whither, but it was said that Piali Pasha went with the galleys to Constantinople and Ali with his to Rhodes. The greater part of the slaves, male and female, were taken off the island. The flower of the youth, with much rich spoil, was embarked on a galleon of Mohammed Pasha, and on a *caramosolin* and a galley destined as presents to the Grand Signor and to Mehmed Pasha. But one of these ladies set fire to the ammunition, which blew up with the galleon, the *caramosolin* and the galley, and all the persons and stores on board, except the captain, the clerk and some others

SIEGE OF NICOSIA.

M·D·LXX



who saved themselves by swimming ashore. It was a miserable sight to see the bodies of those unhappy beings in the air: may God give peace to their souls. Would that His Divine Majesty had granted to us all who have remained alive the same fate. To me it would have been more welcome than to see my younger daughter in the hands of the infidels, and the elder burnt to death.

In the city of Nicosia they have left a garrison of 4000 infantry and 1000 horse under the command of Muzaffer. Mustafa with the rest of the troops marched to Famagosta and encamped in the village of Pom'adamo, three miles from the fortress.

DIEDO.

Giacomo Diedo, a Senator, published at Venice in 1751, in four volumes quarto, his *History of the Republic of Venice from its foundation to the year 1747*. Our translation from volume II. book VI. pp. 228—237, gives in its entirety his account of the siege and fall of Nicosia, July 22—September 9, 1570. He appears largely indebted to the earlier writings of Paolo Paruta (1540—1598), whose account of the same period may be read in his *Storia della Guerra di Cipro, Libri tre*, 8vo, Siena, 1827, pp. 88—122.

The kingdom of Cyprus, one of the principal islands of the Mediterranean, looks on the East towards Syria, to which (if we may trust ancient traditions) it was once joined, on the West towards *Sarmania*, the ancient Pamphylia, on the South towards Egypt, and on the North towards Cilicia, now called Caramania. Its length extends for two hundred miles from S.W. to E., its breadth is seventy miles only, and its circumference about seven hundred. It is happy in its climate, which allows its inhabitants to raise of the fruits of the earth more than they need for themselves, and allows them to export much produce, especially sugar, cotton and saffron. It abounds in white salt, and contains mines of gold, silver and other metals: so that from the variety of its products, and its favourable situation it was called *Macaria*, the Happy Land. It is true that as time and change shed their malign influence over every region in the universe, the face of this happy land too was altered. There was a time when the island was for a while left untilled, and despoiled of its inhabitants by the want of rain: but heaven's inclemency slackened at length, and this noble and pleasant land resumed its old aspect, and by the influx of still larger crowds was peopled anew.

In the most remote ages Cyprus had nine kings, but after the Macedonian Empire, upon the division which Alexander at his death made of his vast dominions, Alexandria, in which was comprised the kingdom of Cyprus, fell to Ptolemæus. Ptolemæus was overcome by Demetrius, son of Antigonos, king of Syria, and for a short time lost possession of the island, but he soon recovered it and handed it on to his successor Philadelphus. As the Roman Empire was enlarged out of the spoils of the Greek, the kingdom was reduced to a province under successive Governors, until Isaac Comnenus, the last who enjoyed that title and authority, was deprived of them by Richard, King of England, who sold it for a hundred thousand ducats to the Knights Templar, by whom, on account of the turbulence of the islanders, it was restored to the English.

Richard sold it again under the same conditions to Guy Lusignan, whose descendants for a space of more than three hundred years succeeded him in his dominions and kingly title. James, the last of the line, married Catherine Cornaro, a noble Venetian lady with a dowry of a hundred thousand ducats, and a few months later passed to another life leaving

the Queen and his posthumous child heirs of the kingdom. The child died in infancy, and the Queen remained in sole possession, but she would soon have fallen a victim to the ambition of the great island nobles, the craft of the Sultans of Egypt, and the farsightedness of Ferdinand, King of Naples, who longed to make himself master of her kingdom through a marriage with the Queen, if she had not been able to range against these manifest perils the forces of her own country for her maintenance and defence. At last finding herself constantly exposed to violence and to treachery she accepted the advice of her brother George Cornaro, who suggested that she should return to Venice and abandon to the Republic her sovereign rights and the guardianship of the kingdom. Cyprus, henceforth reduced to a province, was defended down to the time of which we are about to speak against the turbulence of its inhabitants and the jealousies of its neighbours by the power of Venice.

But now the Turkish Sultan Selim, who coveted the island, set himself to attempt its conquest, waving aside the considerations, which had weighed with his predecessors, that the enterprise was difficult in itself, and certain to stir up against his empire the forces of the Christian princes joined to the powerful armaments of the Venetians.

However one day he went out hunting with his principal Pashas (the Turks call an assembly of this kind a mounted Divan) and laid the question before them.

The opinions at first were various, Mehmed, the Grand Vazir, maintaining that it would be more to the advantage and glory of the empire to carry its arms in another direction, either against Spain, to check its aggrandizement and to set free the Moors of Granada, or against places which might pave the way to conquests in the fairest provinces of Europe. The kingdom of Cyprus was, he said, jealously guarded by the Venetians; the forts fully supplied with troops and artillery, and on the mere report that they would be attacked the Republic had added wonderfully to the fortifications and fastnesses. It ought not to be difficult to the troops of Venice to prevent a landing, and to surprise vessels whose best men would be away, employed in the siege of fortresses; and again, if on the rumour of an attack the Christian powers were stirred to a common defence, how difficult would be the task undertaken by the Porte of carrying on a war in violation of their pledges, and so soon after the signing of treaties of peace; on these grounds prudence and the interests of the empire recommended that the acquisition of the kingdom of Cyprus should be deferred to a more convenient season, and that the Venetians should be lulled with the prospects of peace until they could be taken defenceless and unawares.

Piali and Mustafa Pasha were of the opposite opinion, though rather for their private ends and their hatred of Mehmed than for the real good of the empire. They suggested to the Sultan that the forces of his kingdom could not be directed to a worthier object than that of adding to it an island conveniently situated and serviceably rich, and which harboured the corsairs of the Levant, who obstructed the free passage of the seas, and were a danger and menace to Musalmans on the voyage to Mecca.

That the power of Venice was not sufficiently flourishing to resist the luck and valour of the Ottoman Empire: that the assistance of the princes of Christendom was uncertain, and generally of little service, for past conflicts had made it clear that they might figure as an appendage or ornament, without being a substantial help, to their allies. That the defence of the Cypriot strongholds, and the very existence of the kingdom, depended solely on a few garrisons, which would be reduced by privations and assaults before they could be reinforced by expeditions from other countries. That the natives of the island had through long peace laid aside their military habits, the feudal soldiers had abandoned the use of arms for ease and luxury, and in their stead were employed a low class of mercenaries. That an attack

upon Spain would prove exceedingly difficult: the country was far off, mountainous, barren, and every step would cost blood and peril. Not but they must carry out the constant injunction of their ancestors to extend the empire by ever new conquests, and keep alive the vigour which spreads through the whole body into its outlying members, but they need not seek in scattered and remote regions the ephemeral glory of ideal conquests, whose achievements were difficult, and their maintenance certain to dissipate the power of the nation.

Selim, encouraged by this reasoning, but still more incited by his own inclination for the enterprise, decided to carry it out, declaring that he would himself lead to the war a force worthy of his empire, and with his own royal presence offer resistance to any attack from the Christian princes. Setting aside therefore his project of uniting the Don and the Volga by a great canal (which was to facilitate his passage into Persia), having allayed certain risings of Arabs, and having received from the Pasha of Erzerum news of the peaceful disposition of the King of Persia, he issued strict orders for the construction of a large number of bomb-vessels in the Gulf of Ayas, and in the Mediterranean; for the fitting out with all speed of the old galleys, and the building of new vessels, and sent express commands to the Beylerbey of Anatolia (Captain General of Asia Minor) to concentrate the troops in all the provinces in Caramania.

Such were the preparations of the Turks for an attack on the island of Cyprus, and although other prettexts were alleged to excuse them, common rumour and certain unmistakeable signs made their purpose clear, as Marcantonio Barbaro, ambassador to the Porte, was able to assure the Senate.

There were however not a few Senators who flattered themselves that Selim would not, at the beginning of his reign, plunge into a difficult war, which might stir up the Christian princes to injure his empire. They clung to their opinion so obstinately as to impress on the Senate that they should use the greatest caution in their warlike preparations, so as not to divert the Turks from any other enterprise which they might have in view, and not to draw down on the Republic an attack which was probably designed for the injury of others. But ideas of delay were soon exchanged for those of anxious haste, when the Senate was assured by fresh despatches from their ambassador that the Turkish preparations were aimed solely at the island of Cyprus. Everyone was excited to rivalry in making suggestions, and in carrying out the decisions of the Senate. It was resolved to fit out one hundred light galleys: eleven commanders were chosen for the large galleys, and Francesco Duodo, a man already illustrious in naval warfare, was appointed to lead them, with the title of Captain. The command of the armed ships was entrusted to Pietro Trono: and to increase the strength of the whole fleet it was decided to man a galleon of extraordinary size, whose bulk and strength should be the guard and stay of the smaller vessels. The command of this was given to Girolamo Contarini. The supreme command of the naval armaments was given to Girolamo Zane, Procurator of S. Mark: he had been elected two years before, but had not set out, and was considered legally entitled to remain in office.

A naval force of considerable importance was thus in preparation, and no less energy was shown in reinforcing the garrison in the strongholds of Cyprus, Dalmatia and others in the Levant. They were much strengthened in numbers, and their duties increased, for the greater safety of the forts and the better discipline of the men.

As however it was Cyprus rather than the other places which was threatened, the Senate hurried the departure of Eugenio Singlitico, a Cypriot noble, who held the post of adjutant-general of the land forces, with a thousand foot soldiers. Girolamo Martinengo, a *condottiere*, was sent there with two thousand foreign infantry: and as the rumour of prompt

pay drew from all parts mercenaries and captains of renown, all were accepted and transported with all speed to Cyprus.

[The armaments were thus complete, but dissensions prevailed in the Senate as to how they could best be employed. The writer inclines to the opinion that a squadron of some forty galleys should have been despatched at once, to infuse courage in their friends, to anticipate the forays, and to interrupt communications between the various provinces of the enemy. A League of the Christian princes would involve delays, provoke jealousies, and result in a display of force more magnificent than effective. The majority however held that it were unwise to scatter their ships, and invite pursuit. Their fortresses were well found in men and munitions; they could well wait until they had secured the adhesion and help of other Christian powers.]

Appeal was first made to the Pope, Pius V., who promised his aid, sanctioned the levy of 100,000 ducats from the Venetian dominions, and accepted the conduct of the League. At his instance the King of Spain, Philip II., ordered his ships to assemble in Sicily, and to await the Pope's directions. The King of Portugal, Sebastian I., pleaded the poverty of his kingdom, recently wasted by the plague, and sent no ships. The German Emperor, Maximilian II., gave a general approval only to the object of the League. The King of France, Charles IX., declined to join it, but offered to interpose with friendly counsel between the Porte and the Republic. The Dukes of Savoy and Urbino, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany promised their help: the Duke of Ferrara was only with difficulty persuaded not to side with the enemies of Venice. The Persian king refused to receive its ambassador.

The Turks meanwhile hastened their preparations, though the Venetian ambassador was able to postpone the declaration of war until the return of Kubat Chawush, who was despatched to Venice to treat directly with the Senate. Their reply was a defiance, and hostilities commenced on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. At Corfu the Venetians lost twenty thousand men from the plague. The galleys of Venice, Spain and the Church assembled at last at Candia; those of the Porte, under the Hungarian Piale, with Lala Mustafa and Oulouj Ali, Turks, after an unsuccessful attack on the island of Tenos, embarked the troops mustered about Adalia, and sailed for Cyprus. There were one hundred and fifty galleys, with lighters and other smaller craft. pp. 215—228.]

On July 1, 1570, the Turkish fleet was descried off the western point of Cyprus near Paphos. It sailed South and passed from *Limisso* to the promontory of Curium, *Capo de' Gatti*, ravaging the sea shore and carrying off prisoners. The next day it arrived at the *Salines*, and anchored off the *Marina* on the East. There Mustafa, meeting no resistance, landed his men and guns, and pushed on a few squadrons towards the interior to discover from prisoners the condition of the country and its fortresses. This happy beginning gave them courage, and they won over to their side many of the inhabitants, taking special care to attract by promises and gifts the hill-folk, whose fastnesses would have been difficult to reduce by force of arms. Mustafa was unwilling to commence the investment of the fortresses before he had collected round him all his troops, and despatched eighty galleys and other vessels to Tripoli and the Caramanian coasts to embark the whole of the land forces, so that in a few days he had assembled with the colours fifty thousand infantry, two thousand five hundred cavalry, as many more carriers, three thousand pioneers, with thirty pieces of large artillery, and fifty of lesser calibre.

The garrisons of the Cypriot fortresses were ill matched with so powerful an army. There were but two thousand paid foot soldiers, a thousand *delle Cernide di Terra Ferma*,

and two thousand with Martinengo, and these from various illnesses contracted through a change of climate were daily reduced in number, so that all hope of defending the towns rested on the loyalty and courage of the islanders, always ready for feats of arms and ventures.

The *Stradiot* horse hardly amounted to five hundred, because the feudal nobles who enjoyed revenues from the royal treasury with the condition of keeping three or four horses each no longer made use of such, but employed mules, which are bred in the island of remarkable size, so that they could furnish scarcely one hundred horses, and these more adapted for show than for use in war.

The news of the Turkish landing spread throughout the island, and the inhabitants of the cities were filled with confusion and alarm at the thought that their whole hope of defence rested in the two fortresses of Nicosia and Famagosta. The first was strong and well supplied with artillery, but there were not enough troops to man the vast extent of its walls. Famagosta was small and weak, and needed men of valour, whose strength and high spirit should make up for the defects of its fortifications. Men of authority too were lacking. Martinengo was dead, and there remained only Astorre Baglione in command of the troops. The office of Governor-General was vacant by the death of Lorenzo Bembo, and though Sebastiano Veniero had been appointed by the Senate in his stead he had not time to reach his post before the kingdom was overrun by the enemy. It became absolutely necessary to give the chief military commands to Cypriots of noble family. The Count di Rocas was made lieutenant to Baglione: Giacomo Mores, Count of Tripoli, took charge of the artillery, Giovanni Singlitico of the cavalry, Giovanni Sosomeno of the pioneers. Scipione Caraffa and Pietro Paolo Singlitico were entrusted with the duty of collecting villagers to occupy the mountain passes. These however had more loyalty and smartness than experience in military matters, and there ensued some hesitation as to the way in which they should prevent the Turks from concentrating their attack on the fortresses. It seemed natural to take to the open country, to block the roads, and show a bold front; but their spirit was greater than their means; they had but few cavalry, and not infantry enough to defend the walls, and if these men were scattered about in outposts there would be no one to bring supplies to the cities. They resolved however to meet the enemy in the field, and the Count di Rocas, who had with great difficulty collected three hundred horsemen, with one hundred Italian musketeers on ponies, commanded by Antonio da Berettino and Lazaro Coccapani, started from Nicosia, while Baglione left Famagosta with three hundred mounted musketeers and one hundred and fifty *Stradiots*, and the Cavalier Pietro Roncadi came from Baffo with the few remaining horsemen. When they had met they began to reflect seriously on the risk to which they were exposing this handful of men with whom rested the very existence of the kingdom, and that too without a chance of any signal success, their numbers bearing no proportion to those of the enemy. They determined accordingly to return to defend the fortresses, and so the Turks were left free to advance safely into the island, harrying and wasting the country at their will, and killing or making captive its inhabitants.

The Turkish commanders, encouraged by this lucky beginning, debated where first to turn their arms. Piale maintained that the army should be led to the siege of Famagosta. It was easier to take, and the soldiers, cheered by the spoil, would be in better heart for the attack of Nicosia, a city situated in a vast plain, far from the sea, and containing an unwarlike population, which would be terror-struck at the fall of Famagosta, and offer terms of capitulation without bloodshed.

Mustafa differed, and thought that before attacking Famagosta they should make

themselves masters of Nicosia, where were collected the riches of the kingdom. Its conquest would ensure them the possession of the island, of which Nicosia, from its position, dignity and wealth, might be called the heart. Famagosta had been held by the Genoese for a space of ninety years without disturbing the Lusignan kings in their safe and peaceable possession of the rest of the kingdom. Supposing the Christian forces to arrive, the place could easily be recovered, for it was weak and situated in a corner of the kingdom. The honour and interest of the Empire counselled the removal of the greater difficulties: nor could they doubt but that were Nicosia taken, the victorious ensigns of the Grand Signor would be planted on every fortress in the island.

The camp was then moved towards Nicosia. The Turks found no opposition on the way: the inhabitants, through inconstancy of temperament, or because the yoke of slavery imposed on them by the Cypriot nobles made them flatter themselves that they might find better luck under a new master, even offered them provisions, and gave them the fullest information as to the position of affairs and the condition of the island.

The confusion of the commanders, and the alarm of the people of Nicosia at the appearance of the Turkish army was incredible: they were as unready as though the event were wholly unexpected. The city, through the negligence of its chiefs, was poorly provided with grain: the trenches were not thoroughly dug out; the inhabitants were not disciplined, for up to this time so confident had they been that they would not be attacked that they had quite lately disbanded the island troops called *Cernide*, and left the town undefended. Niccolo Dandolo had the chief command, a man unfit for so important a post: but generals were few, and a certain reputation acquired at sea seemed to point him out as competent to act under the direct orders of the Governor-General. But this post was unfortunately vacant.

Everything was in confusion, but what measures the lack of time and of experience allowed the commanders took. The *Cernide*, who had scarcely got back to their villages, were recalled, and a decree was published allowing everyone who brought food-stuff into the city to sell it on his own terms. It was of little profit, for the peasants generally had become stupid and confused, and a very large quantity of grain, which might have been brought in for the use of the garrison, remained outside, at the disposal, and to the advantage of the Turks. Their daring increased accordingly. They pitched their camp, set up their pavilions, and put their guns in position, while not a single Cypriot sallied from the town to interrupt the work.

The Ottoman main camp extended from Santa Marina to Anglagia, facing the space covered by four of the city's bastions, while large bodies of horse and foot were posted at various points to prevent ingress to and egress from the besieged fortress.

Meanwhile soldiers and citizens were disposed within to the best possible advantage, and they began to discharge their cannon, of which there was abundance, and created some confusion in the Turkish camp. After many objections on the part of the generals, a skirmishing party of a few *Stradiots* left the city. They dared not, on account of their scanty numbers, get beyond the protection of their guns: and even so Andrea Cortese, their captain, advanced too far, and was surrounded and killed. But the more the besieged kept on the defensive the more the courage of the Turks increased. They harassed the walls with cannon, drew trenches close to the ditch, and with a dense hail of musketry and arrows drove the defenders from their posts; and having with incredible speed run up some forts they fought even at a vantage, filling the city with terror and confusion.

There were ten thousand infantry in Nicosia, all untried men collected from the villages of the island, and a reserve of fifteen hundred Italians. The number of pioneers was large,

for besides the four thousand under Sosomeno many of the islanders had taken refuge within the city: but arms were fatally wanting, so that many soldiers took their turn of duty on the ramparts armed with spontoons and halberts for lack of pikes and muskets. The generals had little authority, the subaltern officers wavered in their obedience, and a force which had been sufficient for a vigorous resistance, had it been composed of disciplined and tried soldiers under proper commanders, was really weak and ineffective.

And so it was that everyone felt that human means were weak indeed to resist so fierce an assault, and with general prayers and solemn processions they implored the favour of heaven. Warm impulse was given to the common devotion by the example and exhortations of Francesco Contarini, Bishop of Baffo, who in the absence of Filippo Mocenigo, Archbishop of Nicosia, held the first place among the ecclesiastics of the kingdom. This prelate preached at length to the nobles and a large concourse of people assembled in the church of S. Sophia, pointing out the greatness of their danger, but also the confidence, which each one should repose in the omnipotent hand of God, of being able to resist the fury of the barbarians, who sought in the conquest of their strongholds to profane their altars, trample down their religion, and turn their churches into foul dens of a false faith. He assured them of the earnest resolve of the Senate to give the island efficient help: he pictured to them the preparations which the princes of Christendom were making for the common cause, and finally exhorting all to be constant, he offered himself as the companion of their dangers, and joined his prayers to theirs, that God might bless their arms with victory, and spread weakness and confusion among their enemies.

All were moved by the bishop's discourse, and there was not a man who did not promise to fight to the death. They crowded eagerly to the defence of the walls, but many fell pierced by the dense hail of the Turkish musketry. In a short time the besiegers had occupied as much ground in front as was covered by two curtains and two bastions. The scanty numbers of the besieged deterred them from sallying out to destroy the enemy's works, but they harassed them with their guns, trusting to the skill of Antonio Berettino, a man well versed in the use of artillery, to batter and raze the newly constructed forts. A shot carried him off, and no small number of brave soldiers fell beside him. And as the besieged grew ever more and more afraid that their resistance could not be long maintained, so ever fresh confidence pushed on the Turks. They reached the counterscarp, occupied the fosse, and working away at the foot of the bastions, made a kind of stairway to pave the road for an assault. To try the pluck of the besieged they made a rush at the Costanzo bastion, took its defenders by surprise, and dashed these back with such violence that they were able to get over the parapet; but being surrounded by the band of Paolo dal Vasto and Andrea di Aspelle the Turks were repulsed with great slaughter. Yet they spread such terror around them that it was firmly believed that, had they redoubled their attacks, on that very day the city would have easily fallen into their hands. The imminence of the danger was a lesson to the besieged, and after long debate they determined to arrest the progress of the enemy's works, and to destroy the forts, by a sally in force: a resolution hailed with delight by the soldiers, both horse and foot, who feared only a useless death on the ramparts. Cesare Piovene, of Vicenza, lieutenant of the Count di Rocas, put himself at their head.

At first the sally had its hoped-for effect, for the Turks were surprised as they were taking their mid-day rest, overcome by the excessive heat, and the Cypriots captured two forts, and slew every man who defended them. The end might have been as fortunate. It would have been easy to cut down the cavalry, spike the guns, set fire to the ammunition, had not the soldiers thrown themselves recklessly on the spoil, and given the Turks time to

rally, and to force their assailants into hurried flight, which their eagerness to secure their booty had almost made an utter rout. Piovene, however, with a handful of men, held the fort he had taken, and begged for support from the city, but the Count of Tripoli, who was selected to help him, fearing that the Turks would attack (as they did) the Costanzo bastion, kept his troops with him, and Piovene, with his comrades, was cut in pieces. The attempt had no other result than to increase the watchfulness of the enemy, who harassed the town by night and day.

The besieged gave up all idea of further sallies, and devoted themselves to the repair of the parapets of the bastions, which were in many places destroyed by the enemy's guns, to completing their shelters, and devising defences within. The works advanced but slowly: the pioneers overcome with fatigue and suffering were no longer fit for continuous labour. Yet soldiers and citizens showed the same determination to resist to the end. The reports of the generals and the hope of coming aid armed their courage, and their chiefs skilfully spread rumours of a letter received through a renegade, a fugitive from the Turkish camps, which assured them of the near approach of the Christian fleet. And while they continued promptly and vigorously to repulse assaults and to harass the enemy, Mustafa began to fear for the success of his enterprise, and after shooting into the city darts to which were bound letters full of rumours and threats addressed to the chiefs and nobles, he signalled to the guard of the Costanzo bastion to come to a parley. Hostilities were suspended for two hours, while he caused notice to be given—"that he saw with surprise that no reply was given to his letters, as he desired the safety of the inhabitants and the troops: that no one must flatter himself that he would see the Sultan's invincible host retire from the walls before the city surrendered: he knew well that the best soldiers of the defending force had perished, and that the few survivors, as well as the populace, nourished the vain hope that the Christian fleets were soon to appear in their waters, while in truth that of the Venetians was melting away from sickness and death, while they lingered idly in the port of Zara expecting to meet their Spanish allies, who had no intention of fitting out their galleys, so that in this campaign the Turks had no fear of being molested by sea: that this delay in surrendering could in no wise affect the unhappy inhabitants except by increasing the misery of their condition: that if forthwith they threw themselves on the mercy of the Sultan he offered them honourable conditions, and security of life and property: if they persisted in their obstinacy and continued the defence they must expect severe punishment." The besieged after debate replied:—"that the garrison and people of Nicosia were faithful to their Prince, and wished to preserve to their latest breath their allegiance to their lawful Sovereign: they were certain that while fighting in so just a cause they should not be abandoned by God, but even though He had willed it otherwise, they chose rather to die gloriously than to live on in infamy."

The Turks gave up the hope of a voluntary surrender of the city, and set themselves with all their might to reduce it by force. They kept their cannon incessantly at work, and day by day made fresh attacks. In one of these Giacomo di Nores, Count of Tripoli, fell in the Costanzo bastion; his brother Francesco Maria succeeded to his command.

As the season was advancing Mustafa determined to take the city by an attack of all arms, while closely investing four bastions, Podocataro, Costanzo, Davila and Tripoli; but so strong was the faith of the besieged in the approach of help, that they ascribed the last attempt of the Turks to despair, and on every side withstood with wonderful courage the assaults of the enemy, whom they repulsed with alarm and loss. Mustafa feared no less than the firmness and bravery of the besieged the hesitation of his own troops, and specially the Janissaries, to renew the attack, but he encouraged them with the hope of rewards, and

announced that the first three who crossed the walls should be made Sanjaqs, while he also who first entered the captured city should at the first vacancy be raised to the rank of Pasha. Thinking that he saw the vigour of his force renewed by these promises he resolved to lead them to a general attack on the following morning. Before sunrise the Turks moved up to the same bastion from which they had been repulsed the day before; but now they found the besieged sunk in sleep. So greatly were they impressed with the hope of coming aid, that they felt secure against fresh attacks: they fancied the Turks were limbering up their guns and preparing to retreat, although the noise which reached them from the enemy's camp was really that of preparation for the final assault.

As it was, without labour or peril the Turks scaled the walls of the Costanzo bastion, crushed the wearied defenders, and dashed wildly into the inmost shelters, while the Count di Rocas was too late to put spirits into his troops, already disordered and flying. He fell by a musket ball, and with him were lost all steadiness, all judgment: the host ran blindly, each man seeking in his own house a treacherous shelter. Pietro Pisani, a Councillor, and Bernardino Pollani, Captain of the Salines, came up, but their presence made little impression on the confused and flying troops. The first was trodden down and killed, the other retreated with a large following into the city, and for a long time held his own against the terrible charges of the invaders. But the Turks were masters of the Costanzo bastion, and pressing on to seize the rest, made terrible havoc, showing no mercy to those who threw down their arms and begged for life, and hacking down the soldiers, and so passed to the square where the citizens held out with a courage and fierceness equal to that of their assailants. At last the Pasha of Aleppo, who had entered the city by the Tripoli bastion, brought up thence three cannon and with repeated shots drove the crowd, disordered and maimed, into the courtyard of the palace. Thither had retreated many distinguished persons, among whom were the Lieutenant and Bishop Contarini. The Pasha despatched to the Lieutenant a Cypriot monk who had fallen into his hands, summoning the citizens to treat. To save their lives they agreed to yield, and by the Pasha's orders laid down their arms, but the doors were scarcely opened when the Turks sprang with their weapons upon the defenceless crowd, and butchered them all, the chiefs, the bishop and every fugitive.

Such was the lamentable end of the wretched citizens, such the tragic fate of Nicosia, a city famed as a fortress, glorying in its buildings, and widely known for its riches. Its happy position, its pleasant climate, the gifts showered on it by nature, the added charms of art, had given it a place among the fairest, strongest and most renowned cities of Europe.

The fortress was theirs, and the Turks set themselves to search it throughout, and to work upon the inhabitants, their houses and churches, the impious barbarities which such nations use towards the cities they conquer. Virgins were violated, matrons dishonoured, nobles and plebeians thrown together into chains, sanctuaries defiled, holy relics scattered and trampled under foot. Yet did not this suffice. The victorious soldiery, satiated with booty, blood and lust, gave further vent to their execrable savagery by tearing from their graves the bones and dust of the dead, and scattering them in fiendish rage over the streets.

The ninth day of September saw the fall of the city. The attacks had lasted fifteen days, during which time so fierce was the fighting, and so many were killed both within and without the walls, that perhaps hardly more lives were sacrificed in the final combat, though in that one day were butchered more than twenty thousand persons of every age and sex. Great was the treasure sent by Mustafa to Constantinople, in presents to the Sultan and chief Pashas, and the number of prisoners of distinction was not inconsiderable. When the greed of commanders and their troops was satisfied, and a garrison of four thousand soldiers had

taken up its quarters in the city, the Turkish army left Nicosia, on its way to Famagosta, the only town which remained faithful to the Venetians; for the other districts of the kingdom, as well as the hill-folk, had quietly accepted the Turkish yoke.

PARUTA.

Paolo Paruta was born in Venice in 1540, entered public life on the staff of an embassy sent by the Republic in 1562 to the Emperor Maximilian II., and eventually filled all the chief offices of State, short of that of Doge. As Historiographer of the Republic he took up the annals begun by Pietro Bembo, and continued by Luigi Contarini, and brought them down to March, 1573. His account of the Siege of Nicosia (*Storia della Guerra di Cipro, Libri tre*, 8vo, Siena, 1827, pp. 92—122) is here given as “made English” by Henry Carey, second Earl of Monmouth, who succeeded his father in 1639, and died *s. p. m.* June 13, 1661. This translation was published in folio, London, 1658. I transcribe from Part II. pp. 46—60. The narrative of the Siege of Famagusta I have translated anew from the original Italian, pp. 122—124 and 235—261. Diedo’s account of the same event may be found in his *Storia della Repubblica di Venezia*, Venice, 1751, volume II. book VII. pp. 263—271.

Paruta died in 1598, and his History was published by his sons in 1605. It is prized for its exactness, for the dignity and strength of its style, and the skilful way in which the author makes his full account of the affairs of Venice flow on with the general stream of Italian history.

The Siege of Nicosia.

The Turkish Fleet was discredyred to be about Baffo, upon the western Cape of the Island, on the first day of July, which falling lower towards the South, scoured the River which is between Limisso and the Promontory, which is called by many Capo de’ Gatti, taking many prisoners, and sacking and pillaging several country houses. But making no long stay there they steered the same course, and came the next day to Saline, a place which lies upon the same shore, somewhat more towards the East; where not meeting with any to withstand them they landed their artillery, and their souldiers, and secured their quarters by strong Rampiers, from whence they issued out to plunder the neighbouring parts, endeavouring to inform themselves by the prisoners of the affairs of the island, and advancing as far as Leucata, a town nine leagues from Saline, they easily reduced those country people to their obedience, to whom Mustafa Pasha gave many gifts, and promised them much more, thereby to invite others to submit to his devotion, especially the mountainers, whom he could not so soon reduce by force. This mean while the Turks sent forth 80 gallies, and many bottoms of burthen, some to Tripoli, some to the rivers of Caramania, to raise more souldiers and horse: so as their whole forces being soon after brought together, there were found (as most men affirm) in the Turkish army 50000 Foot, 3000 Pioniers, 2500 Horse for war, besides as many or more for burthen, 30 pieces of artillery, some bearing bullets of 50 l. weight, some of 100 l., and 50 Faulconets. But there were not garrisons in the island of Cyprus sufficient to resist such forces; for there were not above 2000 Italian Foot in the usuall garrisons, nor were there any more sent afterwards, save 3000 of the common people di Terra Ferma, and the 2000 of Martinengo’s men, which by suffering at sea were reduced to a much lesser number. So as the greatest hope in defending the cities lay in the new Militia, which was mustered of the islanders themselves, from whom, as was affirmed by many Captains and Governours, excellent

service might upon all occasions be expected. Nor were there any Horse in the Kingdom for action, save 500 *Stradiotti* which were still kept in pay, nor was it easie to get more, for though many of the nobles who enjoyed several things from the *Camera Reale*, some through antient, some through new privileges, were bound to find by those their Fee-farms three or four horses a piece for the Prince's service, and that these amounted to about 700 horses, yet were there not many more than 100 of them that were serviceable at this time. Nay, the breed of horses was very much decayed throughout the whole island, by reason of the greater conveniency which the inhabitants found in riding upon mules, whereof this country produceth great abundance, and those very large. Things were therefore in a very bad posture, since there wanted sufficient forces to withstand so powerful an enemy who were masters of the field: nor could they long maintain two Forts, whereof Nicossia being one, by reason of the largeness thereof required a great many souldiers to defend it; and the other which was Famagosta, though it was lesser was so weak and imperfect as it likewise required many men, and those valiant ones too, to make good the defects of the Fort. And though these forces were but small yet were they of lesser use for want of experienced commanders: for there was not anyone in the whole island of quality or condition save Astore Baglione, who was general of that Militia, Martinengo being dead at sea as hath been said. Nor was there any Commissary General of the island, nor any Venetian magistrate, as is usually had in all places in times of danger; for Lorenzo Bembo, who held that place, was dead but a little before, in whose place though the Senate soon chose Sebastian Veniero, Commissary of Corfu, yet could he not come so soon to Cyprus to execute his office. The chief commands of war were therefore conferred upon divers Cyprian gentlemen, who were of great wealth and nobility, and very well affected towards the commonwealth, but of very little or no experience at all in the Militia, and therefore the less fit for such employment. Count Rocas was made Baglione's Lieutenant, who after Bembo's death held supream authority in all things belonging to the Militia. Giacomo di Nores, Count of Tripoli, was master of the artillery; Giovanni Singlitico, Captain of all the horse of the kingdom, Giovanni Sosomeno, Captain of the Pioniers, Scipione Caraffa and Pietro Paolo Singlitico, Captains of the country people, who were to be placed in strong situations upon the mountains; and so other offices and employments were disposed of to others. And the received opinion being that the Turks would first assault Famagosta, Baglione would go to the custody thereof himself, that he might use his endeavours where there should be most need. Things being thus ordered, after many consultations it was concluded, that the first thing they would do should be by all possible means to hinder the enemy from landing; or at least to infest them, keeping along the shore whither they should seem to come, so as they should be enforced to separate and change their station, by that means prolonging the business since they could not tarry long upon those downs without danger, where there was no harbour for their fleet: according to which advice as soon as they heard news of the enemy's approach, Count Rocas parted from Nicossia with three hundred horse, which was all that in so great haste could be got together, and with one hundred dragoons, commanded by Antonio dal Beretino and Lazzaro Cocopani, and marched towards the place which was designed for mustering all the Horse, which was a fitting place for that purpose, not far from the shores of the Saline where it was thought the enemy's fleet would land their men, because there was the best anchoring, and for that it was nearest the two chieftest cities, Nicossia and Famagosta. Baglione went also from Famagosta with 300 dragoons and 150 *stradiotti*. Pietro Roncadi, who was Governor of the Albanese Militia, going at the same time from Baffo, with the rest of the cavalry; which being all met they resolved not to advance any further, nor to attempt anything, but

to return all from whence they came; were it either, for that they considered their forces better, or for the nearness of the danger, being much troubled at the suddain news, that above 300 sail (for so it was reported) were already upon the shore; or for that they thought it was too late, and would be to no purpose to do what they formerly had resolved, the enemy being already arrived, and having begun to land their men. So all things were left free and safe to the Turks, to their no little wonder; for they began at first to suspect that this easy entrance into the enemy's country did not proceed from any weakness, negligence or cowardice of the defendants, but that it might be done out of some design, or military stratagem, to draw them unawares into some snare. They therefore knew not at first what to do, and proceeded with much caution; but having over run many parts and done much prejudice, not meeting with any resistance, they grew more bold; they did not only advance with their whole camp, but roved up and down everywhere whithersoever their desire of pillage or any other thing drew them, without any order or colours.

But the Commanders, that they might lose no more time in vain, began to think upon drawing near one of the two chiefest Forts of the Kingdom. Piali was for expugning Famagosta first, hoping to get it within a few days, which being lost, he said, that Nicossia must likewise necessarily fall soon into their hands; for that being full of unnecessary people, far from the seashore, in midst of a Campagna, beset by so many enemies, it would not be able to be relieved, without which it could not long hold out. That Famagosta was a little and a weak Fort, and so defective as it would not be able to withstand the first battery; nor were the defendants so many, or so valiant, as that they durst expect the assault of so brave an army, whose reputation would be so much encreased by that victory, as all things would become easy which might as yet peradventure be thought difficult. Nay, this sole example infusing terrour into all the inhabitants would be sufficient to put them soon and with little trouble, in possession of the whole kingdom. But Mustafa affirmed on the contrary that the reputation of so great forces ought not to be lessened by falling upon petty enterprises, whereby to encourage the enemy and to dishearten their own men. That Famagosta was possessed by the Genueses for the space of 90 years, and yet the Lusignan Kings were masters of the Island at the same time. So as it might be conceived, the taking of that city would not make much towards the getting of the whole kingdom; whereas the whole nobility were withdrawn into Nicosia, and most of the people, wealth and ammunition of the island, so as one labour might do the whole business. That the alterations which are often seen to fall out in a short time when great actions are in hand, are not to be foreseen: nor was it certain that Famagosta would be so soon taken, but that they should rather be necessitated to imploy those forces elsewhere, according as the Christian Fleet should divert them: so as if they should depart from the island, and leave the enemy masters of almost all the whole kingdom, they should get but little good by such an enterprise. He further added, that the air about Famagosta was very bad, the town being seated low amongst marish grounds, and that therefore it would be unsupportable to those that were not long accustomed thereunto; that therefore they were not to carry their soldiers where they were likely to perish of sickness, but where they might give proof of their valour: that to die without praise or merit was common; that no worthy valiant man could fear the greatest dangers of war, or of the enemy's forces, when they were accompanied with the hopes of glory. Moreover, that they had learnt by such prisoners as they had taken, that the men of chiefest authority, and best experienced souldiers, were withdrawn into Famagosta, wherein the true defence of cities lay; not in walls nor bulworks, when every man's valour is to be tryed in assaults; the skill and worth of his souldiers being much better, as was known by experience, in taking

in of strongholds, than was the art or industry of Christians in erecting or in defending them. That their great train of artillery, the infinite number of their Pioners, and their experience in such things, would facilitate their throwing down the walls of Nicossia, and the bringing of their valiant souldiers to an assault; wherein being to meet with but little resistance, by reason of the paucity and pusillanimity of the defendants; it was not to be doubted but that the victory would fall into their hands, with as much, nay peradventure with more easiness than they could hope for of Famagosta, but certainly with much greater rewards, and more worth their labour and hazard.

For these reasons, and out of the respect born to Mustafa's authority they resolved to attempt Nicossia first, towards which the whole Camp moved the 22 of July, having sent five hundred Horse towards Famagosta, to hinder commerce between those two cities. All this while the Cavalry lay idle in Nicossia, leaving the whole country open and free to be pillaged by the enemy, though Cavalier Roncadi, and some other Gentlemen of the City, did often earnestly desire that they might go out, and shew themselves to the enemy, to keep them from growing the bolder, by reason of these the Nicossians' too timorous, and peradventure too cowardly counsells. But those who had the Government of affairs, not thinking it fit to hazard those men who were intended for the defence of the City, would by no means be brought to give way thereunto. Yet being more moved by the offences of their own men than by those of the enemy, when they heard of the rebellion of Lefcara's family, which had not onely suddenly come in to Mustafa, but committing other outrages to the prejudice of those of the City, had sent some of their men to persuade other Citizens, who had retired themselves to certain narrow passages amidst the mountains, and were free from being injured by the Turks, that following their example, they should discend into the plains, and submit willingly unto the Turks, it was resolved one night to send out 100 Horse and 400 Foot to fire that hamlet, whereof almost all the inhabitants, to the number of above 400 were put to the sword. Thus their treachery was severely punisht, and by the terror thereof, the desire of novelty was curb'd in many of the inhabitants, by reason of the slavery wherein they were, for the aforesaid causes, so as it was clearly seen, that hoping by change of government to change their fortune, they were not onely not likely to oppose the enemy, but rather to afford them all conveniency; which inclination of theirs Mustafa sought by all possible means to nourish, making many presents, and greater promises to such as should come in unto him. But the Turks pursuing their way without any obstacle, drew near the walls of Nicossia, and as soon as the Army was discovered by those that were within the town, they were all possest with infinite fear. Nicolo Dandolo was then Governor of that City, being made Lieutenant thereof by the Common-wealth, a man of weak judgement to manage so weighty a businesse, but who had that preferment put upon him, out of an opinion conceived, that though he was not very quick witted, yet he was good at action, by reason of the experience which he was believed to have gotten in severall employments at sea. He having either lost his understanding through the extraordinary apprehension of danger, or not knowing through his want of reason and understanding, how to provide against so great an exigency, increased the difficulties and danger: for when the enemies' fleet was arrived, he had not got the ditches to be fully emptied, nor ordered the Militia, nor those of the country, nor provided for sufficient victualls for the City. To amend which disorders he was forced to commit greater; a publick Edict was made, that it should be lawfull for every one to take corn wheresoever they could finde it, which being brought into the City, should be understood to be their own, which being too late a remedy, could not work the effect which was expected; a good part thereof being left abroad in the country houses, with a double

inconvenience to the country-men, by reason of the advantage the enemy made thereof. Moreover, having with very little regard to the eminency of the danger dismiss the meaner sort, he in great haste, and confusion, sent for them back, before they were got to their own homes, and did at the same time list new souldiers in the country, as the occasion and necessity did best dictate; whilst our men opprest thus by many mischiefs, spent their time in ordering their affairs, and in advising how they might hinder or disturb the enemies' proceedings; all resolutions being the longer in taking, for want of any Chieftaine, who might decide the diversity of opinions: the Turks had leasure and opportunity given them, to set up their Pavillions, plant their Artillery, and fortifie their Quarters, not meeting with any disturbance, save by shot from the town. For though the *Stradiotti* did often sally out with some companies of Harchebugiers to skirmish, yet not daring by reason of their small numbers, to go further from the walls than they were sheltred by shot from the town, nor the enemy approaching so near, as that they might be thereby prejudiced, nothing of moment insued. And Andrea Cortese, Captain of the *Stradiotti*, a bold and adventurous man, being one day advanc'd a good way before his own men, he was inviron'd by a great many of the enemy, and after having valiantly defended himself for a long while, was slain. The Turkish Army incampt themselves from Santa Marina to Aglangia, possessing the whole space of ground which was opposite to four Bulworks: and on the other side of the Fort, whither the Campe reached not, each Bashaw sent out 100 Horse, and as many Foot, so as the City being inviron'd on all sides, could neither receive in, nor send out any men.

Nicossia stands in the midst of the Island, almost equally distant from the Northern and Southern shore, and from the two utmost parts of the Island, Baffo, and Carpasso: It abounds in fresh water, is of an indifferent wholesome air, being breath'd on by the pleasant South-west wind, which inlivens and refresheth the inhabitants when they are wearied, and swelter'd with the immoderate heat of that climate, wherefore it was more inhabited than any other City of the Kingdom; and this was the cause why the Island being to be secured by a Fort, the Cyprians, not valuing any other situation, concur'd all of them readily and liberally in contributing towards this, so as this City was reduced into a Fort Royall, by the means of Francesco Barbaro, Commissary of the Island, and of Julio Savorgnano, the Governor, to whom the Senate had committed the particular care thereof. The Fort was of a circular form, with eleven bulwarks whose front was 75 paces, and their shoulders thirty; so as each of them was capable of 2000 foot, and of four pieces of Cannon, and they were so built, as there being out-lets on every side, the souldiers might go shelter'd on all sides to the counterscarpe; but they were chiefly secured to the platforms, which were above 30 paces broad, so as it was held by such as were possessors of military discipline one of the fairest and best fortifications that was in the world, for as much as could be contributed by art. But as there was plenty of these things, so was there scarcity of defendants; for when Astore Baglione went from thence, Colonell Roncone remained there, with charge of the Communalty of the Island, and of all the Italian Militia, and some other captains, who though they had some experience in war, and were ambitious of honour; yet having but small authority, their advice profited but a little: for they were either not listened to, through the indiscretion of such as stood at the helm of government; or else accepted of with much dispute and difficulty, and therefore but slowly, and badly executed. It was therefore resolved, to send to Famagosta, to desire Baglione, that he himself would come to Nicossia, and bring some souldiers along with him: but the Magistrates of that City thinking that they had not men enough to defend it, and not being certain but that the enemy might alter their minds, so as they might have occasion to use them themselves; they positively refused

to part either with their men, or with their Captain; and Baglione making use of their authority, desired to be excused for that time: adding that Martinengo's souldiers, having lost their Commander, said absolutely that they would render obedience to none but to him; so as his coming away might cause some great disorder in that City. There were then in Nicossia 10000 foot for her defence, whereof 1500 were Italians, and all the rest inhabitants of the Island, to wit, 3000 of the common sort, 2500 of the City, 2000 newly lifted into the Militia, taken out of the country houses, and paid partly out of the Exchequer, partly out of private mens purses, and 1000 Nicossian gentlemen: these were almost all new men unexperienced, and not over-well armed, in so much as many wanting Pikes and Muskets were forced to use Bills and Halberts. But the City was very well provided of artillery, nor were there wanting such as knew how to manage them; they had likewise great store of Pioners, to make use of upon any occasion: for, to boot with 4000 listed under Jovan Sosomeno, they had taken in above 4000 more fit for such imployments. Yet amidst so many men, and so much ground, the commanders not agreeing in the manner how to order their inworks, this so necessary provision was left imperfect. By these disorders these forces were weakened, which were certainly too few to resist so puissant an army of the enemies; wherein, on the contrary, great observancy, and reverence was given to the commanders, and all military actions, being severely ordered, were with strange readinesse observed. Mustafa's authority, who was a bold and warlike personage, as also his reputation by the fame which he had won by fighting in Selino's army before he was emperour, against his brother Ahmed; the unhop'd for victory which was then gotten being attributed to his forward valour. The souldiers, who were accustomed to the duties of war, to labour and hardships, grew much more hardy, by the opinion they had of their captain's worth and by the hopes of great reward which was promised them upon getting the victory. There were, as hath been said, a great number of men in the army, the chiefe foundation whereof consisted in 6000 Janisaries, and 4000 *Spacchi*, (these are souldiers who are kept in continuall pay, to serve on horse-back, and upon occasion, do serve with others on foot) valiant men, and brought up in war. Therefore the more humane foresight had been wanting to provide against such forces, the more did they apply themselves to beg assistance from God. Solemn processions were daily made throughout the City, which were done the more frequently, and with the more devotion, by the example and exhortation of Francisco Contarini, Bishop of Baffo, in whom episcopall dignity became more honourable and reverend by the ancient nobility, and by the riches of his family, and by his own goodness and worth. He being the prime ecclesiastick person, (for Philippo Mocenico, Arch-bishop of Nicossia, was then at Venice) was not wanting in performing such duties to those people which they could have expected from their own pastour. The chief of the City being one day assembled in the church of Santa Sophia, where were also many men of all conditions, he spoke thus unto them.

"If I shall look upon the greatnesse of the present dangers, I cannot but much apprehend the common safety; and as doubting the issue, and with a submisse mind, yield to adverse fortune. And if on the other side, I think upon your worth, magnanimity, fortitude, and constancy, I finde a certain warmth arise within me, which encourageth me to hope for better things. But if I raise myself from these more lowly cogitations, to the consideration of divine providence and goodnesse, my first fear is not onely allayed, but is changed into an assured hope: For when I observe the truth better, I know that hard and difficult things become easye, to such as are valiant; and even impossibilities to faithfull Christians, are made facile. Therefore if you be not wanting in your antient and known worth, and if you continue constant and stedfast in that faith, which, together with your

"own safeties, you have undertaken to defend, I am assured, you will find these troubles at
 "the last, not ordained for your ruine, but for your praise and eternal glory. We know by
 "infinite examples of all ages, how many sieges have been withstood and rendred vain, by
 "a few, though the besiegers were very numerous. Constant worth, and a noble resolution
 "of undaunted mind being sufficient to stave off great dangers. But as for such, whom God
 "hath taken into His particular custody, no powers of man hath been able to prejudice them;
 "nay, nature's self, the very Heavens and Elements have been subservient to them. The
 "waters stood still, and made a safe passage to the Jewes, through the midst of the sea; the
 "most scorched grounds afforded them fountains of clear water, to refresh them withall, and
 "the Heavens gave them Manna, a miraculous food, to nourish them. We are to hope for
 "these, or the like assistances, from the hand of God, for SELINO OTTAMAN is a no lesse
 "wicked and cruell persecutor of the faithfull, than was that antient PHARAOH. Nor are we
 "Christians, who are bought with the blood of His Son, lesse dear to God, or lesse beloved by
 "Him, than any others have formerly been, of which future miracle we have an evident late
 "example, which may perswade us to believe we may share of. Do you know in what
 "condition the Island of Malta was, this time five years? begirt by so long and so sore
 "a siege, oppugned by so many souldiers, defended by so few, void of all hopes of help, and
 "in all sorts of wants and necessities. Yet the defendants, no whit lessening their valour nor
 "loyalty, for whatsoever adverse fortune, the Barbarians power was rendred vain and uselesse,
 "and they were laught at, for their over-daring attempt. And that the power of divine
 "providence might the more appear, the Fort, when reduced to the last extremity, was freed
 "from the siege by the enemy, before it was relieved by friends. You are to imitate those
 "stout and valiant men, by exposing your selves willingly to all the labours and dangers of
 "war, nay you must exceed them: for those knights, being forrainers, of severall nations,
 "fought for religion, and glory; you do not onely defend these, but also your wives, children,
 "and estates; so as all things, both human and divine, invite you to shew invincible valour;
 "and that the more readily and boldly, as that you being free men, and generous, are to
 "fight against slaves, base and unarmed people, wont to overcome more by their numbers,
 "than their valour. Which advantage they at the present want, this City being defended
 "by strong walls, and by so many great guns, as this alone will be sufficient to repulse the
 "enemy, who if they shall dare to assault us, you are sure of the victory, if you can but
 "withstand their first brunt. For it cannot be long ere the succour come, which you have
 "heard our common wealth is sending us, with a powerfull Fleet, which will never refuse to
 "expose all her forces readily, for the preservation of this kingdom, which she esteems, as
 "a noble member of her state, and loves so well. These humane provisions being of them-
 "selves sufficient to deliver us, will, through your prayers, faith, and firm resolution to forego
 "your sins, make you invincible; when your sins being punished more by fear then pain,
 "you shall have time and reason, to honour and praise the All-glorious God, Who shewing
 "you only the face of His anger, in the fury of this barbarous OTTAMAN, will have provided
 "for your souls health, and for your atchieving of heavenly blessings, together with the
 "preservation of your lives, country, and estates; to the end that you may use all these
 "hereafter, to His glory, Who is the true and liberall Lord, and the free giver of all grace."

The whole auditory seemed much affected by these words, so as they cheerfully comforted
 one another; and preparing courageously to defend themselves, they betook themselves
 solicitously to all military actions, to secure their parapets, to bestow their companies in
 places of greatest danger, and to guard their bulworks carefully. The danger encreased
 daily, as the enemy drew nearer; for the Turks wanting neither for diligence nor industry,

were come with their trenches very near the ditch, and by frequent musquet shot, playing upon those that were upon the walls, kept them from appearing upon the parapets. Moreover, they planted diverse great pieces towards the City, on St. Marina's side, whereby they did much prejudice to the houses, not without great fear unto the people. But that which gave the commanders justest cause of fear, was, their stupendious earth works, which being made with great art and expedition, severall forts were seen within a few daies, to be raised to such a height, as the enemies standing upon them, might fight securely, and upon great advantage; and make use, not onely of their artillery against our men, but of their arrows, and artificiall fire-works, which being thrown over the walls, and fastning upon wool-sacks, whereof the traverses were made, destroyed those works, depriving those within of those defences. The difficulty grew the greater to the defendants, for that being but a few, they could hardly supply the duties, which the defence of so many places required; so as they were forced to keep from sending people abroad to molest the enemy, lest they might add to their own difficulties. Their chief hope lay in their artillery, which being well managed, did disturb the enemies works; Antonio dal Beretino, a witty man, and a well experienced canonier, did much good thereby to those of the town. But the City soon lost him, and many others, who were well verst in that affair; for being shot by the enemies, whereunto they were continually exposed, most of them were slain. So as the Turks brought on their trenches so far, as they came to the counterscarfe, wherein making some breaches, they at last entred the ditch; and having thereby made rampiers of earth, whereby to defend themselves from the enemies shot, they began to undermine the bulworks with their mat-hooks, so as they soon made stairs, whereby they might the more easily mount the bulworks; and climbing up thereby, they began to make some little assaults upon the bulworks, Costanzo and Podocataro, (which were so called, from the families of such gentlemen, as had had a particular care in building the Fort) to see, how they that were within would behave themselves. And so it fell out, as those who were upon the defence of Costanzo, being surprised at unawares, suffered themselves to be so charged, as many of the Turks advancing very boldly, got beyond the parapets, but Paolo dal Guasto and Andrea da Spelle, falling upon them with their companies, the enemies were repulst, much to their prejudice; but not without the losse of many of our men, particularly of Andrea who fighting valiantly amongst the foremost, was slain. This unexpected assault did so terrifie the defendants, as many thought, that if the Turks had seconded the first assailants with greater forces, the City would have been lost. But the eschewing of this danger gave them no better hopes, for they could find no way to disturb the Turks works, who labouring continually in the making of, as it were, severall cawseys of earth, twenty five foot broad, which reached from their trenches to the breaches, which (as hath been said) was made in the counterscarf; and sheltring those waies on the sides, with faggots, and baskets fill'd with earth, they prepared for greater, and more secure assaults; which if they were not timely opposed, there was no way of safety left. So as though it was a hard and dubious thing, to expose the best of their few good souldiers to so great danger; yet no better exigency appearing, they resolved upon that course at last, which had been severall times before refused. Cesare Piovene, an Italian, Count Rocas his Lieutenant, sallied therefore out of the town, with part of the Italian foot, and with the horse, intending to fight the enemies trenches, and their forts, to clog their artillery, and to destroy, or at least to do what mischief he could to their works, which resolution was very welcome to the souldiers, who were impatient to see themselves daily wasted, and the utmost of dangers to draw nigh, without making any triall of themselves, or taking revenge upon the enemy. But this generous action, being perhaps too lately attempted, was then too

precipitously pursued, wrought not the good effect which was hoped for nor which the happy beginning promised; wherein Piovine boldly advancing, took two of the enemies forts, and slew almost all that were within them; who being sweltred with the extreame heat, (for it was at full noon when our men assaulted them) and being free from any apprehension, had laid aside their arms and were fallen asleep. But Piovene's souldiers, according to the abusive custom of our militia, gave over pursuing the victory, and fell to pillage; which disorder became afterwards the greater, because the Grecians and Albaneses having too early advanced with their horse, to assault the enemies trenches; were it either, for that vying with the Italians for valour, they would be the first that should appear in that action; or that they were not well pleased to be commanded by Piovene; they, by this their unseasonable haste, made those of the camp too soon acquainted with their coming, so as many Turks hasting thither, they easily made our men run, who were divided, and busied about plunder. But Piovene together with Count Alberto and Jovan Battista da Fano tarrying with some few of their men, to defend the fort which they had taken after a long and stout withstanding, the enemies coming still in, in great numbers, were cut in pieces. These valiant men were encouraged to make this defence out of hopes of being soon assisted by those from within, the usuall signe of succour being already given between them. But because the Turks, who upon the notice of our mens coming out, were assembled together in great numbers, and making use of this occasion, prepared to assault the bulwork Costanzo, as they did afterwards; Count Tripoli, who had the keeping thereof, was forc'd to stay Captain Gregorio Panteo, who was appointed to go forth with the relief, that he might make use of him, and of his men, against the enemies unexpected assault; who not being able, after a long dispute, to mount the parapets, were forced to retreat. Thus the Turks continued many daies to annoy those within, by severall waies, and to attempt the taking of the City, though but with triviall assaults. Wherefore by reason of the paucity of the defendants, our forces were much lessened, which could not well discharge all the duties which were to be done, both by day and night, in severall parts of the City. The parapets of the bulworks were already very much weakened, and in some places wholly cast down, by the enemies continuall shot; so as great diligence was used to fill up those parapets with earth, and to finish the in works, where they were imperfect, and to erect some cavalliers for more security upon the bulworks. But these works proceeded on but slowly; for the Pioners, wearied with watching, and other hardships, grew not able to perform their work; and because the enemies artillery which were levelled by day, shot also by night, and did much harm. Yet the souldiers, especially the Italians, and the gentry of the City, continued stedfast in their resolution to defend themselves to the very last, being a little comforted with hopes that the Venetian fleet would soon come, and raise the siege. No answer was therefore given to divers letters, which were conveyed by the Turks into the City, by arrowes, wherein the Bashaw Mustafa writing, sometimes to the governours, sometimes to certain of the chief nobility of the City, and sometimes to the people in generall, exhorted them to yield, promising, in case they would do so, to use great liberality and humanity towards them; and denouncing severe punishment, if they should doe otherwise. But finding that they could not learn any thing of the people's, nor of the governour's intention by this means; they made signs of parley to those of the bulwork of Constanzo; and having free liberty given them to do so, they in the name of the Bashaw Mustafa, said, "That he wondered very much that he had received no answer "to any of his letters, as if his forces were despised, which were notwithstanding such, as he "might have ended the war much sooner by them, had he not had regard to their safeties, "which they themselves seemed to slight so much. That therefore he had thought good to

"admonish them, that duly weighing the state of their affairs, which was now reduced to the utmost of danger, by the death of so many defendants, and for that there was no hope of relief left them; for he had had certain intelligence, that the Venetian fleet being oppressed with much sickness, and other difficulties, could not stir out of their havens: it might suddenly so fall out, that they might in vain intreat those fair conditions which they now refused; for he could no longer moderate the souldiers rage, who had made frequent demands, that they might be permitted to plunder the City, in reward of the labours and dangers which they had undergone. So as if they should delay surrendering the town, the ruine thereof would be attributed rather to their foolish obstinacy, than to the cruelty of the enemy." Having quickly resolved to give an answer to these words, for the truce was to last but for two hours, they put an end to the parley, telling them onely, "That the souldiers and citizens were firmly resolved to defend the City with all their might, to the very last minute, and to keep loyall to their prince; so that whatsoever the event should be, nothing could be more desired of them, but better fortune, which they hoped they should not fail of, since they would not be failing to themselves, to their honour, nor to their religion, which, together with their safety, they had undertaken to defend."

Thus having placed all their hopes in their arms, the governours thought good to feed the souldiers and people with hopes of succour, which did chiefly increase in them their resolution, and courage to defend themselves. Wherefore they made it be divulged by a renegado who was fled from the enemies camp to the City; that he had brought letters from Famagosta, which brought certain news of the arrival of the Christian fleet; which that it might be the more credibly believed, the captains which were upon the mountains with the Islanders, were ordered to give the sign of ten fires, which every one knew was to give notice to the City, that the Christian navy was arrived. This wrought such impression in some, as imagining that to be true which they did so much desire, they affirmed they saw the Turks begin to remove their artillery, and their pavillions. But the enemy who feared nothing lesse, continued their batteries, whereof nothing of remarkable issued for some days, save onely that Jacobo di Nores, Count of Tripoli, one of the chief Barons of the kingdom, who had won the name of being vigilant and valiant, was slain in an assault which was given to the bulwork Costanzo, and his brother Francisco Maria was in his place made governour of that bulwork.

Thus did the Turks waste those within by little and little, with frequent skirmishes: but they durst not enter upon the bulworks, for fear of mines; whereof they were the more cautious, by reason of the loss which they received at the expugning of Zighet. Moreover, Mustafa thought he had too few men to make a great effort; for the Janisaries were not very forward to be the first that should fall on; wherefore he spun out the time, till such time as having more certain news of the enemies fleet, he might, (as he did afterwards) safely increase his army by those that remained in the gallies: who as soon as they were come to the camp, all fear of the fleet being over and the cawseys being now perfected, and rendred secure, which led from the trenches to the four bulworks of Podacataro, Constanzo, Davila, and Tripoli; he began to place all the commanders and souldiers in their proper employments, and gave an orderly assault at one and the same time with his whole forces to all the four bulworks, which the besieged interpreted to be done by the enemy as their last essay, with intention of departing suddenly, if they should not succeed therein. So great an impression had the news of the arrival of the Venetian fleet made in them, which being held by all to be true, they encouraged one another; affirming confidently that the victory, the end of their labours, and their safety from all danger lay in withstanding the fury of that assault.

Wherefore worthily outdoing themselves and the opinion which was held of their forces; they repuls'd the Turks that day every where, and slew very many of them. Whereat Mustafa being much incens'd and beginning almost to despair of getting the City, as he thought he might easily have done, he ceased not continually to sollicite the souldiers, that they would once more be brought to give another assault; sometimes reproaching them of cowardise, sometimes promising largely to reward their valour. "And what is it, said he, that can infuse courage into you, if that now that you do so far exceed the enemy, both for number and military discipline, who are but a few, and those fresh souldiers, and unexperienced in arms, you cannot so much as abide their looks, whom you have suffered to baffle you so ignominiously, being stricken rather with a panick fear, then with any danger? If the hopes of prey provided for you, by the plunder of so opulent a City, if the desire of glory, in having by your valour won so noble a kingdom to the OTTAMAN Empire, be not able to excite in you that fortitude and generosity which is alwaies wont to accompany those who fight under the prosperous ensigns of the OTTAMAN Empire; you must never think hereafter of any military action: for no commander will dare to confide the honour of the Grand, and alwaies invincible Signor, under his guidance, that grand Signor, whose perpetuall felicity, ordain'd to him by heaven, you seem not to know, by believing that any nation is able long to resist his forces. Be sure, unlesse you will resist your selves, the enemy must soon yield unto your Prowess, and to your Prince's fortune, who having a just regard to gallant actions, doth largely impart rewards unto his souldiers, so as there is no degree of honour, to which each of you may not by his own worth be brought; to whom alone all the wealth and honour of the OTTAMAN Empire is reserved; which are disposed of in other dominions more according to favour, oft-times purchast without any merit, or according to the vain name of nobility, than by true and peculiar worth: whereas there is not any one of you, who may not hope for the highest honours of the militia, to which the way lies open, and whereunto you are particularly by this occasion invited." Which words the Bashaw being willing to confirm by more expresse promises, he made it to be proclaimed throughout the whole army, that the first three who should mount the walls of the City, should be made Sanjaqs; and in case any Bashaw should dye, he who should first enter the City should succeed to that dignitie. The souldiers being thus encouraged, order was given for an assault the next morning, wherein the Turks, before sunrising, approached quietly to those very bulworks which they had before attempted, hoping the more unexpectedly they should fall upon the enemy, the more easily they should get the victory; and so it fell out. For finding those who were upon the guard of the bulwork Costanzo, fast asleep, they overcame the greatest difficulties without any dispute, and getting upon the parapets, did not afford them time to defend themselves; nay being amazed between sleep and fear, they could not get, time enough, into their inward works. The opinion of the coming of the expected succour had wrought so much with our men, as they thought the noise which was made the preceding night by the Turks, standing to their arms, was an assured token of the raising of the siege; so as in that respect, and because they were almost quite spent with watching and labour, they had the more securely betaken themselves to their rest. The Turks entring promiscuously in this confusion with our men into the inner-most works, it caused such noise and terrour, as many began to run away. Count Rocas was lodged a little way distant from the bulwork, who learning what had happened, more by the noise and tumult, than by any certain information, put on his arms wherein he spent some time; and coming to the place of conflict, found all things in such disorder, as, though he kept his own men from running, yet could he not bring safety to what was already almost in despair, for

being shot by a musket in the head, all the rest, who through hopes in him, had with much difficulty, and upon great disadvantage, disputed the businesse as yet, quitted the defence of the walls and ranne every one to their own houses, hoping to provide for their wives safety. So as though Pietro Pisani, a counsellor, and Bernardino Polani came quickly thither, they in vain used their authority and example to stay the people, who were already in disorder and much confusion; amongst which, whilst Polani mixt himselfe, and did by force slay some of them, he together with them was cut in pieces. But Pisani retreated with the rest to the Piazza, whither people came from all parts to save themselves, and were not as yet pursued by the Turks; for minding onely the making of themselves masters of the walls, after they had driven the first from the bulwork Constanzo, they went presently to the other bulworks, where the enemy were valiantly fought with, but especially by the Italian foot. But in fine finding their inworks lost and that they were at the same time fought with, both before and behind, not being able to make any longer resistance, they quitted the walls, and betook themselves all to make good the Piazza, which they did for a while against the assailants, till the Bashaw of Aleppo came in, who entring the town by the bulwork Tripoli, hasted first about the walls, killing many that were tarried behind; though throwing down their arms, they in vain indeavoured pardon. And having routed some armed companies upon the bulwork Barbaro, who had been got together by Jovanni Faliero a noble Venetian, and one that being but a private merchant in the City, had upon severall occasions given good testimony of his valour; and meeting with nothing to withstand him any where else, he came to the Piazza, where finding so many in arms, as they made stout resistance: he presently made three pieces of artillery be brought from off the walls, wherewith he disordered, and sorely indammaged those squadrons which defended the Piazza, and forced them to forsake it, many of them withdrawing themselves into the courts of the palace, whither the lieutenant, the bishop Contarini, and divers others of the chiefe of the City, were first come. And those that could not get in, being scattered up and down, and not having any defence, were either slain, or taken prisoners: but soon after, he made sign of parley to those that were within the court, and sent to the lieutenant a certain Cyprian fryer, to treat with him, who having yielded a little before, was received upon his parole. This man having in the Bashaw's name promis'd life unto them all, was immediately sent back with Tutio Costanza, who in the lieutenant's name said they would surrender. By whose order they having all forthwith laid down their arms, it fell miserably out, that at the opening of the gates the Turks, who were thronging round about, entred violently into the court, and cruelly put all those unarmed people to the sword: wherein the lieutenant, the bishop, and all the other eminent personages, ranne the same fortune as did the souldiers, and the meanest men. After which, the Turks ran without any order or discipline all over the City, plundering the houses, destroying the churches, dishonouring matrons, violating virgins, and putting all to the sword, without any distinction either of sex, age, or condition. So as the Turks slew that day above 20,000 persons; and those whose lives were spared by the cruell enemy, rather for their greater punishment, than out of any charity, were tyed in chains, drag'd over the dead carkasses of their parents and friends, and carried away prisoners. Thus that City, which for many years had lived in great pomp and splendour, and in great abundance of all things, did in one day undergo all the extreame of calamity; affording by this so horrible spectacle a new example of variety of humane affairs. This sacking hapened on the ninth of September, the fourteenth day after the Turkish army was incamp'd before the City. The booty which was exported by the enemy and sent to Constantinople, to be presented to the grand Signor, and to the Bashaws, was very great and rich; yet did they not go away

wholly triumphant, for a ship which was loaded with many of the most precious things, and with the better sort of prisoners, was not got far from the island, when the ammunition falling on fire, it utterly perished, and all that was within it.

The Siege of Famagusta.

The city of Nicossia being taken and sacked, Mustafa, leaving four thousand foot-soldiers for its defence, sent the army towards Famagosta; for after the fall of Nicosia the Turks easily and with no further resistance made themselves masters of the whole of the rest of the island, because the other places which were weak and without men to defend them followed the fortunes of the conquerors, and surrendered at once. Cerines made no more delay or difficulty than the rest, although the Commandant, Giovan-Maria Mudazzo, and Captain Alfonso Palazzo had just before, following the advice and prayers of the garrison of Famagosta, declared their intention of holding out as long as they could. The mountain-folk did the same. There came at once to find Mustafa and to swear obedience to him Scipione Caraffa, Paolo Singlitico and other nobles, accompanied by many Greek priests and a great troop of peasants, so that throughout the kingdom all that remained faithful to the Signory of Venice was the one city of Famagosta.

Mustafa led his army thitherwards, and pitched his camp in the village of Pomodamo, three miles from the city, and every day caused many Turks to ride to and fro in sight of those within, carrying on lances the heads of divers notable persons killed in Nicosia, to terrify the soldiers, and to shake their determination to await an attack and to stand a siege. Next he moved up a little towards the city, making trenches with baskets full of sand, because the earth there was little fit for the work. But the garrison made vigorous sallies to skirmish with the enemy, and harassed them to that extent that twice they drove them from their trenches. Moreover with the guns of the fortress they destroyed three forts which the Turks had raised with great speed in suitable positions, to wit, at S. George, at Precipole and at the Torre dell' Oca. As it turned out, no small hurt was caused thereby to the besieged, because in a very few days their ammunition was greatly diminished, no less than 50,000 lbs. of powder being consumed. But winter was coming on which would hinder the siege, already seen to be a long and difficult matter, and part of the host was to be employed to man the galleys, on account of the news received of the junction of the Christian fleets, so Mustafa, who was little anxious to try another fall with Fortune, in which he might impair the glory won at Nicossia, kept treating in various ways with the inhabitants to persuade them to come to some agreement. Thus he allowed Giovanni Sosomeno, who had been taken prisoner at Nicossia, to enter the city, under pretence of collecting money for his ransom, and to urge them much to surrender. He was to say to the Governors and Captains that as they did not wish of themselves to decide on giving up the city to him, they ought, while the thing was still practicable, to write to the Signory of Venice, to show them how matters stood, how difficult it was for them to withstand so huge a host, and to be content to use the opportunity, yielding what they could in no wise keep, and so to arrange with the Grand Signor to preserve their dominions. After the same manner Mustafa caused certain letters to be written, as though they came from the Chiefs in Famagosta, and to make them fall into the hands of the ambassador at Constantinople. But the Chiefs and people of Famagosta were staunch in their resolve to defend themselves to the end. They lent no ear to these arguments, and instead of begging the Senate to surrender the city, they resolved urgently to demand aid for its defence; and that the state of things, and their immediate wants,

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might be better understood, to despatch to Venice Messer Niccolo Donato, who had been sent on a mission to the island, and was still with his two galleys in the harbour of Famagosta; with whom there reached Venice Monsignor Girolamo Ragazzoni, Bishop of the city, a man fully acquainted with the position, and admirably adapted for this duty.

The city of Famagosta is situated at the East end of the Island of Cyprus on a low shore close to the sea, whence it had its Greek name Amathus which means *hidden in the sand*. It stands almost in the centre of a semicircle formed by two promontories, Carpasio and Pedaglio, called by men of our day the one Cape Sant' Andrea, the other Cape della Grecia. The former runs out for a distance of over ninety miles, and breaking the circle, makes an end to the island towards the north in a very sharp point. This tract was of old called Salaminia from the ancient city of Salamina, built by Teucer after the fall of Troy, and afterwards Costanza. Some traces of this remain, and, perhaps to mark the former glory of their city, they are still called by the natives "Old Famagosta." The city has a harbour, lying between east and north, formed by certain shoals and rocks, broken here and there by narrow channels, which catch the first force of the waves, and guard from storms the little bay which lies between them and the shore; but the depth of this is but small, so that few vessels of any size can anchor in it. The entrance faces north, and is closed with a chain attached to a spur of rock which juts out some forty paces from the fortress; while a small castle, with four towers of antique style, commands the harbour. The lines of the fortifications form an imperfect square, for they run from the seashore from west to north in zigzags, and enclose a gradually widening space, so that the sides are to some extent unequal: two of them face the sea, and two the land: in one of the latter was a small hexagonal tower called Diamantino, in which was the so-called Limisso gate. In the other is a bastion of great size built a few years before the siege, with double flanks, a broad front and orillons, arranged for a modern battery. The circuit of the fortress was rather more than two Italian miles, the whole enclosed by an excellent wall of squared stone (*tufo* or *tufa*). On the land side it was twenty feet thick, with a platform of twelve paces, above which rose a parapet over four feet in height: the ditch on every side was fifteen or at least twelve paces broad, chiefly cut out of the rock, but where this broke off, a counterscarp was built of stone. Set about the walls were many towers, but most of them so small that they allowed room for small pieces of artillery only: a few of larger capacity between the Limisso gate and the Arsenal, called from their shape demi-lunes, were in many respects equally defective, but were considered stronger and more useful because they were vaulted, and allowed means of exit on either side. The country round the fortress is all perfectly flat, only on the northwest and north a few villages are built on ground which rises into something like low hills, little more than a mile from the city. There was an impression that the enemy would encamp in this direction, both because the fort was weaker on that side, and also because there were caves, whence the people of Famagosta used to dig stone for their buildings, within which a large number of men might be safely and conveniently lodged. But the Turks were aware that, according to their fashion of camping, the ground would not suit them, because of the rocks which lay all about, and spread out their whole force along the shore on the other side, where it stretches for three miles from the city to the sea. This part had been full of beautiful gardens of oranges, lemons and many other kinds of fruitbearing trees, but most of them had been already cut down by the inhabitants themselves, to leave nothing which might be of profit to the enemy: the Turks however had the use of the many wells which stored for the gardens abundance of exquisitely clear and cold water, most refreshing to troops relaxed and overcome by the intense heat of the country.

The Turks had somewhat slackened their efforts, and retired to pass the winter, which was unusually severe, on a site more convenient and farther from the city. But as soon as the season allowed of safe navigation, and the renewal of warlike operations, an immense quantity of men, ammunition and provisions began to pour into the camp, brought by galleys and vessels of every kind. They arrived from every quarter, particularly from the neighbouring shores of Caramania and Syria. So great was men's eagerness to take part in the enterprise that report said that after the fall of Nicosia more than fifty thousand Turks came over to Cyprus. Many of them were neither enlisted nor paid, but came attracted purely by the hope of booty, for the Pasha had set afloat a cunning rumour that the spoils of Famagosta would exceed those of Nicosia. The boasting humour of the Turks magnified the size of the attacking force, and by means of certain citizens who had come out to treat for the ransom of prisoners sent threatening messages to the besieged that the Grand Signor had sent so vast a host that if every man of them had thrown a slipper into the ditches of the fortress they would have filled them up, and made a platform reaching to the top of the walls. When the army was thus reinforced and supplied with necessaries some larger pieces of artillery were brought from Nicosia, and about the middle of April began to work at the trenches, to move up to the city, and to build various forts. These works required incredible labour and wonderful industry. From the winter camp to the city, a distance of three miles, they dug out the earth, and where they came on the rock pierced it with picks and chisels, until they had made roads so wide and deep that not only infantry, but even mounted men, could travel along them under cover, as it were, for scarcely the points of their lances could be seen above ground: and between these roads, working at night when they were safe from the guns of the fortress, they cut many trenches, throwing up the earth in front of them to such a height that they could work behind it during the day without fear, and complete their plan. The pioneers threw the earth they dug out as far as they could in front of them, so that between the trench and the mound there remained a platform on which the soldiers could stand, while the earth heaped up in front of them served as a parapet behind which they could in all safety aim their musket shots at the walls, and the ditches and shelters were so many, and so well arranged, that the whole army could be drawn up within, and though quite close to the city, every man would be under cover, buried as it were, out of sight among these mounds of earth, and anyone standing on the city walls would see nothing of the attacking force but the tops of their tents.

On the same plain the Turks built ten forts at varying intervals; the face of each was fifty feet broad, and strengthened with beams of oak, interlocked with remarkable skill, and so solid that, when the space within was filled with earth, trusses, Syrian ash, bales of cotton and the like, the forts could offer a lively resistance to every kind of attack: and even were they partly damaged by the guns of the city, so large was the force of pioneers that they could with great speed be restored to their original strength. Thus the walls for more than five hundred paces, that is to say, the whole distance from the Arsenal to the Limisso gate, were continually and violently battered by shot.

Such were the forces, the preparations and the plans of the enemy. The besieged on the other hand, both soldiers and citizens, excited by them to greater industry and vigilance, and spurred on by their own courage and the greatness of the peril, left nothing undone to strengthen their defences. And from the very first, although their small numbers did not allow them to meet their assailants on equal terms, they tried incessantly by sallies and skirmishes to harass the Turks while at work on their trenches, to show their own courage and spirit, and to shake the confidence and boldness of the enemy. With anxious care they

devoted themselves to strengthening the parapets, preparing shelters, making new platforms and repairing the old. They threw all their strength and skill into their work: every hour had its toil, every day showed new improvements, new designs. They kept reinforcing their batteries with new guns cast on the spot, and the whole was transported to that part of the walls where they expected the attack. This was the special charge of Luigi Martinengo, Captain General of the artillery, under whom were six other chiefs in command of the force of Bombardiers: the order throughout being perfect. They prepared also fireworks to be used in various ways. The makers were skilled in these devices, which did good service. That they might not have to contend at the same time with the enemy and with inconveniences within, they expelled from the city all the useless mouths, perhaps eight thousand in all, who went to the villages without interference from the Turks. They next took a census of those who remained within the walls and found seven thousand able-bodied men, viz. three thousand five hundred Italian infantry, the rest being Greeks enrolled for service, some from the town, some from the country, men who earned in the siege an honourable name for loyalty and courage. The hope of fame and of ample reward was always present to inspirit them in their defence, Marc'Antonio Bragadino, the Captain or Governor General of Famagosta, using great and praiseworthy diligence in this as in every other matter. Seeing the danger increase as the enemy drew nearer to the walls, Bragadino endeavoured with spirited speeches to establish the courage of the besieged, showing them that the time was come for them to make signal proof of that true valour to which for months past he had seen them inclined. No glory that warriors had earned in our age was greater than that which was reserved for them, in defending against the might of the Ottoman Empire a fortress so far from other Christian lands, and in preserving with it a flourishing kingdom from enslavement by barbarians.

Addressing himself to the Italian troops, he said—"Why, my brave comrades, have you come here from a far distant country, exposing yourselves to certain hardships and great danger in so long a voyage, if not to give fitting proof of your courage, and by surpassing merit to earn the supreme honours of warfare. Now indeed the very chance which you have so eagerly desired is put before you. Your endurance, your diligence, in short all the martial virtues have here the widest and noblest field: for this city is assailed and encompassed by foes of great repute, and the result of this siege is watched throughout the world with the greatest anxiety. But my confidence in you, citizens and others who are enrolled among our troops, is no less great; for you have given clear proof not only of loyalty and constancy, but of true courage, in performing with the zeal and skill of tried soldiers all your military duties. Your generous hearts will never allow that in the defence of what is your own, your wives, your children, your goods, others shall take the lead. With noble emulation each man will seek to have a larger share in the toil, to be the first to expose himself to peril. Do not let the enemy's numbers frighten you for a moment. They are certainly less than what we hear by report, or than what is indicated by a pompous array of empty tents. Most of them, or at least the bravest of them, are exhausted by toil, or have returned home to enjoy the riches acquired in the siege of Nicossia. What happened in that city should wake in you vigilance rather than alarm, for we know certainly that it was not the valour or industry of the enemy which gave them the victory, but the negligence of the besieged, who appear to have thought that walls alone, not the stout hearts of men, are the bulwarks of cities. The hope of the succour which we expect at once might give courage even to cowards, yet I would not have one of you fix your thoughts on this, lest it should detract from your daring somewhat of praise, for it is on yourselves that each man must

found his hopes, believing that he carries his fortune in his own right hand. This is the part of men truly strong and brave. Innumerable are the examples which show us how valour and firmness have overcome difficulties which looked insuperable. But besides the confidence which rests on mere human resolve, we have a greater, a livelier hope of deliverance and victory, in that we are defending a just and pious cause against impious and treacherous foes, to whom God's providence has so far allowed some measure of success, so that with a change in the fortune of war their fall may be the greater. We have then every argument, human and divine, to persuade us to drive fear from our breasts, and to hope for a good and prosperous issue to our efforts."

Loud and cheery shouts from all present greeted these words: everyone wished to show his own steadfastness, and to encourage the rest to bear readily the toils and perils before them. The Captains then, to inflame the troops by example as well as by words, made the best possible distribution of the posts, and determined to have their own quarters on the ramparts, just below the platform, so as to be ready at any moment for a call to arms, and to share in the daily work and risk. May was nearly half passed, the preparations were everywhere complete, and the spirits of the soldiers, countrymen and townsmen alike, were wonderfully ready to make or take the attack, when one morning at sunrise they saw from the walls all the enemy's forts and trenches full of innumerable flags and lances, and heard a roar of men and of drums and other instruments. A little later the Turks began a furious discharge of muskets and cannon, which they kept up throughout the day, hoping that their fury would inspire their own troops with courage, and ours with fear. From the first the plan of the enemy was to break down the city's defences: their shots were aimed at the parapets, but the besieged with wonderful speed repaired and strengthened them, using earth wetted and stamped into boxes and casks, with excellent results. Gradually however the Turks took lower aim, and did great damage to the walls. It became necessary to carry into the city by night the stones dislodged during the day, a work of incredible toil, but which was kept up until the Turks entered the fosse. For they had already driven their trenches up to the counterscarp, and while they threw earth into the ditch in front of them on one side, and on the other from a small platform, they pierced the wall of the counterscarp, and made a safe entrance into the ditch, and right up to the walls, keeping out of reach of the cannon of the demi-lunes, which fired sideways, and exposed only to the slighter fire of the platforms. In the city powder was beginning to fall short, and had to be used with care, so that the gunners were forbidden to fire without express orders from their commanders, and these were only given when absolutely necessary. The chief means of harassing the enemy lay in the fireworks, which were hurled down on them from the walls, throwing them into disorder and killing many. Iron balls too were used, full of very fine powder, which burst and killed many persons at once.

Yet all these devices could not keep the enemy away from the walls, which they began to undermine in several places, especially near the Arsenal. Some of these mines were discovered by the besieged: the powder supplied their needs most opportunely, and what was laid for their ruin helped their defence. But the Turks had already posted large bodies of men in the ditch, where they were lodged comfortably in their tents, secured from attack by the vigilant watch of those who manned the nearest trenches, who were so careful to observe the slightest movement of any of our soldiers, that not a man could appear on the walls but he was immediately marked down and killed by a musket ball. They did not neglect their mines, one of which under the demi-lune of the Arsenal did fatal damage, while it showed signally the steadiness of our soldiers, or rather their pitiable situation.

They had seen the mine dug, and the sacks of powder lodged in it, yet they kept their accustomed guard over the place, expecting from hour to hour to be blown into the air, and torn into a thousand pieces by the explosion; and thus it befell a company which had only just relieved the guard at that point. The roar was terrible, so solid was the wall, and so great the quantity of powder, and the city was shaken as by an earthquake. The Turks charged at once over the ruins made by the explosion, and joined battle, which raged for more than five hours with great fierceness, fresh reinforcements constantly coming up on both sides. So great was the eagerness of our soldiers to close with the enemy, and not to fall without giving some proof of their courage, or taking some vengeance on the foe, that every point of danger was hotly disputed. Everyone tried to be in the midst of every important engagement, of every attack. The very women, vying with the men in manly valour, kept coming up to the walls, and bringing necessities to the soldiers. In this skirmish we lost over one hundred and sixty men, and among them Bernardino da Ugubio, who had performed many feats of daring, while Pietro Conte, Ercole Malatesta and other brave commanders were wounded and maimed.

The besieged retired from the place which the mine had breached. Their shelters were constructed with great skill, but were too cramped to be of much use, and the soldiers were greatly straitened in their movements by having to stand upon plank bridges. Here especial praise is due to the engineer Mormori, and Marco Crivellatore, a Venetian, Captain of Infantry, after whose plans were set up two rows of Candiot casks, full of earth, one close to the other, and on them two more rows of sacks full of moistened earth, well stamped down: between these were proper spaces, and the whole work formed a kind of parapet behind which the musketeers could fire in perfect security. It proved of the greatest service to our men: for the cannon shots struck nothing solid or continuous, and if a sack were carried away, this was all the damage done, and the vacant space could immediately and easily be filled by another. This expedient, and the singular courage of our men, kept the enemy long at bay: their assaults were frequently repulsed, and they began to despair of so taking the city. They betook themselves to new expedients, and began to build forts nearer the walls, from which they could the easier destroy the shelters and platforms, and so annihilate our last line of defence and their last obstacle. Meanwhile they kept up an incessant fire from mortars (a kind of cannon of very large calibre, now oldfashioned), throwing into the city itself balls of enormous weight, which fell on the houses, destroyed the roofs and killed the inmates. They shot off also a very shower of arrows, aiming high, so that the weapons fell perpendicularly on the heads of those who stood within and near the walls. They kept sounding an alarm, especially at night time, as though they were coming to the attack, and in short never left to the besieged an hour's rest, with the object of weakening their bodies and crushing their spirits with labour, danger and sleeplessness. Finally, when they saw that the damage done by the mines was not enough to open a safe and easy way for their attacks, they set to work with spades and pickaxes to pull down the walls, and to curtail, to the sorest inconvenience of the besieged, the space, already too narrow, on which they could work.

When the Turks had carried their works so far that they could easily cross the wall at several points, their commanders decided that they ought to make one supreme effort, and at the same moment to attack the besieged at different places, on the ground that being few, and engaged on different guards, they could not long sustain the fury of the assault. Mustafa made his preparations with the greatest care, and tried to be present himself at them all. He went about trying to encourage his soldiers, addressing by name those already distinguished

for courage, and recalling their brave exploits, and the praise and booty which had rewarded them, pointed out what hopes were theirs of still greater things. Here he threatened the most terrible punishments for cowardice: there he promised the highest honours and prizes for valour: he pictured to them the booty and spoils, reminded them of the whole regiments enriched by the sack of Nicosia, and prayed and implored them to bring no shame on troops so lately victorious, to feel no fear before the arms of men to whom they had always been a terror. He reminded them of their successes at Nicosia, and showed them that with equal ease, though with richer fruit, they could achieve another glorious victory, and end the war. Their opponents were the same men, unwarlike or untried: they too were the same, rich in memories of old prowess which had won them the glorious title of conquerors of the earth. No enterprise on which they had embarked but had been crowned with success; from them the world had learned that the fortune of war bows to valour in arms.

With these and like words the Pasha greatly cheered the troops, and then prepared to assist in person at the assault. He wished to see what was doing, and to be seen by his men: to help them with his counsel, and encourage them with his presence. The attack was truly terrible. The Turks fought stoutly, inflamed by the certain hope of that day gaining the city. Our men kept well together, and held their ground with desperate courage. The enemy might enter their defences, but could not drive out the defenders, as fast as the Turks approached they were scattered, killed, hurled back: and blows which fell on so dense a crowd never fell in vain. This third attack continued for five hours, and was most bravely met. But the soldiers who were set to defend the ravelin at the Limisso gate were thrown into disorder by the enemy's fireworks, and were unable to manœuvre in the small space they could command, so that when at the other points assailed by the enemy the battle was well nigh done, they were still engaged, and suffering very severe losses. They gave way at last, and allowed the Turks to scale the ravelin, and then, every other resource failing them, the commanders took the terrible and fatal, though necessary, resolve at once to fire a mine which they had prepared against this last dread emergency. On the ravelin stood crowded together soldiers from the enemy's camp and from the city, those charging, these retreating, and in a moment foes and friends were covered with the ruins, "in one red burial blent."

The ravelin lost, there remained between besiegers and besieged only the breadth of the second line of defence, constructed, as we said, of casks and sacks full of earth. The men on either side often talked together and, as soldiers use, flouted one another, the Turks deriding the vain hopes of our men, and telling them that the Christian fleets had by this time fled as far as Venice. Ours, in turn, mocked the enemy who, more like peasants than warriors, trusted so little in their arms that they used spades and shovels. With this raillery was mingled more serious discourse, for the Turks, through some slaves, made proposals for a truce. They had before made many attempts of the same kind by letters addressed sometimes to the chiefs, sometimes to the people of the city, which they sent in upon arrows; but no reply was given to them, nor would the besieged ever agree to parley, and when they found the treacherous devices with which, under the guise of good faith, they threatened our people fail, they betook themselves again to arms, and prepared another attack from the ravelin which was now in their hands. Another engagement followed, in which both sides fought desperately. But the greater glory remained with the besieged, especially with their commanders. Baglione himself, full of daring and more by example than by words, urged his soldiers to fight, and always among the first he pressed on so far that with his own hands he tore from a Turkish standard-bearer a flag, taken in the siege of Nicosia, on which were blazoned the arms of Venice. Luigi Martinengo, who was especially charged with the

defence of that post, kept renewing the fight with fresh soldiers, relieved the weary, kept the enemy at bay where they were most active, hurled back those who began to give way, and showed himself everywhere a wise and brave commander.

The Turks, thus repulsed, to leave nothing untried, devised yet a new way to harass our men, whose troubles and difficulties were already unbearable. They filled the whole space between the gate and the ravelin with firewood and fascines, and set the stuff on fire, throwing also into the midst various compounds to increase the blaze. Our soldiers were sorely tormented with the heat, and with the stench of a certain wood grown in the island, called by the peasants *tezza*, which gives out a strong and most unpleasant odour. This fire lasted for many days, until the defenders, who had tried in every way to extinguish it, could hardly remain on the spot. Yet, in spite of all, these brave fellows persisted in the defence. So keen was their daring, and so determined their resolve to hold out to the end that even old men and women defied the natural weakness of age and sex, and kept their posts on the walls, performing all the duties of soldiers. But things had come to such a pass that toils endured and perils braved were all in vain. The strength of the enemy outside kept increasing, new reinforcements of men and munitions came up daily, while within men, munitions and victuals were daily failing. A large number of the bravest soldiers had died at their posts; the wounded lay almost abandoned for want of doctors and drugs. The few who were still sound were worn out by fatigue and hardship; they were eating the flesh of asses, horses, dogs, and such like nauseous food: wine and vinegar had failed entirely, and they had water only to drink, so that they were reduced to such a pitch of weakness that it was a brave spirit rather than strength of body which kept them alive.

The citizens were now fully aware that the place could not possibly hold out much longer, and resolved to beg the civil and military chiefs to provide, before the end came, for their safety.

Matteo Golfi was their spokesman. He dwelt on the loyalty and constancy of the inhabitants, on the dangers and hardships which so far they had borne with signal patience, and in the name of the whole city implored the magistrates that, now that they saw the desperate state of affairs, they would not allow the total ruin of their country to be a miserable memorial to mark the loyalty of the people of Famagusta. Its salvation should be the reward of their deserts. To the double glory of the defenders it should be made manifest that their generous spirits, which no fear of the enemy could tame, had stooped to the love of friends, and to the wish to secure to them, not indeed the lot they could have wished, but at least all that fortune would grant. He urged that, if there were but a gleam of hope, the readiness and bravery which had been shown hitherto would not even yet fail. If they could with their blood ransom their fatherland from the heavy and cruel yoke of these barbarian unbelievers, and preserve it under the just and mild government of Venice, not a man would shrink. What inspired their request was certainly not the fear of death, a matter lightly esteemed of men who had lost so many relations and friends, all indeed that was dear to them, and to whom life could no longer offer any pleasure: rather was it the anxious prescience that they might remain alive to see still heavier and longer troubles, their country enslaved, themselves and their children in bonds, and their everlasting salvation imperilled. They asked them in all humility, in all affection, in the name of their most loyal city, that the authorities would consent to treat with the enemy, a course the Turks themselves were daily proposing, and under honourable conditions endeavour to preserve what might yet perhaps be left of so great and noble a kingdom.

Having heard the prayer of the people, the magistrates and principal commanders

debated among themselves what should be done. Opinions were divided. One of them stoutly insisted that "they ought to die with their arms in their hands, to make one great sally by night, to fall on the Turks unawares and, dying, to avenge their own death by the blood of the foe. Death in any case, so slippery was the enemy's faith, would be equally certain, but not equally glorious. No argument would persuade him that the Turks would keep the faith they plighted. To some understanding they were driven by need, not by their will. Yet it might befall that in making one they might in a measure tarnish or impair the fame and glory won by such heroic toil."

On the other side there were those who said that it was unbefitting officers who had been appointed to guard the city, and to govern its inhabitants for their safety and welfare, to show themselves more ruthless than their very enemies. It was perfectly clear that the Turkish commanders were moved at this juncture to propose a truce solely by a desire to save the city from rapine, and the citizens from slaughter, fearing that if they took it by violence, they would be impotent to restrain the fury of their troops. Again, it was the duty of brave men not to allow themselves to be forced to acts of cowardice, or failure of duty, by the fear of death; but to wish uselessly to throw away their lives was to show mad obstinacy rather than true valour. What they had done in the defence of the fortress was so notable, so plain, that none but those who envied them would dare to reflect on their courage. Where glory is greatest, its spur is most sharply felt: but virtue has this privilege, to be its own reward. The soldiers had satisfied every call of duty, for up to the very last they had preserved to their Prince his stronghold. Now what could their chiefs do more for them than to save for other emergencies men, every one of whom his suffering and experience had made a brave and capable leader. They must not in this case fear so much for the observance of the truce, for they had often seen, in the capture of Rhodes, and in various engagements in Hungary, that the Turks, barbarians though they were, were used to honour even in their enemies valour in war.

These arguments prevailed at last, and after long debate it was resolved to capitulate upon honourable conditions. On the first of August, after much parleying, in which an Italian standard-bearer, a prisoner in the Turkish camp, was the intermediary, it was decided that, after we had first sent our hostages, two leading officers from the camp should enter the city to treat about the details of the truce, and of the surrender. Meanwhile hostilities were to be suspended on both sides. Sundry white flags were hoisted both within and without the city in sign of truce, and on the following day two *Kiaya* (a kind of master of the household among the Turks), the one of Mustafa Pasha, the other of the Agha of the Janissaries, entered the city on horseback, and with them six Janissaries only on foot, all splendidly armed and clothed. From our side there went out Ercole Martinengo, and Matteo Colti, a citizen of Famagusta, attended by four soldiers. Immediately outside the city they were met by a son of Mustafa, with a large escort of soldiers mounted and on foot, who conducted them into his father's presence. Mustafa Pasha welcomed them with ceremonious speeches, presented to them two robes of gold brocade, and sent them to lodge in the pavilion of the Agha of the Janissaries. But it is worthy of remark that these men, who had borne so many hardships, and despaired, as it were, of safety, and who should now have been consoled by seeing the end of so great troubles, showed in their looks and words only the deepest sadness, as though their minds pictured to them calamities yet to come.

The officers who came to discuss the conditions showed themselves most ready to concede all our proposals. These were, shortly, that the soldiers should be transported safely on Turkish vessels to the island of Candia, with permission to carry with them their arms, and

all their property; five pieces of artillery and three horses belonging to the three chief commanders were specially named. That all the inhabitants should in like manner be free to move with their families and property whither they would, but those who remained should be safe in their persons, their property and their honour from the insolence of the troops. Thus in a single day the conditions of surrender were discussed, arranged and ratified. The Turks appeared to wish to carry them out quickly and strictly, and sent at once into the harbour about forty vessels, upon which the sick and wounded were first embarked, while the able-bodied soldiers kept their posts on the second line of defence, and allowed the Turks to make no forward movement. But as soon as our men got beyond the trenches, and saw, and were seen by, the enemy's host, it would be difficult to describe the wonder begotten by causes altogether different in one and the other army. Our men were staggered at the prodigious number of the force they saw in the Turkish camp. For over three miles from the city it stretched over a vast circuit, and was everywhere so full of troops that the turbans, which on every side showed white above the trenches, covered the ground like snow-flakes. The Turks, on the other hand, when they saw the defending force so small in numbers, the emaciated bodies and pale faces of our soldiers, who seemed as though they could hardly stand, much less offer so long and gallant a resistance to a foe, marvelled at their courage, and felt some touch of shame. They let natural pity, and the generous workings of true courage, have their way; they began to offer them refreshments, to speak courteously, to praise their steadfastness, and to encourage them to hope for the best.

Meanwhile the Greeks and Albanians were ready to embark with their families, and other detachments of soldiers were already on board other vessels, so that on the fourth of August the city was left free to the Turks. As soon as they entered they began to use all kinds of violence towards the citizens. Bragadino informed Mustafa of this, and complained, and prayed that he would show that he observed the conditions, and respected his plighted faith, by putting some check on the insolence of his soldiery. He begged that more ships might be sent to take the rest of the people, and promised that he would then come himself to bring him the keys of the city. This message was entrusted to Nestore Martinengo, a youth of great spirit, who from the beginning of the war had served in Famagusta under the banner of his uncle Girolamo Martinengo, and had been employed on various duties, always earning high praise for his intelligence and courage. He went to the Pasha, and obtained forthwith an order to the soldiers who had entered the city to abstain from all violence, and a promise that two other vessels should be sent at once into the harbour to embark our soldiers. He was desired to tell Bragadino that Mustafa would be glad to see him: he wished to know in person and face to face a man of whose great worth he had had such proof, and to whose valour he would everywhere warmly testify.

Without further delay, on the evening of the same day, leaving Tiepolo in the city, all the other principal officers, to wit, Bragadino, Baglione, Martinengo and Antonio Quirini, a noble Venetian, accompanied by other captains and a few Greek gentlemen, went out on horseback, attended by forty musketeers on foot. The General Bragadino rode in front of the rest under a red umbrella, dressed in purple with the ordinary robes of his office, and followed by the others named. When they arrived at the pavilion of the Pasha they were received with great ceremony, and, their arms being laid aside, they were introduced into the presence of Mustafa. He conversed with them for some time on various matters, dissembling his inmost thoughts. But at last, trying to find some pretext for giving effect to the savagery which his fierce spirit had conceived, he required some guarantee that the vessels which he lent them would be sent back. Bragadino replied that he was not bound

to this under the capitulation, nor had he officers whom he could leave behind whom Mustafa would accept as hostages. Mustafa pointed to Quirini, and added that he must remain in the camp. The person of this youth declared his courage and noble birth. This, and the fact that he was the son of Niccolo Quirini, who had been in charge of the fortifications of Nicosia, and had given his family name to one of its bastions, made him conspicuous among his companions, and better known to Mustafa. Bragadino firmly refused of his own free will to give him up. The Pasha could no longer control his passion, and burst into a torrent of abuse, fiercely accusing our men of having put to death certain Musalmans, prisoners in their hands, contrary to the usages of war, and the dictates of humanity. His talk added fuel to his rage, and he ordered them all to be bound. They were led out of the pavilion: he set free the hostages who were still in his camp, and caused Baglione, Martinengo, Quirini and the rest to be hacked in pieces by his soldiers—a pitiful spectacle, and a fate all unworthy of those brave men, who might have hoped to receive from soldiers, enemies though they were, rewards, not punishment, for valour shown in war. Bragadino was reserved for greater torments. He was obliged to witness this cruelty, and many times to endure the pains of death before he was released from life. For they made him stretch out his neck, but, unwilling to kill him on the spot, merely cut off his ears.

Those who were first to embark fared no better than the rest. They were chained, and condemned to suffer in the harshest servitude long and severe hardships. To some fortune was more kind. These from sundry chances were the last to remain in the city, and, becoming the prizes of individual soldiers, were quickly and easily released by their captors for a small ransom, which the Turks feared to lose, for Mustafa had strictly forbidden the holding of private prisoners, as he wished to glorify his triumphant return to Constantinople by the greatest possible number of slaves. Among these Tiepolo only was of too exalted a position to win his safety. He was made a prisoner, and condemned by the Pasha to the disgrace of death by hanging at the yardarm of a galley.

But it is a tearful story we have to tell of Bragadino, what manifold forms of martyrdom these cruellest, vilest of men caused him to suffer. After insults and wild mockery he was led into the square of Famagusta, and there bound to the stones of the pillory and flayed alive, while Mustafa stood to the end on a terrace of the palace to feast his eyes and bestial heart on the weird and cruel sight. Incredible was the courage which this bravest of heroes showed in all his terrible torments: a courage which ought to preserve and grace his memory throughout the ages. But the fury of Mustafa's anger was not yet exhausted, and he ordered that the skin should be filled with straw, and set on a cow. In bitter mockery the red umbrella under which the living Bragadino had ridden to the camp was held over it, it was carried through the city, and finally, on his departure, it was hung on the yard of a galley, that he might parade his infamous trophy before the inhabitants of the coast-towns which he passed. The reason which moved Mustafa to this fiendish cruelty is not clear. Some said that as the soldiers had missed the booty promised to them from the sack of the city, he wished by the punishment of a few to avenge the deaths of the many men he had lost in the siege, and give some kind of satisfaction to his army. Others again, that irritated by the length and obstinacy of the defence, and by the loss of certain friends very dear to him, he had already sworn to take some terrible vengeance. But there were yet some who believed that the spirit of Mustafa, a man so given to anger that, once moved, he was wont to grow furious and actually mad, was excited to frenzy and scorn on seeing Bragadino and his companions come to his pavilion with so large an armed escort, and so richly clothed, as though they were rather victors than vanquished. This seems but a trifling excuse for so

savage a crime, but the time which he allowed to pass between the first sentence and the later and more cruel tortures lends it some probability. It was mere madness which stirred him to rage even against the dead. He entered the Episcopal Church of S. Niccolo, caused the graves to be opened and the bones scattered. He destroyed the altars and the images of the saints, and committed other bestial and cruel acts for which he was much blamed even by his own people.

The city thus acquired, order was taken at once carefully to clear the ditches of the ruins of the walls, to raze all the forts, and fill all the trenches outside, and to repair all that had been destroyed within. Thus the fortress was soon restored to its original condition, and made even more secure and defensible than it had been before.

Mustafa Pasha put the Bey of Rhodes in charge of the city, and on the twenty-fourth of September left Cyprus, returning victorious and triumphant to Constantinople, where he was received with high honours and universal joy. Yet the victory had cost the Turks dear, for they had lost, so report said, more than fifty thousand men, and among them many commanders of high rank, and their best warriors.

LUSIGNAN.

Fr. Etienne de Lusignan's description of Nicosia and Famagusta is here translated from his *Chorographia*, Bologna, 1573, pp. 11 and 14—16. It should be compared with the French version, 4to, Paris, 1580, *Description de toute l'île de Cypre...composee premerement en Italien, et imprimée à Bologne la Grasse, et maintenant augmentee et traduite en François.*

Letra, an ancient city, but it is not known who first founded it: it was afterwards restored by Leucico or Leuco, son of the first Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who called it Leucoton. This is Nicosia, which is an ancient city, but it is not exactly known who first built it, and when. It is evident that it is ancient, and S. Jerome and Platina and others call it Letra or Leucoton, naming a bishop S. Triffillus—Triffillus of Letra in Cyprus, Leucoton. The Latins now call it Nicosia, but the Greeks Leucosia: and some say that Leuco and Sia his wife built it, and in olden days traces of it were visible. It was a royal city in the time of the nine contemporary kings, and it had a castle which was in the upper square near the river, where one finds now a Greek church which is called Castegliotissa. This castle was destroyed by the townsfolk, at the time of the engagement with the knights Templar, whom the former would not have to reign in Cyprus; and this was about 1194. And later in the time of the Lusignan kings it was made an archiepiscopal and royal residence, and the capital of the whole island, for the site on which it stands is in the middle of the island, and the middle of the plain; the air is excellent, the water delicate, the spot pleasantly full of gardens and fruits. Immediately outside it it has two springs, one called Piadia [*Πηγᾶδια*] and the other Sweet Water, and this one passes through the city, and supplies several fountains in the palaces, the court and the square and other places, and this water is light and is given just as it is to sick people to drink as much as they will, and it does no harm. And for these reasons the city was in the days of the Lusignan kings much adorned with nobles, palaces and churches, Latin, Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Maronite, Indian, Nestorian, Jacobite, and those of the Iberi or Georgians,

of which churches we shall speak. The monasteries of monks and nuns of S. Benedict, and S. Bernard, of S. Giuliano (Crosachieri, Croisiers, Porte-croix, who carry always a little silver cross in their hand, and are dressed in blue), of the Certosa, and the four mendicant Orders, the church of the knights of the Temple, and of the knights of S. John and many others. Of the Greeks too very many convents of monks and nuns of S. Basil; so that the churches in this city amounted to 250 and perhaps 300.

This city was great, in circumference three leagues or nine miles. It is true it was not quite full, but it had many gardens and large ones. But in 1567 the Signory of Venice wishing to fortify it reduced it to one league or three miles, and left three gates as it had before, and levelled with the ground the two thirds of the city all round, leaving the third part in the middle. Thus were destroyed very many houses and palaces and eighty churches of all kinds, and they reduced the city to the shape you will see on the opposite page.

This city had a citadel which was built by king Jacques I., and in those days when there was no artillery it was strong and well supplied; and within there was nothing but the Royal Court and the Monastery of S. Dominic, and the water flowed round it in the fosses. When the Venetians took the island they destroyed this citadel and the palace and the two drawbridges, and left only the walls, part of which they again pulled down in building the new fortifications.

And the palace, which was partly restored by M. Gabriel Cornaro, was again ruined. However one may still see some traces of that citadel. In the same way they destroyed that royal monastery, to which were attached two cloisters full of oranges and paved with fine marbles, and the church adorned with the grand tombs of the Royal House, and other princes and lords, and on its walls and floor with many fine, broad and large marbles. These Kings were buried there, Ughetto, Ugo, Pietrino, Giacomo, Giano, with their wives and sons and daughters: Princes of Galilee, of Antioch: Louis, son of the king of France, Seneschals, Constables, Admirals and Chamberlains of Jerusalem and Cyprus: Counts, Barons and Lords of Thabaria, Thoron, Saetto, Cesarea, Baruti, Tripoli, Zaffo, di Ruchas, and others. Then sixteen Archbishops, Bishops and Patriarchs. Then the dormitories, refectory, hospice, paved with marble: it had too the other offices necessary to such a monastery, for in the time of the kings it held eighty monks. Then it had the chamber of the king on one side, and that of the queen on the other, which they visited often. And there died king John and his wife Helena. Joined to it, or rather enclosed in it, was the Patriarchal residence, which the Patriarchs of Jerusalem who were of this Order built; but it is now many years since this was destroyed, and by a Patriarch. This is all which was inside the citadel.

In the same city they pulled down also another Latin monastery, which was first tenanted by the monks of S. Bernard, afterwards by the Zoccolanti; so I need not stay to describe it, how fine it was and how solid, when one thinks to what Order it first belonged. They destroyed also another convent of the nuns of S. Thodoro of the same Order; and two belonging to the Greeks, one of monks built by queen Helena, and the other of nuns, the first was called Manchana, the second Palluriotissa. They pulled down too other fine Latin churches and the convent of S. Anna, which was first tenanted by the nuns of S. Benedict, and then abandoned. In all eighty churches, of all sorts and Orders. And they made the city round, as in the plan below, with eleven bastions, all made of mere earth: even when the Turks reached it they were not completely furnished with walls, nor were the fosses made (*Fr. v. p. 32 a*). The torrent used to pass through the middle of the city, entering it at one point, and leaving it at three (*Fr. v. p. 144*), and now in fortifying it in 1567 they cut off the stream outside (*p. 56 a*).

If this city had been furnished with revêtements, the walls and the bastions with stone, and the fosses properly arranged, it would most certainly have been an impregnable fortress. Because it was already provided with cannon—there were 250 large and small—the air too being good, the water good, and the supply of grain ample (as it was then, and is still), if it had had a sufficient garrison, and its Governors and Commanders had been experienced and watchful, the Turks would not have got it so quickly, or at least they would have had wounds and swordthrusts in plenty. We may say then in conclusion that it was the secret judgment of God to purge certain sins on one side and the other.

In this city lived all the nobility of Cyprus, Barons, Knights and Feudatories, nearly all of whom died in this affair, with the townsfolk to the number of twenty thousand: all men devoted to the service of God most High, and of their sovereign. The remnant of the souls that were left were all made slaves.

Without the city, from the Lower Gate to the Gate of S. Dominic, all the land was full of gardens which stretched away for a league, so abundant was the water, which they drew from wells with certain great wheels, as at Famagosta.

The walls of the ancient city were built in the days of Constantine the Great by the Dukes who ruled here. And in pulling them down to build the new ones they found in many places copper coins of the said Constantine, and of S. Helena his mother, and many in one spot. The city had formerly many relics of different saints, and of the Holy Cross given by S. Helena, and a coin of the thirty for which Jesus Christ was sold, and the whole body of S. John of Montfort, one of those three hundred Barons of France and Germany who all lived holy lives.

Nicosia is 12 leagues distant from Famagosta, 8 from Salines, 18 from Limisso, 33 from Paffo, and from Cerines 5.

Arsenoe. This is the city of Famagosta of to-day. Ptolemy Philadelphus began its construction in memory of his sister who bore that name. And not only this, but he built or restored other three cities, and called all four Arsenoe: one is the village of Afdimou, the second is Famagosta, the third is the village Lefca, the fourth the village Arzos. Thus then Famagosta got its name. In the time of the Romans some say it was called in Greek Amochusta, which means in Latin "hidden in the sand," because outside there is nothing but sand, but the word got corrupted into Famagosta. It grew by the destruction of Salamis. Famagosta had a fine closed port into which in the time of Ptolemy I., king of Egypt, the said Ptolemy, who wanted to bring aid to the war of Salamis with Demetrius Antigonus, king of Macedonia, entered with many ships. The harbour was then large, and Demetrius was outside besieging its mouth with a few ships, where he defeated Ptolemy, and captured on shore Menelaus his brother and Leuco his son, with 12,000 men. Between the harbour and the cape della Grea was formerly a port called Leucola, which was destroyed by the sea, but there is still some small shelter there, where vessels go for rest, and in this very year the Turk's fleet went there. This harbour is near the vineyards of the people of Famagosta, almost at the end.

Later the city was fortified by the Lusignan kings, and then by the Genoese, who held it for ninety years. Then the bastard king, and lastly the Venetians, added to its buildings. It is founded on the live rock, and cannot be undermined. Its walls are massive, built of live stone, and so broad that two carts can travel on them. At the top they are scarped and within the earthwork is broad enough for four carts; but it is not so high as the walls, so as to leave parapets. Inside it has a tall cavalier, and three bastions of earth. Also a walled

bastion full of cannon above and below, to command the ditches on both sides. It has too several round towers in its circuit, and within a broad road for cavalry right round the city. Its fosses are quarried out with the hammer, and are high, deep and broad: in the middle is a smaller fosse. The walls of the fosse are as high, or higher than the cornice of the walls, and the earth outside is scarped so that one scarcely sees outside two *brazza* of wall: nor can one see the city, that is the houses, except the Latin cathedral and a little of the Greek, because they are high. These buildings, as we have heard, they have in this present uproar made into towers full of earth, and so with other churches and houses. It has two gates, one on the shore, and the other opening on the interior of the island; this last has two draw-bridges and both are well armed and garrisoned. The sea gate opens on to the middle of the harbour, which is now small. The ditches of the city are dry. In the days of the kings it had also an arsenal. Now the port is choked, because the Signory takes no care for it, and is closed with a chain. The city has a strong castle, with ditches filled by the sea. It is high: just outside it is the shore, and it has a tower or bastion exactly at the mouth of the harbour, and inside this they draw the chain.

The water is brackish except in three or four wells, which never fail. They have also plenty of cisterns, made generally of cement, which they renew every three years, and water which runs through the city, drawn by oxen from wells into a tank, and thence let into the city every morning and evening, supplying several fountains. The beasts turn these wheels incessantly. The air of the city is not too good, on account of (the many marshes of) Salamis. It is a little more than a mile in circuit. The city is a fair one, with a fine square and adorned with Latin and Greek churches. There are monasteries too of the four mendicant Orders, but poor and very shabby. The country outside is all sand, but towards the south it has vineyards and beautiful gardens, with all kinds of fruit. And every six or eight days they water them by means of beasts which turn great wheels and draw from the wells all the water they want. They use these wheels all over the island wherever they want to water gardens or cotton, both at Nicosia and in the villages, because the plain is bare of trees by reason of the great heat. And unless they watered, as I have said, everything would be burnt up and dry except the olive and carob trees which do not care for water.

After the destruction of Salamis the Greeks retired to this city, and fixed here their Archbishopric, which lasted until Pope Alexander set it in Nicosia. The city is in the plain near the sea facing south, a hundred miles from the mainland. It is 12 leagues from Nicosia, 50 miles from Salines by sea and 8 leagues by land, 30 miles from Cape della Grea. Here rests the body of S. Epiphanius, and there is preserved one of the waterpots in which was the water turned by our Lord into wine at the marriage, with other relics. And Fra Pietro Thomaso, Patriarch of Constantinople, was buried in the Carmini amid many miracles: he was a brother of that Order.

CALEPIO.

Fra Angelo Calepio, of Cyprus, a Doctor in Theology of the Order of Preachers, Vicar General of the Province of Terra Santa, is known to us only from the two narratives in which he describes the siege and capture of Nicosia and Famagusta. Of the first of these disasters he was an eye-witness, being in 1570 Superior of the Dominican Convent in Nicosia. He will tell us how he was taken prisoner by a Dervish, sold to the captain of a galley, and carried to Constantinople: ransomed, and again imprisoned by Kilij Ali as a Papal spy. During his second imprisonment he collected from his fellow-captives all that they could tell him about the fall of Famagusta (borrowing almost in its entirety the narrative of N. Martinengo,

which was printed or translated at least six times in 1572), and at last, towards the end of 1572, meeting at Bologna Jacques de Lusignan, a brother monk, known in religion as Frere Etienne de Lusignan, yielded to his wishes and added to the *Chorografia*, or short general history, of his noble and learned friend the account here translated of the two sieges.

Etienne (or Jacques) de Lusignan was one of the nine children of Jason, who was son of Philippe, son of Chiarion, son of Philippe, son of Henri, Prince de Galilée, son of Jacques I., King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia, and Heloise de Brunswick, his Queen. One of his brothers was killed in the siege of Famagusta, another was a Basilian monk, one of his sisters a nun.

Calepio himself possibly belonged to a family reckoned among the oldest and noblest of Bergamo, and certain peculiarities of dialect may be thought to betray his Lombard origin. But his friend and editor, who probably spoke French and Romaic, freely admits his own ignorance of Italian, and deplores the many errors which result from it. His printers have been indeed unkind. Stops and capital letters have been sprinkled over his pages as with a pepper-box. The spelling is remarkable, the text shows no paragraphs, so that the work is difficult to understand and translate. Again it is unlikely that Fra Angelo would know much about fortification. He was not present at the siege of Famagusta, and probably the topography of that fortress was not so well known to him as that of Nicosia.

More than ordinary care has been taken in grappling with these difficulties, and in giving Calepio's narrative as fully and exactly as possible to the English reader. I have prefixed to it Fra Steffano's description of Nicosia and Famagusta.

M. de Grammont (cited by V. Adm. Jurien de la Gravière, *La Guerre de Chypre*, i. 65 and ii. 13) has recovered some particulars concerning Uluj Ali. He was born about 1508 on the coast of Calabria, was captured from a fishing boat, and made a galley slave, then became a renegade and a corsair, and from 1568 to 1571 was Beylerbey of Algiers. He distinguished himself at Lepanto, where he won the surname of Kilij, and the rank of Qaptan Pasha. In 1574 he took from the Spaniards the port and town of Tunis, and died June 27, 1587. He is said to have urged on the Sultan the advantage of re-opening the ancient canal between the Nile and Suez. (See G. Leti, *La Vie de Philippe II., Roi d'Espagne, tr. de l'Italien*, 8vo, Amsterdam, 1734, iv. 88.)

Our original occupies pp. 11, 14—16, and 91—123 of the *Chorografia et breve Historia universale dell' Isola de Cipro.....per il R. P. Lettore Fr. Steffano Lusignano di Cipro dell' Ordine de' Predicatori*, small 4to, Bologna, 1573.

A curious account of the siege of Nicosia, written in *στίχοι πολιτικοί* by a contemporary *ποιητής*, was published (*Δελτίον* vi. pp. 405—432, Athens, 1906) under the title *Θρήνος τῆς Κύπρου* by M. Simos Menardos. The ms., a bad copy of about 1700, was found at Phasoulla, in the District of Limasol.

LETTER OF THE MONK AFORESAID [FRA S. LUSIGNANO] TO HIS READERS.

With great desire had I longed to have within reach the tale of the unhappy downfall of the cities of Nicosia and Famagosta, with all the deeds of daring, and all the notable feats, which there befell, so that my work might be complete, and the reader might have a good and full view of the whole history of Cyprus. It pleased God to realise and fulfil this eager longing of mine, insomuch as His grace, and the liberality of that sainted, true and perfect shepherd of souls, Pope Pius V., of happy memory, whose fame may God keep alive, freed from the cruel hands of the Turks the Reverend Vicar General of Terra Santa, the most learned Master Angelo of Cyprus, of the family of the Calepii, a monk of the order of S. Dominic. This man truly merits a place among the illustrious persons mentioned above, for that in all the misery of Nicosia, holding out that standard of Christians, the Cross, he laboured on, exhorting one, cheering another. I cannot tell all his blessed toils: how he comforted the wounded, helped them and carried them into shelter; buried the dead, shrinking not from the blood which dyed his hands and clothes, nor staying to tend his own

wounds. How he gave all his labour and thought to aid others; and, even when made a prisoner, how he ceased not to console and help his fellow-captives with his words. At last he was bound and taken to Constantinople, then freed; and feeling his freedom to be a particular favour of his Lord, after thanks duly given, to prove his gratitude he went hither and thither among the free Christians and merchants, praying them and exhorting them with tears, so that thus urged they did many worthy deeds, and gave large alms. With such help he set free so many pure and youthful souls, who had been defiled by the vile and devilish law of Mohammad, and with toils and pains brought them back into the bosom of the Holy Roman Church, and, by these most blessed deeds what did he gain? What indeed but that which S. Urban promised to the deacon Lawrence, "there await thee yet greater toils for the faith of Christ." And now he donned the habit of S. Dominic, to which order Pope Pius himself belonged, and being falsely accused of being a papal spy, the heathen in their rage seized him quickly, bound or chained him in the bagno or prison of the arch-tyrant, meaning him to die. But the Divine Majesty, whose secret counsels dispose all things with infinite wisdom, freed him from these torments, and even altogether from the hands of his treacherous foes, and brought him back to Italy. Here with unresting zeal he began his work anew, aiding and freeing poor timid souls, and especially them of his own family, as saith S. Paul, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for them of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel" (1 Tim. v. 8).

To the truth of all that I have said above I received in Venice ample testimony, from many of our own people, and from strangers. Yet I would not lightly pledge my faith, and give my story to the day, until I had obtained the fullest information, and specially until I had seen the very letters of the most illustrious Marquess Giacomo Malatesta, addressed to His Holiness, and to other most illustrious Cardinals, which say even more than I have set down here, and when Father Angelo came with the Marquess from Constantinople to Italy, knowing that he had been present at the capture of Nicosia, and was a person of judgment and learning, truthful and fair, I begged and prayed his Reverence of his kindness to give me a brief account of both events, namely the downfall of Nicosia and Famagosta, to satisfy my own wish and that of my kind readers. Let who will peruse the following history, set down faithfully just as I had it in the convent of S. Dominic, in the city of Bologna, on the fourth day of December, 1572.

To my very dear friend, the Reverend Father Fra Stephano Lusignano, of Cyprus,
a Reader in the Order of Preachers.

If ancient writers, historians and poets alike, as soon as they turned their glance to the resources of Cyprus, spared no pains to make their praises equal its great worth, it seems indeed meet and reasonable that you, a noble and worthy scion of the isle, should endeavour, with all the charm of history, to remind the world of its beauty and dignity. For in it the illustrious and royal House of Lusignan flourished gloriously for many long years, as sovereign lords of the realm. So that one might almost say that it would be an injustice to your own stock did you not give your labours to the world. This thought and your own earnest request have induced me to send you all the true story of the war and the conquest of the kingdom, in which I have not hesitated to follow the simplest and barest truth, rather than an ornate style, or any other human consideration. Accept it then as it is, for very heartily I offer it, and myself with it.

Your affectionate brother
Fra Angelo Calepio, of Cyprus.

Bologna, November X, MDLXXII.

A true and most exact Narrative
of the Events of the Conquest and Defence of the Kingdom of Cyprus:

Composed by the Reverend Father, Fra Angelo Calepio, of Cyprus,
a Doctor in Theology of the Order of Preachers, Vicar General of the Province of Terra Santa,
at the instance of the Reverend Father, Fra Stephano Lusignano,
a Reader in the same Order.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS DEAR AND KIND READERS.

I wish to set before your eyes with exactness and brevity the reason which moved the fierce and barbarous Turkish people to the conquest of the kingdom of Cyprus, and their way of conducting an enterprise which they consider most successful, and greatly to the credit of their skill in arms, but disgraceful to us, and to our faith, and herein I feel it a duty to put away all passion; to discard tedious prefaces, and superfluous graces of style, and to relate with the most perfect fidelity what really occurred, so that everyone may rapidly reach the substantial facts, and then recognise and pass judgment on our mistakes, and the emptiness of our enemy's boasting.

Avarice, lust of fame, difference of religion, diabolic suggestion, Divine permission, an unbounded appetite for new territory to be added to the Ottoman dominions, these were the remote causes of the conspiracy against Cyprus: the nearer cause was the wish of Selim, Emperor of the Turks, to build a mosque and school. This we saw in Adrianople this July, and found it far more magnificent than the mosque of Sultan Suleiman, his father, which is set at the summit of one of the hills of Constantinople, and surpasses all the other mosques and buildings, with its four minarets, and rich and beautiful architecture, crowned by the gateway removed from Zeghet. But the mosque of Sultan Selim will be grander far, and will have six minarets. A second reason was the acquisition of an income for this mosque, because, according to their law, Selim could not endow the building he proposed to erect from the revenues of the Empire, or from his Treasury. A third reason, that their Mufti, whom they reverence as their Pope or Chancellor, persuaded the Emperor that he ought not to build a mosque before he had accomplished some warlike enterprise against the Christians, to the extension of the Faith and the Empire, as his ancestors had done; reminding him of the famous Sultans Mehmed the Second, the conqueror of Constantinople, Bayazid, his son, and his own father Suleiman. Thus was he to acquire an income for his mosque. The Mufti urged Selim to the conquest of Cyprus, to make sure the sea, now ravaged by western pirates, who lay securely in its ports, and threatened the safety of pilgrims to Mecca, and of Turkish merchants who traded with Syria and Egypt. He knew that Selim had long cherished a wish to rule over the island, as being out of the reach of the Christian Powers: perhaps too, from his fondness for its excellent wines, and the beautiful falcons which are taken there. Another most powerful incentive was the persistent advice of a miscreant, Gian Miches, who was most devoted to him, and had given him precise news, received from his Jewish brethren, that on September the 13, 1569, a fire in the arsenal of Venice had destroyed its stores and powder; adding information concerning the very great scarcity which reigned in that city.

At last the Sultan disclosed his desire to his Pashas. He was opposed with some skill by Mehmed Pasha, who favoured the Christians, and thought this was not the time to break faith with the Venetians, whose friendship had always been of the greatest value to his nation; for it was through their not moving to help other Christians attacked by the Turks that these had made great conquests, and from what I heard at Constantinople from persons worthy of belief (whom I must not name, for they are still in the hands of the infidels, and I should

bring their lives into peril), this Pasha, both from the favour he bore to the Venetians, and his eagerness to get the usual bakhshish, sent secret intelligence to the Bailo, hinting that the matter would be forwarded by a present, and as the Bailo made no sign, Mehmed came over at last to the opinion that Cyprus should be annexed, to condemn and punish, as he said, his ingratitude: for he hoped that the present Bailo would do as Bragadino had done. To him also Mehmed had sent to say that two Cypriots had arrived with letters, which expressed the desire of many peasants of the *parici* class to be ruled by the Grand Turk, pleading that they were sore burdened: upon which Bragadino, with magnificent gifts, won over the Pasha, who sent back to him these two messengers and their letters, without presenting them to the Sultan. They were never seen again.

Before despatching the Chawush to Venice, the Pasha sent to the Bailo to say that the Sultan being a new Sovereign had conceived, as new princes often have strange fancies, a desire to possess that rock called Cyprus; and as it was a place of no consequence it would be well that they should offer it to his Majesty, who would always be their devoted friend. He begged the Bailo to write to Venice that this fancy of the Sultan's ought certainly to be gratified. It was now, and not before (for all that they may say in Constantinople), that the Bailo was satisfied that an expedition was being armed against the Venetians: this was greatly to our detriment, for had he believed it earlier, and given us warning, an easier and quicker remedy might have been found. For even in the year before the war seventy Turkish galleys were taking soundings in the roadsteads of Famagosta, Saline and Limisso, and soldiers were already assembling in Caramania. Mehmed Pasha, who took the expedition into his special charge, was collecting troops in the Archipelago, and providing stores and horses. One hundred and sixty galleys of different sizes were fitted out, sixty boats with low freeboard (*fuste*), eight lighters, six vessels, one galleon, forty horseboats, thirty of the kind called *caramussali*, three mortar boats (*palandre*), forty frigates—three hundred and forty-eight in all, although the fleet was said to be of four hundred sail—but two hundred and twenty were manned with rowers. On January 13 the Turks detained two Venetian vessels, the “Bonalda” and “Balba.” The Sultan went in person to the Topkhane, or gun-foundry, and to the arsenal, and ordered the channels to be blocked, and all Venetian ships to be impounded.

On February 11 Cubat Chawush was despatched as ambassador to Venice. He carried letters, and, accompanied by Luigi Bon Rizzo, Secretary to the Bailo, arrived at Venice at the beginning of April. The Signory gave him a most spirited answer, and dismissed him, as was meet. For his master was a perjured usurper, who threatened Christian lands; which placed all their trust in the true Lion of the tribe of Judah, King of kings and Lord of lords, the Tamer of hosts: and in the holiness and zeal of Pope Pius V., the enemy of heretics and infidels, the lover of peace, the stay of Christendom. Venice entered keenly into the war thus unjustly sprung upon her, and despatched with all speed Signor Hieronimo Martinengo with three thousand men; but the general died off Corfu, and less than that number arrived in Cyprus. They were intended to garrison Famagosta, and carried with them the body of Martinengo. The whole capital went forth to receive it, and with bitter wailings bore it to the church of S. Sophia. They waited a little to rest the foot soldiers, and then marched to Famagosta, carrying with them in a coffin their general's remains.

Very little before this the Government of the island received letters from the Bailo at Constantinople, and also from the Signory of Venice. Their Excellencies announced that war was declared, offered comfort to all, exhorted all to be brave and loyal, and assured them that every effort would be made for their defence, for the Signory was determined sooner to

lose Venice itself than Cyprus. They were bidden to retire, all of them, to the forts and to the mountains, determined as soon as the enemy arrived to fall upon them, and make sure of victory and plunder. Signor Estor Baglione would be the general of the army, and the Count de Rochas general of the cavalry.

These letters gave great joy to all, and confidence in the goodness of their rulers, the lavish promises and inviolable faith of Venice. For they hoped the Signory would choose and send with all speed the best possible Lieutenant, a man fit to rule the island in so terrible an emergency, seeing that the present Lieutenant had completed his term of office, and that all Venice was well aware of his incompetence. They hoped too that a Proveditore would be sent them with the highest qualifications for so important a trust; for the Signory had received news of the death of Lorenzo Bembo, an event deplorable in itself, and the cause of the loss of Cyprus.

Yet again they hoped for a fully efficient force of valiant Italian soldiers, with fitting officers, for the foe was very strong, the island far from Venice and surrounded by Turkish lands, and the capital was so placed in its midst that once the enemy was camped round it, no help could reach it, and they founded these hopes upon the liberal offers made by the Signory, on their vigilance and affectionate advice; remembering that when they first began to fortify the city, upon the smallest sign of suspicion the Signory had sent them an ample garrison. Now that they were really entering upon the war, and declaring themselves the open enemies of so potent a sovereign, as the city had eleven bastions, which were so many forts, they held it indispensable that Venice should send, if not ten thousand troops, at least five hundred soldiers for each bastion, especially as they knew that the lower and peasant classes in Cyprus were rude folk and unskilled in war.

While they waited the fulfilment of these hopes, they devoted themselves with extraordinary diligence to the completion of the fortifications, which in some parts were still without a curtain. They began then with processions in which everyone joined, Latins and Greeks, bishops and monks, the officials, nobles, and persons of every class and nation. Throughout Lent Signor Estor Baglione, with all his officers and soldiers, after processions made and masses sung, went out together to work, carrying the earth dug out of the new ditches to fill up the old, so that the enemy might not find trenches ready made to their hand. Before the enemy landed the fortress was nearly complete, though the garrison had not time to make certain traverses, which were necessary to mask the guns of the fort, such as the Turks, on their side, were able to make afterwards on the hill of S. Marina.

At this juncture Signor Estor Baglione summoned the parliament or council, and proposed to the Government, first by word of mouth, and then in writing, that it were not less advantageous than necessary to march down to the seacoast, and there to make a stand against the foe, to test their own strength, and to harass him as much as possible. Many times he offered the same advice, and beat up the ordinary cavalry and a few extra horses for his company, which he wished to equip with several arquebusses apiece, after the fashion of "feraroli," so that at least the enemy should not find landing an easy and comfortable affair. The nobles, and indeed all the people, thought the plan excellent. They wrote a most spirited letter, which their agents presented to the Signory, setting forth their relation to the Republic, together with the very strong reasons for turning to account their enthusiasm and material forces in a march to the seacoast, there to try every means to prevent the enemy's landing, or at least to throw his troops into disorder. How very reasonable this scheme was will be evident when it is remembered that with the horses in Cyprus, counting also mules, which are admirably suited for arquebusiers, a force of five or six thousand

cavalry could easily be raised, while from the Frankish inhabitants they could array twenty-four or twenty-five thousand infantry, all of whom, upon the enemy's approach, would be seen massed upon the hills round the Salines, and make the Turks afraid to land, lest they should be compelled at once to join battle in the plain, as before Barbarossa when he attempted to seize the island. For myself, and all of us who were made slaves by the Turks, heard that they were fully persuaded that Cyprus had a strong and efficient force of cavalry, and a sufficient number of brave and stalwart soldiers not only to garrison the fortresses, but to meet and withstand them in the open field, and that there really were plenty of soldiers, both horse and foot, all Venice knows, for as far back as the time of Giacomo Gisi the Signory had disbanded many stradiots and five hundred arquebusiers, who were formerly enrolled and paid for the defence of the island.

The Lieutenant, the Coadjutor and his brothers took the opposite view, holding that the enemy would certainly force a landing, and that it would be inexpedient thus to risk the few available soldiers and horsemen, and to weaken the defence of the fortresses, to which they would have to retreat in a march of eight and a half leagues. They further professed to rely on the opinion and counsel given before a meeting of the Signory by the right noble Sforza Pallavicino. Would to God this counsel had not prevailed! for Signor Estor Baglione, in no little wrath (it was said) left finally with his detachment for the defence of Famagusta, as the Lieutenant would not allow him to carry out his own plans, framed upon the principles of the art of war, for the protection of the kingdom. Hence it was that to our capital city there came no reinforcements, no new Lieutenant, no Proveditore, officers of whom we had supreme need: no colonels or captains, and even the one commander left to Nicosia we lost by the fine management of the Lieutenant Nicola Dandolo, the root and reason (as everyone says) of the ruin of the realm. Would to God we had lost him too!

Meanwhile the most Reverend Contarini, Bishop of Paffo, raised at his own cost one hundred soldiers, Gioan Bragadino three hundred, the Count of Tripoli three hundred, Gioan Filippo of Milan six horsemen and twelve foot soldiers, all the feudatories and pensioners as many as, and more than, they were bound to furnish; and many others who were under no obligation offered either horses or foot soldiers. Many of the Cypriot nobles were created captains with two hundred infantry apiece:

Signor	Hector Podocatoro	200
"	Tutio Costanzo	200
"	Livio Podocatoro	220
"	Thomaso Sinclitico	200
"	Jason de Nores	200
"	Francesco Maria de Nores	200
"	Ugo Flatro, who afterwards took, as Lieutenant to the Proveditor, the company of gentlemen, his own company being given to Signor Gioan Filippo of Milan	220
"	Gioan Flatro	200
"	Giofredo Cornaro	200
"	Scipio Caraffa, who was sent to the mountains to collect recruits: his company was given to Signor Mautio Zimblet	200
"	Pietro Paolo Sinclitico was sent also to get recruits from the mountains; his company was offered to Gioan Faglier, who refused it, and it was given to Signor Orssato Gistiniano	200

All these companies were raised in Nicosia; but the Government, fearing their numbers insufficient, made a levy, and among trained and untrained citizens enrolled a thousand more recruits. They had neither muskets nor swords to give them, no arquebuses, no defensive armour. Nine hundred field pieces were either sent to the villagers in the hills, or posted at the beginning of the siege on the walls: but they remained unserviceable because the soldiers had never been trained to use them. In the armoury were only a thousand and forty arquebuses, which anyone took who could. Many of the soldiers were brave enough, but many had so little training that they could not fire their muskets without burning their beards. Most of them were artizans, without means, who received no pay, nor while under arms were able to earn anything. They were pining with hunger, and loud in murmurs and curses. Of men like these two thousand six hundred were told off to garrison the city.

The councillors and nobles were divided into two bands under two excellent captains. One was Febo Zappe, a noble, to whom was assigned the charge of the Podochatoro bastion, which he defended stoutly until killed by a cannon shot. His company was then given to his brother Signor Artius Zappa, who held his post against all comers, and was the last man killed in the last assault. I saw his body furrowed with every sort of wound, but to his last breath he guarded his honour and his country. Seven hundred and fifty men were with him, and seven hundred and fifty in the other company of gentlemen citizens and their servants, with which Ugo Flatro manned the Constanzo bastion. Thus these two companies mustered fifteen hundred men.

The captains of the *Cernide*, Italians and Cypriots, with seven hundred and fifty men.

Captain	Gabriel de Bergamo
„	Battista
„	Annibal Zangravi
„	Gioan Angelo
„	Giacomo Zacharia, a Cypriot noble
„	Zuan Muscornio, a Cypriot noble
„	Urban de' Vitaldi

Captains of the ordinary militia of the towns of Cyprus, recalled to Nicosia with their companies.

Captain	Cieco da Perosa	of the militia of	Chitria	300
„	Gioan Andrea da Spello	„	Nisu	300
„	Batista delli Preti	„	Lacatamia	300
„	Zaneto Dandolo	„	Lapithos	300
„	Antonio Georgio	„	Salines	300
„	Thomaso de Grazu	„	Afdimu	300
„	Annibal Albanese	„	Crusocho	300
„	Giuliano da Venetia	„	Peristerona	300
„	Borgogno de Abruzzo	„	Limisso	300
„	Paolo Vicentino	„	Lefca	300
„	Hieronimo da Sascil	„	Paffo	300

The other captains of the militia of the towns in the island, with their companies, went to Famagosta, according to the orders given when they were embodied.

Italian captains and their companies.

Colonel Ronchon, Commanding

Colonel Palazzo da Fano

Count Albert Scotto

Captain Nicolo Paleotti

„ Paolo del Guasto

„ Francesco de Laura

„ Lazaro Coluban

„ Pompeo Coluban

„ Giovan de l'Oglio

„ Carlo Ragunasco

„ Antonio di Berettin

Cavalier Magrino, Engineer

Captain Camillo da Gadi

„ Michael Griti

„ Gioan Battista de San Coluban

„ Battista da Fan

„ Carlo de Arimini

The soldiers of all these officers numbered together thirteen hundred. Some of the captains were the successors of others.

Captains with pay, but without companies.

Captain Giulian Guastaldo

„ Leonardo da Borgo

„ March' Antonio Dascello

„ Giacomo Grazzo

„ Celio da Lodi

„ Gioan Battista Calluro

„ Francesco Pattella

„ Fabri di Imola

Captains of the Stradiots with their companies.

Commanding, Rondachi

Captain Nicolo Kirieleison

„ Lamberti

„ Pietro Mauresi

„ Filippo Laschari, a Cypriot noble

„ Dimitri Laschari, a Cypriot noble

„ Gioanne di Elmi

Cavalier Dimitri Paleologo, a Cypriot noble

Captain Andrea Cortese

„ Catella

„ Thomaso Blasi

„ Gioanne Ligocesi

„ Dimitri Paleologo

The other ordinary captains of the Stradiots, with one hundred horses, went to Famagosta. Meanwhile some of our Cypriots went off with their vessels and scoured the seas of Caramania and Syria in pirate fashion, taking some prizes. But rumours of war reached them from Syria and other Turkish lands, and they made for home, bringing over some of our monks and priests, who advised us of the immense preparations which the Turks were making for the war against Cyprus. At the end of March the Pasha sent forth from Constantinople Murad Rais, with twenty-five galleys bound for Rhodes, to cut off help designed for Cyprus. On April 17 Piali Pasha left Constantinople with eight galleys and thirty galliots. When Cubat Chawush returned from Venice bearing a more spirited reply than had been anticipated, twelve chawushes were at once sent to isolate the Bailo of Venice and his staff, a chawush and some janissaries being left on guard to prevent news of any kind reaching him, and to cut him off from all intercourse, consultation and conversation. Then with all possible diligence they hastened the despatch of the rest of the fleet, and on March 16, 1570, Ali Pasha sailed with thirty-six galleys, twelve flats, four Turkish vessels and two Venetian, the galleon of Mehmed Pasha, eight lighters, forty horseboats and many *caramussali*, full of men, provisions, guns, ammunition and other necessary stores, for the conquest of Cyprus. General Mustafa Pasha commanded the whole force. Piali Pasha had left before, and at Tenos, a little island belonging to the Venetians, slew many Christians: on March 28 he took Negropont, and loaded with provisions left for Rhodes. He caught up the rest of the fleet on the way; with great rejoicing they united their forces, and arrived June 1 at Rhodes.

From Rhodes they went to Finica, whither the army had been sent overland, this being a port of Anatolia, near Cyprus and convenient for crossing thither. About June 20 they sent six galliots to Cyprus to get news: they reached a village called Lara, near Alexandretta, and while their crews were chasing some herdsmen twenty-nine of our Stradiot horse fell upon them, and drove them on board, killing a good many Turks. Not one Christian fell, only the horse of the lieutenant of these Stradiots, who, hoping to get some reward for his gallant exploit, came to Nicosia with a number of prisoners and many heads. The magnificent Dandolo showed his liberality by refusing him even an advance of pay to buy another horse for the service of S. Mark.

Meanwhile the right reverend bishop Contarini made an oration in the vulgar tongue in S. Sophia, urging every man to be loyal and strenuous in the struggle; holding out to them the warm and grateful affection which the Republic bore to Cyprus, with such warm and graceful eloquence and strong persuasiveness that all were moved to tears of enthusiasm, and each man resolved to die in defence of his plighted word, his country and his kin. When he came down from the pulpit he was embraced affectionately by the high officials, the counts, barons and knights, and warmly thanked. Then Count Giacomo, in the name of all the Cypriots, addressed the bishop and the officials.—“All Venice knows, and everyone can see, our loyalty, devotion and obedience to the Republic, a fidelity of so long standing. Everyone shall know again at this crisis, in these perils which beset us, by our brilliant deeds, by our very blood, how loyal we are; how we would rather die by the edge of the sword than change our masters.”

They were active in carrying provisions into the fortresses, and the high officials went to Aschia, to meet the general commanding at Famagosta, and to arrange about grain, cattle and other matters necessary for such an undertaking. For all they could do an immense quantity of wheat and barley remained outside, while they took possession of the larger part of our cattle, both small and great.

The *Parici* were all hopeful because letters arrived from Venice allowing the lords to release them from their servitude; but no liberty did they get, except such as Mustafa gave them. All the gentlemen of the realm kept saying publicly that they had given their consent to the liberation of their *parici*: if their good intentions were defeated by the cruelty of the government I cannot say.

The expedition left Finica on June 27 and arrived at Baffo July 1; the next day the news reached Nicosia, Limisso and Acrotiri were sacked and burned, the enemy's ravages extending inland to the village of Polimidia. The captain of the Stradiots and Vincenzo Malipiero, vice-captain of Baffo, met and charged them with cavalry, broke their ranks, put them completely to flight, and so drove them back with great slaughter to the sea. They took two Turks alive, and made up two loads of heads, which the Stradiots who were sent to meet them carried afterwards on the points of their lances to Nicosia. The two prisoners, with their hands bound behind them, were forced to march before the horse of the vice-captain of Baffo. The sight gave courage to the citizens, who came out to the villages, and down to the sea-shore, or went shouting about the walls of Nicosia, "Success to S. Mark by land and by sea." The next day the Turks arrived at Salines. Our general of cavalry went to confer with Estor Baglione at a village between Salines and Famagosta. On the third, in perfect comfort and without the slightest opposition, the enemy landed his cavalry, infantry, artillery, ammunition and stores, and laid out and fortified his camp. Mustafa sent Piali to the gulf of Aiazza with a hundred galleys, twenty horseboats and some lighters to bring over the rest of the horses, janissaries and Sipahis; while Ali Pasha was despatched with the rest of the fleet to the same end to the gulf of Satalia, Mustafa being afraid to leave Salines until he had mustered his whole force. The officers returned on July 21 with the desired reinforcements. In the meanwhile Mustafa had sent Nicodemus, a blind Greek monk, a Corfiote, with letters exhorting and threatening all men to submit to his sovereign, promising them all the liberties they now enjoyed, and greater still.

Our general of cavalry had already retired with his whole force to Nicosia, and remained there until the day of the massacre. The enemy meanwhile made various raids, and reached Lefcara, guided by a Greek priest of the village. The inhabitants, who had neither walls nor ditches, arms offensive or defensive, were obliged to promise allegiance. The government was promptly informed, and Captain Meaduca Dimitri Lascari, with his company of light horse, was sent with orders to give the village to fire and flame, and kill old and young. This bold officer, when he had reduced the Lefkarites to obedience, was anxious for another chance of meeting the enemy. He gave chase to a large detachment, and drove them into a narrow gorge between two mountains. Here his horse was killed, and leaping up behind his brother, an ensign, he retreated to Nicosia.

On the 24th the Turks left for Nicosia, having first sent five hundred horsemen to Famagosta to prevent any assistance reaching that city, but Signor Estor Baglione met and routed them at San Sergio. On the 25th part of the enemy's army arrived, with a vanguard of cavalry; as soon as they were in sight Colonel Palazzo was ready with advice to go out and check this first detachment before the main army came up; he wanted to make a sally in force with all the mounted Stradiots, feudatories and pensioners, and a great part of the Italian and Greek infantry, and although the chief officials and the Coadjutor knew that he was a soldier of great experience, they did not accept his counsel nor approve his reasons. The next day the rest of the enemy's forces arrived, and some horsemen rode boldly up to the walls, and pitched their camp on the hill of Mantia. Among these, and on the same spot, the General had his quarters, and contrary to the notions of our people found abundant

water. Another part of the army encamped near S. Dimitri, close to the spring: the other tents were five Italian miles away, in the two villages called Aglangia and Athalassa, because water was handy. On S. Anne's day, the enemy, finding they occupied their ground without resistance, sent out a few horsemen to provoke us to a skirmish. Our own people as well as the Italians and Greeks, who were eager for the fray, earnestly begged that they might go out and charge them; but this was forbidden by the Lieutenant, who allowed, however, a few horsemen, under Signor Cesare Piovane, Lieutenant to the Coadjutor. They were too few to achieve any remarkable success, but they tried to draw the enemy within range of our artillery. They did the same on the next two days; on one of these Andrea Cortese, a captain of Stradiots, was captured, and brought before the Pasha, who (it is said) had him beheaded.

On Sunday, the 30th, they hastily ran up a redoubt on the hill of S. Marina, about a hundred and forty paces from the fortress, mounted their guns, and began to fire upon us. They met with little or no interruption during the building of this work; our men were trying from the curtain between the Podochatoro and Caraffa bastions, and from the face of the Caraffa, with guns of fifty pounds to dislodge them, but the Turks worked by night and with a will, and finished it quickly: for they looked forward to battering the platforms of some of the bastions, as well as the curtain, and the houses, which last the architect of the fortress, trusting to his traverses (and for other reasons which some persons thought dishonest), would not pull down. They built another fort at St George, on an inconsiderable hill; from this too they proposed to open fire on our houses: and a third over against the bastions Costanzo and Podochatoro, on a hill called Margarita. The fourth fort they set half way up the hill Mandia, but the fire from this was of little importance. They dug deep trenches close together, going below the ditches round the walls of the old city, and some eight paces from the ruins of that city they built four other forts opposite the bastions Podochatoro, Costanzo, Davilla and Tripoli. These were strengthened with deep ditches, demilunes, and deep square reduits where they set outposts, which were safe from attack whether by our guns, horse or foot soldiers. For four days together from morning to evening they kept up the briskest possible fire from sixty pounders, resting only for three or four hours during the great heat of the day; but they found this of no avail, for the balls buried themselves in the earthworks, without damaging our walls. Then they abandoned this form of attack, and took to spades and picks, and in a very short time ran their trenches under our counterscarp, yet we never tried to dislodge them. They worked on undisturbed, and made an immense ditch, throwing up the soil towards us: in this was posted a large body of musketeers, who were always on the watch, and with great address aimed at anyone of our men who appeared upon the walls to fire the morning or evening gun, a custom we still kept up. So they brought up their roads and ditches right into our ditch, which was twenty paces broad. Not to leave their horses idle they made them fetch faggots from a distance and with these and the earth dug out they made such excellent traverses that they soon overtopped our reduits, which became useless for offence.

We were most anxious to harass them with our cavalry to stop their horses from bringing up faggots, but were not allowed to do so: even when some of the most daring of them came close up to our ditch to cut away the bridges and fronts of the bastions, and to bore into the walls, the Lieutenant would not allow our men to fire on them if they were one or two, but only when they were ten or more, saying that he could not justify it to S. Mark. So that the enemy had all the convenience for damaging our walls and bastions which they themselves could desire, whilst I and very many others have heard with our own ears the

haughty commands and threats addressed to our gunners and their chief about wasting powder, which was doled out with the utmost niggardliness, as though to avoid injuring men who with such furious and incessant firing were trying to take our lives. Even what they had the Lieutenant wanted to hoard, so that very many people began to think he was a traitor. More than once Signor Pisani asked the Vice-Proveditor why he did not let our men do what was necessary for the defence, and they almost came to blows when he was told, "Illustrious Sir, we ought to clear the ditch, and drive out the enemy, so that they may not with spades and picks undermine our ramparts, and lay them low." Signor Dandolo answered that our bastions were so many mountains.

Soldiers climbed down by night through the loop-holes to reconnoitre the enemy's works: sometimes the Turks were forced to run, sometimes our men. In a few days the Turks had made great tunnels, blowing up the earth to fill in our ditch, and making shelters in them with scaffolding. Our soldiers and the citizens learned this, and fearing the damage they would do us begged earnestly that they might be allowed to make one grand sally in force to prevent the enemy from mining, and to destroy his traverses. But their request was refused, because the whole number of Italians was very small, and many of these had died already of a malady then prevalent, and from bad management, and the natives were untrained. Colonel Palazzo was trying to make a cavalier of great beams and stakes to command the enemy's forts: it was hollow below, so that we could use the embrasures of the bastion, and earth was heaped up above, on which he meant to plant cannon. But I think it was never used, and a gentleman who was one of the first to mount on it was struck by a ball fired from S. Marina. Our men sought some means of using their arquebuses, and one of them took two long stout beams, and bored holes in them: these they set on the crest of the parapet, but the enemy noticed them at once, and, to the disappointment of the contrivers, destroyed them with cannon shots. An attempt was made to make a mine at the angle of the bastion, but the earth was loose, because the enemy was working under it, and this too failed.

At the beginning of August, seeing what confusion reigned, it was resolved to send for help to Famagosta, to get Signor Estor Baglione and some gunners. Letters in cypher were given to messengers, who were captured by the Turks and paraded before us, that we might abandon all hope of assistance. That brave officer Captain Gioan Battista San Coluban was instantly despatched on the same errand: the enemy gave him chase, and secured his hat and dagger, which they exhibited to us under the walls; they also wrote a letter to the Count Giacomo de Nores, general of the artillery, and one to the citizens, exhorting them to surrender. Captain San Coluban arrived at Famagosta, the Council assembled, and the letter was read. It contained three requests: the first asked for Signor Estor Baglione, the next for a reinforcement of Italian soldiers, the third for gunners. Signor Estor Baglione announced his readiness to go, and in this and the next meeting of the Council it was resolved that he should be allowed to do so: secondly, that they would not send soldiers, and so weaken the garrison; thirdly, that any gunner who chose might go. But when Signor Estor pressed for a sufficient escort they would grant him no more than the hundred soldiers of his own guard. He was so anxious to help the city of Nicosia that, thinking a hundred men insufficient to force the enemy's outposts, he determined to go accompanied only by Captain San Coluban and a guide. The captain, however, insisting on the dangers which he himself had seen and proved persuaded him to stay. San Coluban then left Famagosta with Leonardo di Verona, a gunner, and one other man, and after great perils, and whole days passed without food or drink, while they tried to escape capture by the three bands who guarded

the city on every side, they arrived at Nicosia on S. Laurence's day. Messengers were sent also to the hills, to ask for help, but they were taken and paraded under our walls.

There was no chance now of assistance from without, and they began forthwith to make reduits; Colonel Palazzo directed the construction of those in the Podochatoro and Costanzo bastions, closing with them the passage into the bastion. But Signor Sosomenino at the Tripoli and Davila bastions constructed a simple reduit, leaving no room for an enemy: and probably if the same plan had been followed in the Podochatoro the Turks in their last attack would not have held their ground.

On August 12 the two gunners reconnoitred the enemy's forts, and conceived great hopes of dismantling them: they talked with their chief and with the general of artillery, and asked for two cannons of a hundred pounds, they fired one shot and struck the mouth of one of the enemy's guns, destroying the embrasure, and with the splinters killing many Turks. The Lieutenant was informed, but in spite of all they could say, he would not consent to a further expenditure of powder: he agreed however to do all he could.

The next day Monsignor Contarini, in concert with Signor Pisani, Marco Polani and others, held an animated conference, and with strong and almost angry reasonings engaged the Lieutenant to work out some careful plan for our defence and the enemy's discomfiture. With the utmost possible secrecy they decided to make a sally with a thousand infantry, Greeks and Italians, and all the Stradiot horse. The gentry and feudatories wished to join them, but the Government would not consent. On the 12th Caia Cenlibi was despatched with six galliots to collect news. He reached Candia and then took a boat with a few Christians, who said that the Christian fleets had assembled: this news he brought back to Cyprus. The Pashas meanwhile sent out vessels to scour the seas as far as Baffo, while our people on the mountains by beacons and bonfires signalled, as the Government had bid them do, the number of the ships they saw. We were thus often led to hope that the vessels might be those of our fleet.

On the 15th without noise or bustle the Stradiot cavalry was set in array, and at midday at the usual resting hour mustered, lance in hand, in the bed of the stream which passed through Nicosia: they opened the gate which leads to Famagosta, and sent out the infantry, not indeed all which it had been determined to send, but a good part, under Captain Cesare Piovene di Vicenza, Lieutenant of the Coadjutor, who had drilled his men on horseback but now chose to go out on foot. With him were Count Alberto Scotto, Nicolo Gradinico, Zanetto Dandolo, Giorgio Pandeo, and Cav. Magrino, the engineer. They all marched stoutly forth, and finding the Turks asleep, as their habit was at midday, made themselves easily masters of the first two forts. The Turks fled like so many stags to the hill of S. Marina, fearing some greater disaster. The noise reached the tents, the greatest confusion prevailed, some of the enemy took to flight, leaving everything behind them, and but for their haste they would have spiked their guns. Our men burst into their camp, caught up bows, arrows, scimitars and other booty, and even their cooking pots full and hot. Afterwards some of our renegades told us that if the Christians had followed up the attack with more infantry, and with our cavalry, and had turned the Turkish guns against their masters, we should very likely have remained victors. But, as the best and worst of our ill luck would have it, the Lieutenant and Vice-Proveditor forbade the cavalry to go out, as well as the rest of the infantry, all of whom were eager for the fray; and this, as some said, because he had forbidden the gentlemen to go out, and seeing among the horsemen Falier and certain other gentlemen with their vizors lowered, he threw everything into confusion. Others laid the blame on the Lieutenant of the Coadjutor who wanted all the honour for himself, and rather

than the Commander of the Stradiots should get it, ordered the cavalry to remain within the walls. Whether the confusion was due to this cause or that, they know; to us it is plain that the cavalry did not leave the city, and that, for all that our men could gaily shout, "Forward, Forward: let the cavalry come up, for the day is ours," those poor soldiers thus abandoned began to despair of cavalry support: that the enemy saw this, and the few of their men who had taken to flight returned with a very large body of horse and foot.

Our troops thus compelled to forego the advantage they had gained, retreated very slowly. Captain Cesare Piovene, Count Scotto and others were killed, and altogether we lost a hundred men, dead or prisoners: among the last was the lieutenant of Captain Lazaro. The rest entered the city with many fine things, valuable daggers of Turkish make, scimitars and arquebuses richly inlaid, *tulipanti* and the like. The story went that Cav. Mangrino, as he came back into the fortress, said, "I have never gone out to attempt some deed of daring without meeting something which looked like treason (*tradimento*)," but I think he meant "an objection (*impedimento*)," because I hear that the Lieutenant's reply was this, "Sir Knight, you are still young and do not know everything."

We never made another sally, so that the enemy came boldly up to destroy our works. The brother of Count Giacomo Ottavio, who was on duty in the Tripoli bastion, chose to go up to an embrasure to watch the enemy's movements, but he had scarcely shown himself when he was struck by a bullet and killed. About August 18 Piali Pasha went to Rhodes, sent to Candia for news, and then set out on his return to Cyprus.

The Turks worked on diligently till they had made a sufficiently convenient way to reach our bastions; they often mounted on them; and planted a flag. Four or six days later they began to make their attack. The assailing parties carried with them good sized bags full of powder, which they threw upon our soldiers, doing great injury. Anyone who took them up to throw them back was burned, and there was no way of dealing with them but to hook them on the point of a pike and push them over among the enemy. Throughout the siege, which lasted forty-five days, they kept up a lively cannonade, trying to destroy our houses. Morning and evening they fired guns of every kind, and very often mortars and *predere*: on Sundays particularly they aimed at the churches. They used even greater efforts to batter the platforms of the bastions, and although they did some damage to our men and works it was not so great as they thought. Many of our people died daily, and murmurs were not lacking about victuals and powder.

For the next few days the usual cannonade was kept up morning and evening, as well as volley firing, while they assailed the Podochatoro, Constanzo, Davila and Tripoli bastions, sometimes two at a time, sometimes all four at once, but they were always valiantly repulsed. Our soldiers used balls, tubes and other fireworks, the enemy attacking us with arquebuses, arrows and bags of powder. One day they made an unusually brisk assault, and after volleys and cannon shots met us hand to hand. Count Giacomo went outside the palisade in the middle of the platform to encourage his men, and was struck on the brow by an arrow, and died of the wound. We thought their arrows were poisoned. The hospitals were now full of wounded, and only four hundred Italian soldiers were left sound. The doctors were too few for the work, and in truth I saw but little charity where I ought to have found it, not only towards the wounded, but the whole, and so to stir the hearts of the rich and great, out of our poor stock I loaded one mule with wine, another with biscuit and yet another with beans and olives, and presented them to our chiefs in the presence of many nobles, and of the bishop of Baffo, to be given to those who were risking their lives for ours. But I found few to imitate me: there were men who did their duty, but it was hard to extract wine from

those who had any. Wood was scarce, though everyone had enough to bake his bread; but they used the rafters of our convent, which was already in ruins, on the fortifications, and to that end our Fathers gave them willingly enough, as well as beams for the cavalier, and for the eleven or twelve stockades, built on the bastions and in other places, so many thousand solid rafters, and sixteen hundred more to make carriages for the guns. A little grain was all that was given to those wretched artisans, who had no means of living, and who were always on guard, and at the mercy of the enemy. A few of the plebeian soldiers murmured against certain nobles who went to sleep in their own houses, and their commanders ordered these all to come to their quarters, either on the bastions or in the shelters below. The chiefs only slept in their houses, and every day, morning and evening, their food was brought up by their servants.

In the next assault Captain Berettino died. And again on the next day, in another attack, Signor Febbo Zappe, Captain of one half of the gentlemen, was killed on the ramparts by a cannon ball. The enemy had now destroyed the angles of the bastions and the parapets, and completed a convenient approach; they drove a donkey up it, and kept crying in mockery, "don't hurt the poor ass, it can do you no harm!" Then they shouted, "surrender, for you are in a bad way," and shot in a letter tied to an arrow, saying the same thing.

Beset by so many and great dangers the inhabitants not only kept up continual processions, but also made a vow to the Divine Majesty to build a church called S. Maria della Vittoria, if, through the merits of Christ's most tender Mother, our Intercessor, we drove back the foe: and they called me and gave me the charge of collecting the alms of all, and in three days I found more than two thousand ducats, and hoped to find the rest, but certain Greeks shocked me greatly, who (to put the seal on their iniquities, and invite Heaven the sooner to visit them with the just punishment of their schism) would give me no alms because the church would be of the Latin rite. There were not wanting rich men also who gave little or nothing when they might have given their hundreds.

About August 30 Piali Pasha returned from Rhodes with news of the position of our fleet, and feeling certain that it was not likely to come so very soon so reported to Mustafa Pasha, who ordered the immediate supply of everything necessary for the capture of the city. The Turks now came to request one hour's truce, which was granted to them. Their parley was about many things, but the gist of it all was to exhort us to surrender. Our chiefs replied with spirit, provoking them to attack us again, and one rash fool even began to fire upon them. On the next day followed a furious cannonade, and volleys of musketry more continuous than before, but when they came to the charge they were repulsed with small loss on either side. All our soldiers murmured that they were not given sufficient powder and balls: the gunners especially, who sent their commander to get a further supply. He came to the gate leading to Famagosta, and there in the presence of Bishop Contarini and other nobles the Proveditor was wroth with him, and with threats and angry words told this chief gunner that he ought not to use cannon of great calibre, but *smerigli* (three or four pounders) and the like, adding that this was the intention and advice of Signor Julio Savorgnano. The gunner answered that so great a man never held such an opinion, that pieces of this kind should be used in repulsing an attack: however, they must have patience.

Mustafa Pasha sent off two chawushes with all speed with letters, one to Piali, the other to Ali Pasha, exhorting them that being now certain of the delay of the Christian fleet they were quite sure of taking Nicosia; nothing was wanting but a strong force, because such easy approaches had been constructed, with strong traverses on every side that horsemen

could safely mount them; they must come then with all their troops, and the city would certainly fall to the Turks.

On the 7th or 8th of September the said naval commanders marched their men towards Nicosia, a thing they had hitherto been unwilling to do from fear of the Christian fleet. Some Turks told us that they sent twenty-five thousand, others said that a hundred men were selected from each galley. I should indeed be much surprised, if Mustafa had a hundred thousand men, that in the twelve or fifteen assaults made after this he could not subdue us. On Saturday, September 9, at dawn the enemy prepared for a general assault on the Podochatoro, Constanzo, Davila and Tripoli bastions. The conquest of the Podochatoro was entrusted to the Rumelians (that is, Greeks) and Caramanians, with their Pasha Caraman. Muzaffer Pasha and his troops undertook the attack on the Constanzo, the General Mustafa and Ali Pasha those on the Davila and that called after the Count of Tripoli. All these at the same moment led a most spirited attack, with a very great crowd of soldiers. The largest force was directed at the Podochatoro as being the most damaged and made easiest of entry. They came on with such fury, such shouts and noise, that many of the country folk, who were on the front of the bastion outside the shelter, and could not reach their arms, fled; the rest fought on smartly for a while, but the enemy's numbers kept increasing, our men were cut in pieces, and the little fosses of the shelter were choked with corpses.

Now the bell rang out "to arms," everyone fell into the ranks, and leaping down from the approaches and over the walls of the shelter kept up a brisk fight and drove back the foe. The Turks however outnumbered us, and began to carry the shelter, but they had to face the mailed breasts of many Italians, nobles and citizens, and for two hours made no way. The Coadjutor came with Signor Pisani and others of the chiefs. For a while they were kept at bay, but our soldiers fell apace. I say this for I was on the spot, sent by the Bishop of Baffo, the Proveditore and Signor Pisani to encourage the combatants. The Coadjutor fell killed by a musket ball: Messer Bernardo Bollani fell, and lay awhile under the corpses, but was picked up and went down to the gate. Nicolo Sinclitico withdrew at last with a wound on the face, likewise his brother Gieronimo. Thomas Visconti, their brother, died: Colonel Palazzo died on the spot, the Governor Roncone died in his house; and (to be brief) after two hours' continuous fighting nearly all were left dead. Signor Pisani, who fought like a valiant commander, received a mortal wound from a musket; we helped to carry him off, together with Signor Artius Zappe, Captain of the nobles, who was furrowed with wounds as he stood, firm as a tower, to drive back the foe; he stayed awhile under the gate to recruit his strength, and then returned boldly to the fight, and died like a brave soldier, after taking the life of many an opponent. Signor Pisani was carried to his house by his eldest son and a servant, and there died.

The Lieutenant left his usual post at the Famagosta Gate, sent as a reinforcement the three hundred soldiers from Lefca, and then retired to the Palace. In such a strait it was his duty to go and encourage his troops. The Bishop of Baffo, who had on a corslet, made me put on him armpieces and a helmet, and went to join his men. The gunner of the Caraffa bastion came down from his post to the gate where the chiefs were assembled, and spake boldly to them in these words—"Ye dogs, enemies of God, of yourselves and the realm, do ye not see that the enemy is gaining ground? Why have we not powder that we may drive them out? As long as I had powder to batter their flanks they made no way. The devil take you: have we eaten the powder, have we swallowed the balls? Your saving for S. Mark will, I can see, lose us the day." The chiefs then asked eagerly for me, and sent me to Signor Almorone to bid him be on the alert, and if the enemy proved the victors to set fire to the

great towers, or at least to the ammunition, and with all possible speed to send a cartload of powder to the Caraffa bastion. It was for the general good, and though I was stained with my own blood, and that of our Christian brethren, I went with due haste. On the road near the houses of Gianuchio Muscornio we saw twenty-five janissaries, and the Vice-Captain of the gunners and I called to some Italians and Greeks who would not come with us. The enemy crowded in, and much blood was spilt in that quarter. The powder was sent, but did not come in time. Gioan Filippo da Milano went on horseback (for he was gouty) to the Podochatoro bastion to encourage the soldiers: he was struck by a musket ball and killed. Fighting still continued on this bastion, and the others were still defended. All our brave fellows died. Our Stradiot horse, if it had been ready at the moment, might certainly have charged and broken the enemy, but from the first they were dismounted and set on guard duty in the bastions. By this one can understand how sensible was the advice of Sosomenino and others, who wanted to keep these Stradiots, and the five hundred horsemen of the pensioners and feudatories, who were not trained as infantry, mounted and ready, so that when the enemy forced their way in, this cavalry should drive them out. They might have been drawn up in the road between the city wall and the houses, for this was wide enough perhaps for twenty troopers abreast. But Colonel Palazzo did not approve of this, and it was not done.

No other help came, we could do nothing more, and to our sorrow the Turks were able to force their way in. On one side they rushed wildly into the city, on another they went to attack the men who were defending the Constanzo bastion, which they entered from the town: our soldiers were surrounded and cut in pieces. Many of the citizens defended themselves bravely: many of the *Cernide*, and most of the other villagers, seeing the multitude of the enemy and the number of the dead, in cowardly wise ran away: no prayers of ours, no orders from their commanders had power to make them stop and face the foe. What seemed so strange to me was that numbers of these rascals climbed down through the embrasures to get out of the city, and in their haste to escape fell into the snare. There was fighting in the streets and the squares, but with no kind of order. A stout defence was made in the quarter of SS. Peter and Paul, in front of the Cathedral Church of the Greeks, and in the two narrow streets near the Greek bishop's house; and here were killed very many Greek monks and priests, and also, it is said, two bishops. We went to find Signor Tutio Constanzo to act as our leader and guide, and being now assembled in some number we moved towards the square: here we met a crowd of villagers running away, who disheartened our escort. The Reverend Provincial of the Carmini and I took a great cross and exhorted them as earnestly as possible, now addressing the infantry, now the horsemen. But though we spent two whole hours in haranguing them, and putting before them all the troubles which followed, we did little good; and this for two reasons, one because the Pasha, seeing the tremendous slaughter, bid them surrender and thus save their lives: many fools among us believed him, and threw down their arms, stripping themselves even of what they wanted for their defence. The second, because some fiend or other put it into the hearts of the Italians and Greeks to burst open the Bemba gate, and fly towards the mountains and Cerines. As soon as it was open many rushed out, but many were killed by the Turkish cavalry, others were made prisoners, and few escaped. Gioan Fillipo Lusignano fled to the hills, with M. Flatro di Flatro, Zanetto de Nores, Hector his son, and Alfonso Bragadino. Meanwhile a few brave men with great swords defended the Pisani square and that of the Palace. I think the fight must have lasted some seven or eight hours. Before this Andrea Pesaro, a Patrician of Venice, sought out the Lieutenant, and finding him in front of the

Palace said, "Have you gone so far as this, to give our city into the enemy's hand? Here, I say, we have the traitor!" He put his hand to his sword to slay him, but Dandolo cried out "kill, kill," and his halberdiers killed Pesaro before his blow fell. And now they opened the Famagosta gate, the Turkish cavalry entered, the city was filled with foes, and everyone rushed to plunder. Paolo del Guasto turned the cannon on the bastion near San Luca, and stood on the defensive.

The Lieutenant called the assistant of the Chancery into the office of the Grand Chancellor, and made him write to bid the Turks stay their swords, for he would surrender the city upon condition that the persons and property of the inhabitants remained in safety, the Sultan binding himself to allow all the Christians still in his hands to go to their homes. This was thought somewhat hard by the enemy, but as soon as our soldiers were disarmed they set themselves with more savagery and rapacity than ever to take prisoners and sack houses, killing everyone whom they found with arms. The palace had still some brave defenders, who with their great swords avenged themselves on the enemy, who now thronged its upper rooms. They made the Turks jump down from the windows, and enjoyed for a while the vengeance they wreaked and the clearance they made; but they were few and were killed at last, and the enemies remained masters of the building. Then, the story runs, a drunken Greek hoisted over the palace the Turkish standard, pulling down that of S. Mark. The Lieutenant was taken, his head cut off and sent to the Commandant at Cerines, who forthwith surrendered quietly, without risking an engagement. Yet the Turks would have had a hard task, on account of the mountains between Cerines and Nicosia, which are almost impassable to artillery. Mustafa then sent the head to Famagosta, where the Commandant replied that he desired to see the Pasha under his walls, and with spirited retorts and brave deeds to prove to him his valour.

Bishop Contarini was taken in the palace by a *talisman* or Turkish Monk, who accepted his promises and meant to save his life, but in hopes of richer prey left him and went within to the coffers and storerooms: thus abandoned there came upon him a janissary who struck him on the head with a scimitar. I sought for him many times, and was told that he died on a little island called Stinco, near Rhodes.

And now indeed that terrible roar of artillery and musketry ceased to thunder in our ears; but the change was a sad and mournful one, for on every side we heard nothing but the ceaseless wailing of poor women parted from their husbands, the shrieks of children torn from their mothers' arms, the sighs of the wretched fathers which mounted to the very heavens, the cries of maidens and lads who saw themselves separated from their parents, one driven this way, another that, in irremediable division. All had their hands bound behind them, they were pushed and hurried with blows from sticks and sword hilts, many had an arm lopped off, or a skull cleft open. Any man or woman who resisted was killed. The victors kept cutting off the heads of old women; many of them as they marched along to prove their swords split open the heads of men who had already surrendered. Did a prisoner try to escape, he was caught up and his legs cut off, and as long as any life was left in him every janissary who passed had a cut at him.

Among the slain were Lodovico Podochattoro, and Lucretia Calepia, my mother, whose head they cut off on her serving maid's lap. They tore infants in swaddling clothes from their mothers' breasts, dashed some down on the ground, others by the feet against a wall: of whom I could baptise only one. To be brief, this sack lasted three days. Churches were desecrated, altars stripped, sacred pictures burnt, tombs torn open, and those who took refuge in the churches slain. One piece of savagery I saw, that wherever the Turks met swine they

drove them off with darts and swordcuts, so that we saw a human body along with that of a pig. As they themselves owned, they enriched themselves to such an extent that never since the sack of Constantinople had they won so vast a treasure, as well of things sacred, as those of common use.

Pietro Paolo Sinclitico, Captain of the hill troops, Scipion Caraffa, Gioane Sinclitico came in at once from the mountains to surrender, and Mustafa clothed them from top to toe in brocade. The Countess of Tripoli, without stirring from her house or seeing the Pasha, gave herself up with all her family. She set before her door her coaches and carts, and part of her three hundred soldiers, telling the besiegers that they were Mustafa's prisoners. He accepted her lavish promises and rich gifts, but kept after all little or no faith with her, and her household met perhaps the hardest fate of all. He sent Hector Podochatoro her brother from his tent to Nicosia to be tended by doctors, and had his head cut off on the road. The rest of these prisoners, with the Countess' treasures, were put on a lighter, nor is it known where they are: some say they were drowned. The naval commanders, with the men whom they brought up from the galleys, returned quickly from Nicosia to Salines, fearing the arrival of our fleet. They had news from their spies that it was refitting in Candia. Thence we may take it to be certain that if our ships had moved the Turks would not have sent up the twenty-five thousand men from the galleys, and Nicosia would not have been taken. And this fear lay yet upon the mind of Mustafa Pasha, for as soon as he had taken the city he began with all speed to repair the breaches with sacks and boxes, and to prepare it to resist an attack, filling up the ditches, bringing the guns within the walls, and destroying the forts. They collected forthwith the accursed carcases of the Turks, burning them and their souls in hell, and left for the nonce the Christian corpses, which later they caused to be carried by slaves and thrown into certain houses, when they were set on fire and burned. They began to clear out S. Sophia, the Latin Cathedral, and arrange it after their own fashion, removing the choir, destroying the altars and so forth. On the following Friday, September 15, the day called Juma, which they keep as a Sunday, the Pasha went with his suite to worship God, as their wont is on that day, and to thank Him for so great a victory.

I was anxious to return into the city to see what had been done there, and said to those who took me that I had much money buried underground, and as I was led in I saw how the bastions were repaired: I saw too many pieces of artillery, struck on the muzzle by our shots and disabled. The houses and palaces were occupied; grain, beans, wool, cotton, hams, bacon scattered over the ground, and many other things strewn about the streets: what they could not carry away or eat they trod underfoot, and in the cellars they burst open the casks of wine and oil. There was nothing sacred or profane which was not overturned, as they sought out and hoped to find some treasure. The city stank fearfully from the bodies of men and swine, which had been exposed for nearly five days to the burning sun. To me indeed it was a spectacle more terrible and mournful than that of the day of the attack, to look on human corpses, swollen, some without arms, others without a head, others again disembowelled, noseless, brained or full of wounds. They made us carry here and carry there the things which they had stolen in the attacks, and although the *papas* or Turkish priest who took me saved me from four or five blows aimed at me by some janissaries whom we met on the way, while I was a prisoner and bound, still on reaching the tents I was sharply threatened by his companions, who stripped me to the shirt and even took from me a rosary worth a couple of sous, leaving me with a shirt, a pair of cotton drawers and socks, and a hat which Bishop Contarini left to me when he donned his helmet. When evening came they bound me like a culprit ready for execution, and I made sure of a martyr's fate, and com-

mended myself to my Christian fellow-captives, to encourage them to endure firm and brave in the faith. Then they took to binding certain Italians, and so went on fastening all the men in a line, and made us sit down.

The day after the capture of the city was held a general bazar or auction of the spoil. First were sold the good looking youths and pretty girls, the buyers taking no thought or count of their noble birth, but only of the beauty of their faces. The rest of the men were sold at extremely low prices, though something more was paid for those who were fit for work in the galleys. In the same day they made a division of the spoil, and I wondered much to see them sell some most precious gem for a very small sum. A thing worth a hundred sequins they gave for four: they knew as little about pearls and precious stones as pigs do: anyone who had some little knowledge bought valuable objects for next to nothing, and made a fortune. Then they began to outrage children and women, and such as were firm in their resistance they tortured and killed.

When Nicosia was invested the inhabitants were registered, and their number found to be six thousand five hundred souls: of these few were of any use as combatants. Once there were thirteen hundred Italians, but at a pinch these were only four hundred, for very many died before the siege, and the rest in the attacks. Cypriot nobles and burghers with their servants numbered fifteen hundred, foot soldiers raised in the city two thousand six hundred, those of Giacomo Zaccharia and Muscorno, who were villagers, seven hundred and fifty. There were the Stradiots, and the other cavalry of the feudatories and pensioners, and five hundred more regular cavalry, but they were not used. Though the city had had ammunition and victuals for a two years' siege it was badly administered, and the disorders, and the obstinacy of its commander reduced it to so disgraceful an end. The enemy on the other hand was working with a hundred thousand men, including the ten thousand cavalry, but not the twenty-five thousand men who were brought up from the galleys for the last attack. Some however said there were only four thousand horses, with many mares, and a great number of mules, saddled and equipped as horses, which served in action as well as the best horses; these they brought across on horseboats, lighters and *palandre*, two to each galley, the rest on ships and larger vessels. It was said too that the janissaries were only six thousand, and the sipahis only four thousand. If this cruel disparity of numbers, the fewness of our trained soldiers and our bad leadership should account for our easy defeat, let any soldier of skill and experience decide; and let such consider too how those who retired to Famagosta, where they had most prudent leaders and the best handling, in the company of the brave Italian soldiers behaved (as everyone says, and especially Count Nestor Martinengo in his report made to the Signory of Venice) like brave warriors, often risking their lives not only in sorties and sallies, but also in attack.

I know very well that for the shortcomings and sins of the people God sends such scourges, as saith the prophet Amos (ch. ix. 8), "Behold, the eyes of the Lord God are upon the sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it from off the face of the earth." I know also how the sins of Princes are a cause of the ruin of kingdoms; as saith Isaiah (ch. xxiv. 1, 5), "Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty and maketh it waste . . . because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant." And Ecclesiasticus (ch. x. 8), "Because of unrighteous dealings, injuries and riches got by deceit, the kingdom is translated from one people to another."

But as all the world can see the justice, piety, and zeal in defending our holy faith of my august masters, the care with which they strive to make their dependencies obedient to Holy Church, the affection and courtesy they show to their vassals and subjects, their war

against sin and hatred thereof may well excuse and defend them. I will dare however to say in defence of the just judgment of God, and His irreprehensible Providence, which willed such ruin and destruction, that satisfaction might be made to His justice, provoked by the disorders, disobedience and rebellion of this His realm, that God does as do temporal lords, sending armies against those who rise in gainsaying and revolt. As indeed it is clear that when there rose in rebellion against the Church of Rome, which is the Head of Christ's kingdom, the Patriarchal Church of Alexandria, the Church of Antioch, the holy Church of Jerusalem, and that of Constantinople, with all their members, speedily enough God sent as a scourge these infidel ministers of the Divine justice, who enslaved them all, changed their ceremonies into execrable superstitions, the churches into mosques, the Gospel into the Qoran, destroyed their sway, laid low their dignity, profaned the sacraments, and left their faith entombed, so it behoved God to do to this kingdom, where there were sundry sects of old heretics, and Greeks too who swore fealty to the Holy Roman Church, as is evident in the Church of Alexandria. Yet when the most Reverend Archbishop Filippo Moccionico returned from the Council of Trent, and like a most watchful shepherd, with all diplomacy and modesty, urged them to accept the sacred Ecumenical Council of Trent, with no little warmth they refused to yield, and proved how deadly was the venom of disobedience hidden deep in their hearts. Everyone can see the hatred they bore to the dogmas of the Latin Church, and knows that they held it to be heretical. Hence they would not allow any Latin to celebrate upon their altars, but held their priests to be profane persons, and when the Chiefs of the State desired to hear mass in their churches, they made portable altars. And through all the time up to the siege what did not the poor Archbishop suffer! How he kept exhorting the Greeks, Armenians, Copts and Maronites, Jacobites and Nestorians! and yet many times these Greeks laid snares for him. Witness the arms which they carried under their cloaks to extirpate the Latins! They would never accept the Council nor its decrees, nor the eighth Council of Florence. Nay, the Greek bishop Loarà said to me openly, when I was sent by the said Archbishop to enlighten him and exhort him to obey our Holy Church, and fulfil his oath—"My son (he said) there are bounds set between us Greeks and you Latins, and the cures are divided between us and the flocks, so that on me lies the care of my Greeks, and on your Archbishop of the Latins. The eighth and ninth Councils were held concerning matters in question among you Latins, but they have nothing to do with us." Did not the Archbishop give him a citation to appear at Rome? But he came to Venice, and did not go on to Rome, the Signory sending him back boasting of the rich present it had given him. Did not God clearly visit him with His vengeance, and the punishment of his rebellion? For as soon as he returned to Venice he died suddenly, that this schism might not spread, although he said that he acted herein out of respect for the people. But God applied the better remedy. It is a just thing that the same crime should suffer the same punishment. Yet the crime was a happy one, for it brought to the birth that great and much desired, most necessary and most useful fruit, the signing of the Holy League. And when the dragon of the sea put on so great presumption, on October 7 of the next year he was taken with the hook of God's right hand.

The goodness of God failed not at sundry times and in divers manners to foretell this destruction of Cyprus. It was scourged for many years with such swarms of locusts that they ate even the stems of trees. In 1556, on the morning of S. Mark's day, He sent a terrible earthquake in the city of Limisso; in Famagosta too a whirlwind, which destroyed a palace and two other houses, and caught up some men from the street, and whirled them into the air, and let them fall on the roofs, and if it had not been quickly cut, as sailors use at sea,

the whole city would have been in ruins. Again the next year a little before the feast of S. Mark God sent awful earthquakes, which lasted continually for fifty-three days, and then went on for two years, with intervals of eight, twelve, twenty days; or in alternate months, five or eight shocks at a time: and some of them were so serious that they were felt almost throughout the island. At the same time there occurred in the city of Baffo some few shocks, which were not felt at Limisso, nor in the village of Lefcara and its neighbourhood. Then too were seen at night certain great flames in the air, lasting for two or three hours, and visible in many places. In 1569 followed some eight or ten earthquakes at Famagosta at the end of October, and then, or even before 1568, there appeared in the summer large flocks of locust birds, cranes and geese; great flights of them kept coming from Syria and traversing Cyprus, and all that summer their noise was ever with us, which many took to be of evil omen. Lastly He sent us the comet of November, 1569, whose tail pointed down towards Cyprus, a clear sign of the sword of God.

On September 17 or 18 Mustafa Pasha made his host march towards Famagosta, and left to garrison Nicosia four thousand janissaries and a thousand cavalry under the command of Muzaffer Pasha. He caused the guns to be dragged by his own Turks, and the troops set out in great triumph, and with musicians to show their joy: they bore away also the artillery found in Nicosia. Mustafa pitched his own camp three miles from Famagosta, in the village Pomo d'Adam, the rest went to the gardens of Famagosta. As soon as his troops were rested he set them to cut trenches and make forts with fascines, sacks and earth, and thence they tried to disable such Venetian vessels as were in the harbour, with the idea of cutting off our folk from the hope of flight, such as by means of these they might compass in the coming winter: but our side was ready with a large counterwork to dismantle theirs, and so forced them to abandon their plan. In the meanwhile, while we were imprisoned here we saw some of our men make a sortie, which proved fatal to many Turks.

Ali Pasha had now heard from his spies that the Christian fleet had refitted, and, reinforced by some Sphakiot archers, had already left Candia. With fear at heart he came at once to confer with Mustafa Pasha, General of the land forces. They waited here for fresh news, and on the arrival of some of his galliots learned that the Christian fleet was on its way to Castel Ruso, whereat these dogs took fright, and retired to the tent of Mustafa Pasha to consider what they ought to do. Ali and Piali persuaded Mustafa to march away from Famagosta; leaving the booty, slaves, and useless mouths guarded by soldiers and cannon; so that if the Christian ships showed a desire to fight, they might do their best to maintain the greatness and dignity of their sovereign, and not decline an engagement. The commanders, with the whole squadron arrived at Limisso, and off Cape San Piffanio despatched two galleys to get news of our fleet. As soon as they were quite sure that it had turned back to Candia, these wretches, who dreaded that they might lose a battle, greeted the joyful news with music and feasting a whole day through. Mustafa returned to Famagosta, comforted and reassured his men, and then all set to embarking the booty and captives.

On October 3, while certain barrels of powder were being carried on board the great galleon of Mehmed Pasha they exploded, and in the twinkling of an eye destroyed the vessel, setting fire also to a galliot and a *caramussalli*, and sending an indescribable scare through the fleet. In a moment we saw so many noble youths and maidens hoist into the air, a spectacle of incomparable sadness. The Turks sought to know who was the author of the deed, and how it happened, but they could never learn anything, for not one soul escaped of those who were on the galleon, and two or three only from the other two ships. They took it as the presage of some great misfortune which should befall them. To my great wonder

I heard it said that a noble Cypriot lady set fire to the powder: but it is true that this galleon contained a large number of very handsome youths and lovely women, set aside as an offering to the Sultan, to Mehmed Pasha, and Murad the Sultan's son. On the sixth the naval commanders sailed for Constantinople, leaving eight galleys and a few other craft. Arrived at Castel Ruso, they made sure that the Christian fleet had touched there, and when we reached Rhodes they knew that the Western Squadron had parted from that of Venice. To be quite certain they sent some galliots to Cape Colonna for news, and at the same time the Pashas left behind the spoil, the children and women, moving the whole fleet to Stambalia, whence other galliots were despatched for news. Their purpose was to attack the Venetian ships, but God, whom the winds and seas obey, willed that the presumption of this dog should be laid low, and stirred a storm, so that they could scarcely make the harbour. The Pashas finding that but few ships followed them dismissed several captains. On returning to Rhodes they re-embarked all they had left. Here another large vessel was burnt, and a galley broke up as it was leaving the harbour. They arrived at Suassara, and began to block the harbour mouth with fascines, with the idea of wintering there, but finally resolved to return to Constantinople. Then leaving ships to guard the Archipelago and Scio, on December 14 they anchored before Constantinople, with great rejoicing and many salutes, to which the Serai, the Topkhane and Arsenal replied: the Christian flags were dragged along the water, and so many boats crowded round, just as on Ascension Day at Venice.

I must not fail, as one ungrateful and heedless of the rare and precious blessings, and tender love of our Lord Jesus Christ towards me, to say with Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies" (Genesis xxxii. 10), and to tell how I was saved from so many musket shots, guarded in so many perils, preserved from so many swords: how I was taken prisoner by a *talisman* or Turkish monk, and sold to Osman Chelibi, the Rais or Captain of a galley; how the mercy and loving kindness of our God made me at once to find favour with this fierce dog, and when I was fearing to be chained to the oar, as happened to other nobles and persons of every condition, he first left me at liberty, at my prayer bought my two sisters, bid everyone be gentle with me, and made his own pages bring me food from his own table; often for his amusement he made me eat with him, allotted to me and my sisters an excellent place under cover wherein to sleep, gave us slave-girls and coverlets, and at last after setting a big price upon me was satisfied with four thousand five hundred *aspers*, though I had first to pay twenty-five sequins to his *Kiaya* or steward, a renegade. These sums were paid out of the four hundred scudi, the noble present sent me by Pope Pius V., of happy memory, through the pious hands of my General, M. Serafino Cavalli, my most tender father and author of the ransom of myself and my companions, so that on January 8 of the following year I was absolutely free. Nevertheless on February 3 of 1572 I was put into the savage hands of Uluj Ali as a Papal spy, and thrown into the Grand Turk's prison, loaded with chains, and destined to the torture. And straightway our good God stirred to fire the charity of my noble friends of Ragusa, who helped me, openly with gifts, and secretly with large sums of money, partly given me, partly lent, so that on the third day, by the help of Ababamach, the new king of Algiers, I was freed without further suffering, and at last received leave to depart, by the help and singular favour of Signor Jacomo Malatesta, and my most worthy patron the Right Reverend Monsignor d'Aquis, Ambassador of the most Christian King, who, so difficult was it to obtain this leave, thrice had speech of Mehmed Pasha, Vazir of the Empire. And so with all reason can I say, "Now I know of truth that the Lord hath sent forth His angel and delivered me out of the hand of Uluj Ali, and from all the expectation of the people of the Turks"; wherefore, "unto the King eternal,

incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever, Amen," "Who delivered me out of the power of darkness, and translated me into the kingdom of the Son of His love" (Acts xii. 11, 1 Tim. i. 17, Col. i. 13).

Head Quarters at Nicosia.

Nicola Dandolo, Lieutenant of the Realm and Vice-Proveditor, beheaded.
 Pietro Pisani, Councillor, killed by a musket ball.
 Marc Antonio Priuli, Councillor, enslaved.
 Antonio Pasqualigo, Chamberlain, died.
 Giovan Longo, Chamberlain, enslaved in Constantinople.
 Bernardo Bollani, Captain of Salines, enslaved.
 Vincenzo Malipiero, Vice-Captain of Paffo, died at Scio.
 The Grand-Chancellor died; and his brother Almorone, Master of the Ordnance, died.

Noble Cypriot Captains died.

Count de Ruchas, Coadjutor of the Realm, and General of the Cypriot cavalry
 Count de Tripoli, General of artillery
 S. S. Thomas, Viscount of Nicosia, and captain of two hundred foot soldiers
 „ Hector Podocatore
 „ Jason de Nores
 „ Francesco Maria de Nores
 „ Ugo Flatro
 „ Mantio Zimblet
 „ Gioan Filippo Milano
 „ Giovanni Sinclitico
 „ Meaducha Dimitri Laschari
 „ Giovan Flatro
 „ Cav. Paleologo
 „ Febo Zappe
 „ Artius Zappe, who succeeded Signor Febo, his brother
 „ Jacomo Zacharia
 „ Filippo Laschari

Noble Cypriot Captains enslaved.

S. S. Tutio Constanzo
 „ Livio Podocatore
 „ Giovan Muscorno
 „ Orsato Giustiniano
 „ Sosomenino, an engineer

Captains of the hill troops restored to freedom.

S. S. Scipio Caraffa
 „ Pietro Paolo Sinclitico

Italian Captains died.

Colonel Ronchon, Governor of the City

„ Palazzo da Fano

Count Alberto Scotto

Captain Nicolo Paleotti, of Bologna

„ Lazaro Cocuban

„ Giovan de Oglio

„ Gabriel de Bergamo

„ Battista

„ Zangravi

„ Urban de Vitaldi

„ Anibal Zangravi

Cav. Magrino, an Engineer

Captain Antonio Beretino

„ Camillo de Gadi

„ Michail Griti

„ Giovan Batista de San Coluban

„ Batista da Fan

„ Calo da Rimini

„ Giovan Andrea Spello

„ Battista delli Preti

„ Antonio Giorgi

„ Zaneto Dandolo

„ Thomaso de Grazu, of Famagosta

Italian Captains, of whom it is not known whether they are alive or dead.

Captain Giulian Gustaldo

„ Leonardo da Borgo

„ Marc' Antonio Pascello

„ Jacomo Grazzo

„ Celio da Todi

„ Giovan Battista Calluro

„ Francesco Pattello

„ Fabrici de Imola

„ Anibal, of Albano

„ Giuliano, of Venice

„ Hieronimo da Sascil

„ Paolo Vicentino

Italian Captains, enslaved.

Captain Paolo del Guasto

„ Francesco de Laura

„ Cieco da Perosa

„ Giovan Angelo, remained at Cerines

„ Carlo Ragunasco, fled to the hills, and then went to
Famagosta and was taken prisoner

The Captains of the Stradiots and their Commander were nearly all cut to pieces with their companies.

Noble Cypriots who fled from Nicosia to the hills, passing through the enemy's midst.

S. S. Giovan Filippo Lusignano
 „ Zanetto de Nores
 „ Hettor de Nores
 „ Flatro de Flatro
 „ Alfonso Bragadino

The rest of the nobles were nearly all slain, but very few of them being made prisoners: so too with the citizens and populace. The gentlemen and citizens' wives were nearly all made prisoners, with their sons and daughters, very few being killed. Little children of four years and under were nearly all killed, very few being made prisoners.

Clergy died.

The Right Rev. Bishop Contarini, of Baffo
 „ „ „ Bishop of Coron, Suffragan of Nicosia
 „ „ „ Greek Bishop of Nicosia
 „ „ „ Greek Bishop of Paffo
 „ „ „ Greek Bishop of Limisso, enslaved
 „ „ „ Coptic Bishop

Rev. Monsignor Fra Thomaso Tacito, of the Order of Hermits, Vicar of the Archiepiscopate, all the Rev. Canons and other dignitaries in the city, and nearly all the priests and monks were killed, few being made prisoners.

Head of Religious Orders.

The Rev. Vicar General of the Dominican Monks, Father Angelo Calepio, a slave at Constantinople.
 „ „ Provincial of the Carmini, M. Nicolo, a slave in Syria.
 „ „ Guardian of the Zoccolanti of Jerusalem, a slave at Scio, was released. [Fr. Gian-francesco d'Arsignano, Custode di Terra Santa, died at Vicenza, 1589.]
 „ „ Commissary of S. Francis, M. Andrea Tacito, said to be dead.
 „ „ Vicar of S. Augustine, Fr. Luca, enslaved, and now free.

The Reverend Abbots of the Greek monasteries, with their monks, were nearly all killed, but few being made prisoners.

THE END.

A true and most exact Narrative
of the Conquest and Defence of Famagosta
compiled by the Reverend Father, Fr. Angiolo Calepio, of Cyprus
a Doctor in Theology of the Order of Preachers,
at the instance of the Reverend Father, Fr. Stefano Lusignano,
a Reader in the same Order.

FRA ANGELO CALEPIO, OF CYPRUS, OF THE ORDER OF S. DOMINIC, A POOR DIVINE,
TO HIS COURTEOUS AND KIND READERS.

Be it known that the narrative of the conquest and defence of the city of Famagosta was compiled from the memoirs of many captains present in Cyprus at the defence of that stronghold, who are now in the prison and tower of the Great Turk, which I, being arrested in February 1572 by the order of Kilij Ali, as a spy of our lord the Pope, while I was in durance with them collected with all care: and this verified by themselves, and by the accounts of many other persons, I offer you as genuine and true, and lifted above every kind of passion. And thus I make an end, exhorting all to pray the Lord for me, and for those poor defenders who are still in captivity: and for you I implore every temporal comfort, and happiness in eternity.

From Bologna, November 10, 1572.

Immediately after the capture of Nicosia the naval commander Ali Pasha marched away and re-embarked his troops at Salines on September 11, 1570, when the fleet sailed for Cape della Grea. On September 18, Mustafa, General of the army at Nicosia, left a garrison in that city, and encamped before Famagosta. He was anxious to swallow up quickly the whole kingdom, of which Famagosta only remained unsubdued, and on the 23rd he caused a fort to be built near the little rock, to batter the city as well as the ships which were on our side. It was completed in three days, and on the 26th a few cannon shots were fired. On the 29th they built two other forts, one at the fountain of S. George, the other at Precipolla; on these they mounted a few pieces of artillery and on October 1 opened fire. Our men were prompt in harassing them, and on the 3rd the whole camp retired to the village Pomo d'Adamo, three miles away. The great galley of Mehmed Pasha, full of artillery and ammunition, was burnt about three miles off Famagosta. After this our troops made a sally on the 8th, and did their best to destroy the forts and trenches.

So far nothing had happened of particular moment, but on November 3 there arrived a Turk with two fine horses and a lady of Nicosia. Some people were afraid he had been sent by the Pasha with some mischievous intent: many however knew that he was flying for his life. A man of Famagosta was assigned to him as interpreter. The Turk got drunk, drew a knife which he had in his sleeve and killed him. For this murder he was hanged on December 7.

On the 30th the Turks brought four pieces of artillery to S. Alessio. On January 23, 1571, we descried four vessels with infantry and ammunition, and on the following morning twelve of our galleys and a frigate arrived, and landed the garrison, victuals and ammunition.

On the 27th our galleys captured a Turkish *palandra* with the pay of the camp; and on the 29th the same galleys took a Turkish vessel full of ammunition and victuals. On February 16 the twelve galleys and seven ships left for Candia. The Christians held a general muster, and reckoned in all four thousand infantry, eight hundred *Cernide*, three thousand citizens and peasants, and two hundred Albanians. With greater diligence than ever they set to fortifying themselves on every side, the whole garrison, the city and the very chiefs working and shrinking from no toil to encourage the rest. Night and day the posts were visited, to see that the city was guarded with all watchfulness. No sallies were made, except now and then to get news of the enemy. While these precautions were taken within, with no less zeal the enemy without was collecting everything necessary for storming the fortress, sacks of wool, carriages for the guns, labourers' tools and the like, which were brought over in vast quantities and with great promptness from Caramania and Syria. On March 14 five Turkish galleys were wrecked by a storm within the harbour: on the other hand on the 22nd a magazine of cotton, close to our powder store, took fire. At the beginning of April, Ali Pasha came with perhaps eighty galleys, and brought over what the enemy still required. He sailed again, leaving thirty which kept crossing over with men, ammunition, stores, and every other necessary. Nor have I reckoned a large number of *caramussalini*, lighters and *palandre* which were ever going and coming to and from the neighbouring ports, making rapid voyages through fear of the Christian fleet.

In the middle of April they brought fifteen pieces of artillery from Nicosia, and shifting their ground they dug fosses and trenches and encamped in the gardens, some of them going further to the west beyond a place called Precipolla. On the 16th the enemy held a general parade, and from the city the defenders fired two shots with a culverin of sixty pounds, which reached their host and did no small damage. On the 26th they began to make fresh trenches, and to dig fosses for their musketeers, one close to another, creeping up in such a way that nothing could be done to prevent them, and working incessantly, for the most part at night, with forty thousand pioneers. When the defenders saw the plan of the enemy, and where they contemplated their attack, they did all they possibly could to strengthen the position. A strong guard was kept posted in the covered way of the counterscarp and in the salleyports to defend the counterscarp, new flanks were dug out, traverses were made on the platforms; and all along the wall where it sustained the Turkish fire a trench was made of brick, two feet high and of the same breadth, with loopholes for the musketeers who defended the counterscarp. Signor Bragadino looked after these matters in person, with Signor Estor Baglione. The order throughout was excellent: all the bread for the soldiers was made in one place under the care of the Captain of Baffo, Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo, who spared neither himself nor others in the work. In the citadel was M. Andrea Bragadino, who was carefully guarding the side towards the sea, arranging and digging out new flanks to defend the parts about the Arsenal. Cav. Fuoito was captain of the artillery: he fell about this time in a skirmish, and his company was given to Count Nestor Martinengo. Three captains were told off to superintend the fireworks, each with twenty men to handle the grenades. All the serviceable men were brought over to the side where the cannonade was expected, and mantlets were provided for all the embrasures. Frequent sorties were made on different sides to harass the enemy, and great loss was thus inflicted on them. In one, three hundred men of Famagosta, with swords and shields, and as many Italian musketeers, went forth, but the Christian loss was very heavy, for the enemy's trenches were too close together, and although the Turks were put to flight and many of them were slain, they came on in such numbers that our side lost thirty killed and sixty wounded, and it was

decided that the risk was too great, and that no further sallies should be made. The enemy crept up slowly and pushed their trenches to the crest of the counterscarp. They had completed their forts, and on May 19 commenced a cannonade from ten of them, containing in all seventy-four pieces of large calibre, among them being four basilisks of enormous size. The works attacked lay between the Limisso gate and the Arsenal, and five distinct cannonades were made, one against the great tower of the Arsenal, upon which they fired with the five guns in the fort on the rock: a second against the curtain of the Arsenal, from a fort mounting eleven guns: a third against the great tower of the Antruci and the two cavaliers above it, from a fort also mounting eleven guns: a fourth against the great tower of S. Nappa, upon which they directed the four basilisks. The Limisso gate, which had a high cavalier above, and a ravelin outside, was battered from the counterworks with thirty-three cannon, the general of the host, Mustafa, being himself present. An hour before dawn they fired a great volley from their arquebuses, and then began their cannonade. This lasted all day, and people thought they fired two thousand five hundred shots; part fell on the walls, part in the city, and some passed beyond. The same night an Albanian slave came in, and reported that up to that time our artillery had killed three thousand Turks. On the 20th, an hour before day, they began as before with a volley and cannonade, but hardly with so great fury: on the 21st the same, and so throughout the day. Our Stradiots went out near the tower called *dell' Occha*, and slew seventy-two Turks. On the 22nd, again a volley and cannonade, the latter so furious that it was thought they fired a thousand shots. At first they did not try so much to batter the walls, but aimed at our guns, and fired into the city; on this account as soon as the firing began, all the soldiers and Greeks came and took up their quarters on the walls, where they remained to the end. Messer Bragadino lodged in the great tower of the Antruci, Messer Baglione in that of S. Nappa, Messer Tiepolo in that of the Campo Santo, so that they were with their men at all the posts of danger, and put courage into them all. Had this been so at Nicosia, that city would have been defended and held some days more, and probably would not have been lost. On the 24th they fired up to the nineteenth hour, then came a very heavy rain: as soon as this was over, the Turks advanced to enter the ditch where the place allowed of an encounter, and many of them died there. A shot from a cannon killed Captain Francescho Francavilla. On the 25th at the twenty-third hour the Pasha sent a janissary with two letters, one to the Captain of Famagosta, the other to the Captain of Baffio. Signor Estor Baglione went to see what the janissary wanted, and when he saw these letters he would not listen to him, but said, "Tell your Pasha to continue his enterprise, and we will reply with fire, muskets, cannon and swords": and the soldiers, in derision, all began to shout "Hurrah for S. Mark." On the following day after a brisk cannonade there was found in the ditch an arrow all over writing, saying, "yield you, ye men of Famagosta, for ye shall be safe, ye, your wives and your sons." That day the Count of Gazol was struck, and a lieutenant and an ensign died. Signor Louigi Martinengo was set over the artillery, who divided the post among six captains, who took upon themselves all the duties of bombardiers, assigning to each post a company of Greeks to serve the guns. Captain Francesco Bagona was on duty at the great tower and cavalier of the Arsenal: Captain Pieroconte on the curtain and cavalier de' Volti: Signor Nestor Martinengo at the cavalier of the Campo Santo, at that of the Antruci, and the curtain as far as the great tower of S. Nappa: Count Hercule Martinengo at the cavalier of S. Nappa, and all the curtain up to the Limisso gate: Captain Oratio da Veletri on the ravelin and curtain towards the bastion: and on the high cavalier of Limisso, which sustained the fiercest battering, Captain Ruberto Malvezzi. All kinds of victuals were

brought up to the walls; for ten days the Christians returned cannonade for cannonade, disabled fifteen of the enemy's best guns, and killed up to date thirty thousand Turks. But seeing that powder was failing, it was arranged that each day not more than thirty shots should be fired from thirty pieces, and those in the presence of their several captains, so that no shot should be wasted. On May 29 a frigate arrived from Candia, which filled the whole city with hopes of assistance, and put everybody in excellent spirits. The enemy, after a sharp fight and great losses on both sides, won the counterscarp. Thereupon to meet the fire of the five batteries, they began to throw up the earth in the ditch, digging close to the wall of the counterscarp: but all this earth and the debris torn from the walls by the artillery was carried inside by the defenders, who all worked day and night until the enemy made certain loopholes in the wall through which they swept all the ditch with musket fire, and made it impossible for the defenders to go down with impunity. M. Giovan Mormori, the Engineer, contrived a kind of shield of planks joined together, under which men could work sheltered from shot. With this they recovered some ground, but not much, and Messer Giovan died. When the Turks had thrown up so much earth that it reached the top of the ditch, they made an opening in the wall of the counterscarp, and little by little throwing up the soil in front of it they made a traverse up to the walls on two sides reaching all the batteries. This they afterwards widened with sacks of wool and fascines, and secured themselves from our flanking fire. Once masters of the ditch, and safe from attack except by chance from above, they began to undermine the ravelin, the great tower of S. Nappa, and those of the Antruci and the Campo Santo, and the curtain and tower of the Arsenal. The Christians could no longer avail themselves of these flanks; they began to throw grenades, and did very great damage. They tried to set fire to the wool and faggots, and gave a ducat a sack for each one destroyed. They countermined in all directions, under the orders of Cav. Maggio, the Engineer, who at every need showed all possible zeal and courage, but they did not meet except under the towers of S. Nappa, l'Antruci and Campo Santo, and these were empty. Many times by day and night the defenders went out into the ditch to discover the mines, and set fire to the fascines and wool; and so wonderful was the industrious zeal of Signor Baglione, who took thought for all these things, that without rest or truce, with all manner of ingenious devices, the enemy was harassed. He divided the companies according to the batteries, adding at each post a company of Albanians, who whether serving as horse or foot always displayed great courage.

First Assault.

On June 21 they fired the mine under the great tower of the Arsenal, under the directions of Janpulad Bey: it shattered the wall, which was of great thickness, breached it and brought down more than half of it, splitting also a part of the parapet, which had been made to project and bear the brunt of an assault. Immediately a great band of Turks mounted on the ruins with their standards and reached the top. Captain Pietro Conte was on guard there with his company which was much shaken by the explosion. Signor Nestor Martinengo came up first with his company, and the enemy, though reinforced five or six times, was driven back, and could not accomplish his purpose. Signor Baglione fought there in person. Messer Bragadino with Messer Querini stood armed a little way off, cheering on the soldiers. The Commandant with the artillery of Sperone inflicted great loss on the enemy during the attack, which lasted for five hours without a break. The Turks lost six hundred men, and the Christian dead and wounded were a hundred. An accident with some grenades carelessly handled burnt many of the latter. Among the killed were Count Gian Francesco Goro,

Captain Bernardino of Gubio: Signor Hercole Malatesta, Captain Pietro Conte and other captains and ensigns were badly wounded by stones. The next night a frigate arrived from Candia which brought news of sure and speedy help, and filled the city with delight and courage. Under the orders of Captain Marco Crivelatore and Cav. Maggio shelters were constructed alongside all the breaches, and wherever they heard mines being dug, with casks and sacks full of moist earth, boxes and mattresses: the Greeks brought with great readiness all they had, for the sacking was used up, and they fetched chair-backs, curtains, carpets and even their sheets to make these sacks. This was an excellent and speedy way of restoring the parapets, which were destroyed by the furious and unceasing cannonade. What was battered during the day was repaired during the night: the soldiers took no sleep, and stood always on the walls, visited constantly by their officers, who slept only during the hottest hours of the day, the only time they had for rest, for the enemy kept calling every moment "to arms," so as to leave us no breathing space.

Second Assault.

On June 29 they fired the mine made in the stonework of the ravelin, which shattered everything, and did immense damage, allowing an easy ascent to the enemy who came up to the top with a furious charge, Mustafa being present throughout. The attack was checked at once by Count Hercole and his company, and so the Turks were driven back by our men who fought in the open, the parapet having been destroyed by the mine. On our side there fell Captain Meani, sergeant-major, Captain Celio, a grenadier, and Captain Erasmo da Fermo: Captain Soldetello, Antonio de Ascoli, Captain Gioan d'Istria, with many ensigns and officers were wounded, and about thirty soldiers killed. At the Arsenal, where they were repulsed, the enemy's loss was greater still, and ours less: five only were killed, of whom was Captain Giacomo da Fabria. The following night a slave came in who told us that two thousand six hundred Turks were dead, two being men of rank. The assault lasted six hours, and the Right Reverend Bishop of Limisso, with the cross, stood there cheering our soldiers: and so he did in all the attacks, and if in any one this prelate was not present, the enemy were likely to prevail. He was a brother of the order of S. Dominic, a native of Famagosta. In these troubles he showed himself very zealous for the faith, going often to the walls and giving soup and other food to the soldiers, making these and the citizens with them often confess and communicate, and inspired such hatred in the Turks that when they entered the city the Pasha caused him to be sought for diligently, with intent to torture him, but a little before a musket ball had sent him to a better life. His name was Frate Seraffino Fortebrazza, of Milan. In this attack there were brave women who came with arms and stones and water to help the soldiers. The enemy seeing what great losses they had sustained in these two attacks changed their plans, and with increased fury began again to batter our defences and shelters on every side with their cannon. They worked away more actively than ever, constructed seven more forts nearer the city, brought up the guns from the more distant forts, and mounted eighty others. Their fire was so brisk that on the day and night of July 8 five thousand shots were counted, doing such damage to our parapets that for all our toil we could scarcely repair them, because our labourers were now few in number, and worked under a hail of musket balls: the shelter behind the ravelin was broken up by shots and mines, so as to leave no platform, because we too were strengthening the parapets from within, and encroaching on the platform, which we were obliged to lengthen with planks. Captain Maggio constructed a mine under this ravelin, so that when we could hold it no longer, we might in abandoning it to the enemy inflict on him some signal damage.

Third Assault.

On July 9 they made the third assault on the ravelin, the great tower of S. Nappa, on that of the Antruzzi, on the curtain and great tower of the Arsenal. It lasted over six hours, but in four places the enemy was repulsed, though the ravelin was abandoned to the Turks with great loss on their side and ours. The defenders could not in that small space use their pikes to any purpose, and when they tried to retire, according to the order given by Signor Baglione, they fell into disorder, and retreated mixed up with the Turks. Our mine was fired, and we saw with horror the destruction of more than a thousand of the enemy, and more than a hundred of our own men. Captain Roberto Malvezzi of Bologna died on the spot, Captain Marchetto of Fermo was grievously wounded in the attack on the Arsenal, where Captain David Noce, the Quartermaster, died. This attack lasted five long hours, and the people of Famagosta with their women and children displayed everywhere great valour. The ravelin was so shattered by the explosion that no further effort was made to retake it, for there was nothing left as a shelter. The base of the left flank was intact, and here we dug another mine. Opposite the ravelin was the Limisso gate, a lower work, which was always kept open, for it had an iron portcullis, very heavy and studded with sharp points, closed by cutting a rope. It was intended to carry in the earth of the ravelin by this gate, and for four days the Turks did not approach it, afterwards they began to entrench themselves anew on the higher ground commanding the front and flanks, and allowed no one to leave the gate, which they watched very carefully, because they were frequently attacked by our troops.

Fourth Assault.

So on July 14 they came to attack the gate, and after a charge at all the other batteries they marched up to plant their ensigns right in front of the gate. Signor Baglione and Signor Luigi, who had undertaken the defence of the gate, were present and cheered on the soldiers, who rushed forth and killed and put to flight the greater part of the enemy. They fired the mine on the flank, which slew four hundred Turks, but the carelessness of the men in charge allowed it to injure many of our own soldiers. Signor Baglione took one of the enemy's standards, wresting it from the hands of its bearer; thirteen other Turkish flags were captured. The next day they fired the mine under the curtain, but the result was of little use to them, and they waited to deliver a set attack, and went on widening and raising the traverses in the ditch, to secure themselves against attack. They had dug out all the earth near the counterscarp, and there they lodged in their tents, invisible to us. They brought up seven pieces of artillery on the wall of the counterscarp, so disposed that we could not see them, two on the ravelin of S. Nappa, one on the Antrucci, and two facing the battery of the curtain. They came with planks covered with raw hide to dig in the parapets, while we were not slow in hurling grenades among them, and in sallying now and then from the shelters to harass the diggers, but our losses were considerable. We restored the parapets with buffalo skins soaked in water, stuffed with wet rags and cotton and well bound up with cords.

All the women of Famagosta, under the guidance of a monk, made up companies for each quarter of the city, for they dreaded the example given by those dogs of Turks in Nicosia. Every day they went to work at the post assigned to them, carrying stones, and water to quench the fires. For the Turks, who had failed to capture the gate, found a wholly new device. They collected a great quantity of wood called *teglia* which burns easily with

a bad smell; this they heaped up before the gate, lighted it, and so with faggots and pitched beams they worked up so fierce a fire that it was impossible to extinguish it, though the Christians kept throwing casks full of water from the high cavalier, which burst over the fire. Our men, by reason of the great heat and the stench, were forced to retire into the city. The Turks went down and dug fresh mines at the sides. We closed the gate which could no longer be kept open, and straightway to the surprise of all they re-made the platform of the ravelin and planted a gun over against the gate, which our men had entirely earthed up with stones, soil and other material.

The position of the city was now desperate; within the walls everything was lacking except hope, the valour of the commanders, the daring of the soldiers. The wine was exhausted, neither fresh nor salted meat nor cheese could be had, except at extravagant prices. The horses, asses, and cats were consumed. There was nothing to eat but bread and beans, nothing to drink but vinegar and water, and this too soon failed. The digging of three mines was heard below in the cavalier of the gate: everywhere the enemy was toiling with more activity than ever: in the ditch opposite the battery of the curtain they kept heaping up a mound of earth as high as the wall, and before long they reached the wall of the counterscarp: opposite the great tower of the Arsenal they constructed a cavalier, all strengthened without with cables, as high as that of the city.

Within the walls were left about five hundred Italian soldiers, sound, but worn with long watches and the toil of fighting under the blazing sun: the most and best of the Greeks were dead, and about July 20 the chief men of Famagosta resolved to write to Signor Bragadino, entreating him that now the fortress was reduced to such a pass, its defenders gone, its supplies spent, with no hope of assistance—since they had sacrificed their lives and goods in pursuit of their safety and their allegiance to the Republic—he would agree to terms of honourable surrender, with due regard to the honour of their wives, and the lives of their children, who would be left in the enemy's clutches: witness the signal lesson of Nicosia, and the help the government gave there. Bragadino answered with words of consolation and encouragement, promising that help would come: allaying, as far as he could, the general terror that prevailed, and sending a frigate to Candia to announce the straits they were in.

The Turks had finished their mines, and fired them on July 29. In the meanwhile the defenders had been trying as usual to restore the parapets which the cannonade had shattered, and as there was no other material left the sacks were made of *carisea* under the superintendence of the Captain of Baffo. The three mines of the cavalier did great damage, throwing down the greater portion of the work, and killing the Governor Rondachi della Stratia. The mine at the Arsenal shattered the rest of the great tower, killing nearly a whole company of our soldiers: only the bases of the two flanks remained whole.

Fifth Assault.

The enemy strove to take these two flanks, and to mount on the other batteries: the attack lasted from the twentieth hour until night, and very many Turks were killed. In this fight and others Signor Giacomo Strambali, a Cypriot noble, showed great valour, as well as Tutio Podochatoro, a Cypriot noble, who died bravely: his brother Alessandro, your brother Gioan Filippo Lusignano, and others of our nobles did their duty as knights, and with natural exasperation, for they had seen the slaughter at Nicosia. Your poor brother died eight days before the surrender of the city. May God give him Paradise.

Sixth Assault.

The next morning at dawn the city was attacked at all points. This assault lasted six hours, for the Turks fought with less spirit than usual. They kept giving us great trouble on the seafront with their galleys, moving out at every attack, and battering with their cannon every part of the city which they could reach. About three hundred Turks were killed, and about a hundred Christians killed and wounded. The city was reduced to great straits, only seven barrels of powder were left; so the chiefs resolved to surrender under honourable conditions. On the morning of August 1 the enemy fired two hundred cannon shots, damaging greatly the parapet of the Limisso gate: they came up to the place to reconnoitre, and a brisk skirmish followed. But when noon was passed a flag of truce was hoisted, and an envoy came from Mustafa Pasha, with whom it was agreed that the following morning two hostages should be given on either side while the agreement was under discussion. By order of Signor Bragadino there went out as hostages on our side Count Hercule Martinengo, and Signor Matteo Colti, a citizen of Famagosta, and from the enemy's camp there came into the city the lieutenants of Mustafa and of the Agha of the Janissaries, who were met at the gate by Signor Baglione with two hundred musketeers, while our officers were met by the Turks with a great array of cavalry and musketeers, accompanied by Mustafa's son in person, who welcomed them with great courtesy. Signor Baglione discussed the terms of capitulation with the Turkish hostages in the city. He asked for the lives of the defenders, their arms, their goods: five cannon, three of their finest horses, and a safe passage to Candia under an escort of galleys: that the townsfolk should stay in their houses and enjoy what was their own, living like Christians without any molestation therefor. The Turks accepted these conditions, to which Mustafa assented, and signed the truce. They forthwith sent galleys and sailing ships into the harbour, the soldiers began to embark, and when most of them were on board, the Christian chiefs and captains being anxious also to embark, on the morning of August 5 Signor Bragadino sent out Count Nestor Martinengo with a letter to Mustafa to say that the same evening he proposed to come out to see the Pasha, and to hand to him the keys of the city, leaving Signor Tiepolo in charge of the fortress. He begged that during his absence nothing should be done to annoy the citizens, for up to this time Turks and Christians had maintained with each other friendly and trustful intercourse, in all courtesy of deed and word, eating and drinking together. Mustafa replied to the letter by desiring the Count to tell Signor Bragadino to come when he pleased: that he would gladly see him and know him better, for he recognised the great courage shown by Bragadino, his fellow-officers and brave soldiers, whom, wherever he was, he should never fail to praise. On no account, let them be assured, would he suffer any annoyance to be inflicted on the citizens. Count Nestor returned and reported accordingly.

In the evening Signor Bragadino, accompanied by Signor Baglione, S. Alvisè Martinengo, S. Gioan Antonio Querini, S. Andrea Bragadino, Cav. dell' Haste, Captain Carlo Ragonasco, Captain Francesco Stracco, Captain Hettor da Bressa, Captain Gierolamo di Sacile and other gentlemen, with fifty soldiers, went out: the officers wore their swords, the soldiers had muskets. So they went to Mustafa's tent, who at first received them courteously and made them sit down. They passed from one subject to another, then a complaint arose that during the truce Signor Bragadino had caused certain slaves to be put to death. There was not a word of truth in it, but Mustafa rising in anger would scarcely listen to what his visitors said, and ordered them to be bound. They were defenceless, for they were compelled to lay aside their arms before entering the tent, and thus bound were led one by one into the

open square before the tent, and cut to pieces in Mustafa's presence. Then twice and thrice he made Signor Bragadino, who showed no sign of fear, stretch out his neck as though he would strike off his head, but spared his life and cut off his ears and nose, and as he lay on the ground Mustafa reviled him, cursing our Lord and saying, "where now is thy Christ that He doth not help thee?" The general made never an answer, but with lofty patience waited the end. Count Hercule Martinengo, one of the hostages, was also bound, but was hidden by one of Mustafa's eunuchs until his chief's fury was passed. He did not slay him, but doomed him, as long as his soul cleaved to his body, to continual death in life, making him his eunuch and slave, so that happy he had he died with the rest a martyr's death. There were three citizens in the tent, who were released, but the poor soldiers bound like so many lambs were hewn in pieces, with three hundred other Christians, who never dreamed of such gross perfidy, and impious savagery. The Christians who were already embarked were brutally robbed and thrown into chains.

The second day after the murders, August 7, Mustafa first entered the city. He caused Signor Tiepolo, Captain of Baffo, who was left in Signor Bragadino's room, to be hanged by the neck, as well as the Commandant of the cavalry. On August 17, a day of evil memory, being a Friday and their holiday, Signor Bragadino was led, full of wounds, which had received no care, into the presence of Mustafa, on the batteries built against the city, and for all his weakness, was made to carry one basket full of earth up, and another down, on each redoubt, and forced to kiss the ground when he passed before Mustafa. Then he was led to the shore, set in a slung seat, with a crown at his feet, and hoisted on the yard of the galley of the Captain of Rhodes, hung "like a stork" in view of all the slaves and Christian soldiers in the port. Then this noble gentleman was led to the square, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and before a great crowd they stripped him, and made him sit amid every insult on the grating of the pillory. Then they stretched him on the ground and brutally flayed him alive. His saintly soul bore all with great firmness, patience and faith, never losing heart, but ever with the sternest constancy reproaching them for their broken faith: with never a sign of wavering he commended himself to his Saviour, and when their steel reached his navel he gave back to his Maker his truly happy and blessed spirit. His skin was taken and stuffed with straw, carried round the city, and then hung on the yard of a galliot was paraded along the coast of Syria with great rejoicings. The body was quartered, and a part set on each battery. The skin, after its parade, was placed in a box together with the head of the brave Captain Hestor Baglione, and those of S. Luigi Martinengo, G. A. Bragadino and G. A. Querini, and all were carried to Constantinople and presented to the Gran Signor, who caused them to be put in his prison, and I who was a captive chained in that prison as spy of the Pope, on my liberation tried to steal that skin, but could not.

From the account of this and other gentlemen named above the Turkish host encamped about Famagosta numbered two hundred thousand persons of every rank and condition, of whom eighty thousand were paid soldiers, besides the fourteen thousand janissaries taken from all the garrisons of Syria, Caramania, Anatolia and even from the Sublime Porte. The armed adventurers were sixty thousand, their vast numbers being due to the reports which Mustafa had spread through the Turkish territory that Famagosta was far richer than Nicosia, and when people had seen and heard of the immense wealth of Nicosia, they came in such crowds, especially as the passage across was so easy. On this second occasion this army surrounded Famagosta for seventy-five days, firing on it incessantly, and discharging 140,000 iron balls, which were seen and counted: others put the number at 170,000. The chief personages in the host were, its General, the wretch Mustafa, the Pasha of Aleppo, the

Pasha of Anatolia, Muzaffer, the new Pasha of Nicosia, the Pasha of Caramania, the Agha of the Janissaries, Janpulad Bey, the Sanjaq of Tripoli, the Beylerbey of Greece, the Pasha of Sivas and Marash, *Ferica Framburaro*, the Sanjaq of Antipo, Suleiman Bey, three Sanjaqs of Arabia, Mustafa Bey, General of the adventurers, the *Fergat*, Lord of Malatia, the *Framburaro* of Diverie, the Sanjaq of Arabia, and other lesser Sanjaqs, with a host of two hundred thousand men. Many say that when an account was taken eighty thousand Turks were left dead in Cyprus. They left the *Framburaro* of Rhodes as Governor of Famagosta, he was said to be a Spanish renegade. We heard that two thousand horses, poor beasts and out of condition were left in Cyprus, and twenty thousand soldiers, not only as a garrison, but as colonists, for the island was all but deserted.

Christian Commanders who died in Famagosta.

Marc' Antonio Bragadino, Captain of the City of Famagosta
 Tiepolo, Captain of the City of Baffo
 Gioan Antonio Querini, Paymaster of the army
 Gioan Andrea Bragadino, Commandant in Famagosta
 Signor Estor Baglione, Captain General of the whole army
 „ Aluigi Martinengo
 „ Frederico Baglione
 Governor Piacenza
 Cav. dell' Haste, Vice-Governor
 Captain David Noce, Quartermaster
 „ Mignano de Perosa, Sergeant-Major
 Count Sigismondo da Casoldo
 „ Francesco di Lobi, of Cremona
 Captain Francesco Troncavilla
 „ Anibal Adamo, of Fermo
 „ Scipione of Città di Castello
 „ Carlo Ragonasco
 „ Francesco Stracco
 Governor Naldi
 Captain Roberto Malvezzi
 „ Cesare de Aversa
 „ Bernardino da Gubio
 „ Francesco Bugon, of Verona
 „ Giacomo da Fabiano
 „ Bastian del Sole, a Florentine
 „ Ettore da Bressa, who succeeded Captain Cesare d'Aversa
 „ Flaminio da Fiorenza, who succeeded Captain Bastian del Sole
 „ Erasmo da Fermo, who succeeded Captain de Cernole
 „ Barttolomeo delle Cernole
 „ Gioan Battista, of Rivarole
 „ Gioan Francesco, of Venice

Names of the Captains enslaved.

Count Hercule Martinengo, with Giulio Cesare, a Brescian soldier
 „ Nestor Martinengo, escaped

Captain Marco Crivellatore
 „ Piero, Count of Mont' Alberto
 Signor Hercule Malatesta
 Captain Oratio da Velettri
 „ Aluigi Pezano
 „ Giovan de Istria
 Count Giacomo della Corbara
 Captain Soldatello, of Gubio
 „ Giovan, of Ascoli
 „ Bastian, of Ascoli
 „ Salgano, of Città di Castello
 „ Marquess, of Fermo
 „ Mario da Fabriano, who succeeded Captain Giacomo
 „ Matteo, of Capua
 „ Gioan Maria, of Verona
 „ Gioan Antonio, of Piasenza
 „ Carletto Naldo
 „ Lorenzo Fornaretti
 „ Bernardo da Bressa
 „ Bernardino Coco
 „ Hieronimo, commanding the Artillery
 „ Simone Bagnese, who succeeded Captain David Noce
 „ Tiberio Ceruto, who succeeded Count Sigismond
 „ Giuseppe da Lanciano, who succeeded Captain Fr. Troncavilla
 „ Morgante, who succeeded Captain Annibale
 „ Ottavio da Rimini, who succeeded Captain Fr. Bugon
 The Lieutenant who succeeded Captain Scipion the Standardbearer, who
 succeeded Captain Ruberto
 Captain Francesco, of Venice, who succeeded Captain Antonio
 „ Mancino
 Engineers.
 Giovanni Mormori, killed
 Cav. Maggio, enslaved

The Greek Captains were twelve, not including the Captains of the *Cernide*, who were six and more.

Captains of the Grenadiers.

The little Count of Triviso
 Celio, of Padova
 Gioan Battista, of Brescia
 Angelo, of Orvieto
 Gioan Maria, of Verona
 Ballidoro, of Brescia

Turkish Captains in Famagosta.

Mustafa, General
 Pasha of Aleppo
 Pasha of Anatolia, killed

Muzaffer, Pasha of Nicosia
 Pasha of Caramania
 Agha of the Janissaries
 Janpulad Bey
 Sanjaq of Tripoli
 Beylerbey of Greece
 Pasha of Sivas and Marash
 Ferca Framburaro
 Sanjaq of Antippo, killed
 Suleiman Bey, killed
 Three Sanjaqs of Arabia, killed
 Mustafa Bey, General of Adventurers, killed
 The Fergat, Lord of Malattia, killed
 The Framburaro of Diverie [Divrigi], killed

and many other Turks of rank, Sanjaqs and others, whose names I omit for brevity's sake, and not to weary the reader with a list of mere infidels.

From the capture of Famagosta right up to the harvest of the following year there fell a great dearth on the realm of Cyprus, and those very few poor gentlemen who remained in the island, having been ransomed together with citizens of Nicosia, struggled to make a living as muleteers and hawkers of wine, cloth and other little things, a very different life from their old one. The citizens of Famagosta remained for the present in their houses, but many were driven out by the Turks who came to lodge there, and then took possession. Mustafa returned to Constantinople with twenty-one galleys, but because he arrived just at the time of our famous naval victory the populace did not as usual go to meet him, or fire salutes, and there were very few who went to congratulate him, the reason being that in losing that naval battle all Constantinople had suffered severely: one had lost his son, others their fathers, brothers, or husbands, and all wreaked on him the blame of having stirred up the war.

About this time an envoy arrived from Famagosta to confirm the treaty made by Mustafa with the citizens. They were allowed to live as Christians, provided only that there should be no one of the Latin Church. To these the Turk would grant neither church, house nor any privilege. The Latins in Famagosta were thus compelled to dissemble their faith and rites. The Greeks on their side hoped to keep all their Greek churches, but none was granted them except the Greek Cathedral, and when they offered handsome presents they got as well the little church of S. Simeon. There were granted to them besides the houses of which the Turks had not possessed themselves, and that if a Turk cared to sell a house the citizens of Famagosta should have the right of preemption, but if the Turks would not sell then each of them should keep what he held. The rest of the churches were used as stables, or for other unclean purposes, and S. Nicolo, the Cathedral Church of the Latins, was made a mosque by these miscreants. This was indeed a punishment and act of justice upon the Greeks of this kingdom, many of whom while they were under the rule of the Latin Christians abhorred the limpid water of the Holy Roman obedience, and despised the life-giving stream of its Head; for as these Greeks preferred to be subjects to that gangrened limb, the Patriarch of Constantinople, because he and his fellow-patriarchs, especially the Patriarch of Jerusalem, when the poor Cypriot merchants and pilgrims went to their churches held aloof from them, considering them excommunicate, because in Cyprus they gave their allegiance to the Latins, and saying the same in even stronger terms to the Greek bishops of Cyprus, because they were elected by the Royal Latin Council, and confirmed by the Latin

bishops --hence this ignorant people began to nourish a secret hatred against the Latins, as persons excommunicate and accursed. So our Lord God, yielding to their impious wishes, and to inflict upon them lasting pain and chastisement, removed nearly all the Latins from before their eyes, left them at liberty to subject themselves to the divided members of the Church, and made them for all time the wretched slaves of the Turks.

These Greeks then, as soon as the Grand Turk had seized the whole kingdom of Cyprus, ran straightway to that foul limb Mehmed Pasha, Vazir of the Turkish Empire, and begged him that the bishoprics of Cyprus might be filled up, as though this Mehmed were the Vicar of Christ, and for ecclesiastical confirmation or rather consecration they applied to the Patriarch of Constantinople. At this time there went a Syrian monk, a scion of those old heretics who were condemned in the early councils, and offered to Mehmed Pasha three thousand sequins, for which sum he obtained from the said Pasha the Archbishopric of Cyprus, and never considering that the island had still its illustrious Archbishop alive, was appointed and consecrated, and went to Cyprus with the Janissaries assigned him by the Porte. As soon as he arrived he began to govern the few people left in the towns with strictness and tyranny, trying to recover not only those three thousand sequins, but to get the double of what he had spent. For this cause and also because he was a barbarian, a stranger to the Cypriots, of another race and ignorant of the Greek language and letters, the people turned their attention to a certain Cypriot monk, who sought their suffrages, and sent him to Constantinople to Mehmed Pasha, that he might dismiss his former nominee and confirm the priest they now sent. He came to see me on his arrival at Constantinople, to ask my opinion and advice, for he was anxious not to throw away the large sum which it was usual to give as a present to the Pashas to secure his nomination to this see. What he sought chiefly to know was if the Christians, supposing they recovered Cyprus, would confirm him as Bishop, or despise him as the nominee of the Porte: also if they could injure him personally. I replied that he should let the matter stand awhile, and not seek a bishopric by these underhand means, for I knew that there was a monk in Constantinople, a Cypriot of good family named d'Acre, a friend of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and he too was eager to get this Archbishopric. The priest understood my meaning, and set off at once for Adrianople where the Court then was, taking with him a large sum in sequins which he had borrowed at interest, for the money he had brought from Cyprus was not enough, and with these he obtained the promise of Mehmed that he should have the Archbishopric. But the other monk d'Acre worked so upon the Patriarch that the priest was obliged to give way, and in lieu of the Archbishopric to be content with the Bishopric of Paffo. The Abbot of Cuzuventi in Cyprus happened to be in Constantinople just released from captivity; he got the Bishopric of Limisso, and the see of Famagosta was given to a Candiot monk, who was serving the church of S. Simeon in that city. That was the new order taken for the creation of the Greek Church in Cyprus. But again this Pentecost, Catacusino, who watches the interest of the Grand Turk in the Mediterranean, and supplied twelve galleys for the service of that dog, forced the Patriarch to resign his office, and caused a creature of his own at once to be elected in his place. This he does often, every four years about, because he gains ten or twelve thousand sequins, the gift of those who assume the Patriarchate. Look and wonder, my gentle readers, at the utter blindness of these poor Greeks in the administration of their spiritual affairs.

In February of 1572, after the victory which so terrified the Turks, certain Turkish vessels went to Cyprus. The Turks of Famagosta, in terror lest these should be the precursors of the Christian fleet, made terms with the Christians in Famagosta for their safety;

many of them put on the caps and clothes of Christians, many fled to the fortress of Nicosia, because Famagosta was in ruins, and they determined to surrender without a struggle. The Governor of the island and the Commandant of Famagosta sent three chawushes to the Grand Signor, to lay before him the peril and need of Cyprus. The panic spread through Constantinople, and it was said that in all Cyprus the garrison consisted of only two thousand soldiers and eight hundred horses, so that with all speed five hundred Janissaries were sent overland, and by sea five galleys and five horseboats, to transport men and horses from Cilicia. A similar reinforcement was despatched to Rhodes, and orders for the Bey of Rhodes to return at once to that island, who left with four galleys. The Grand Signor feared greatly that he would lose both islands with their dependencies.

May Christ our Lord make their ways dark and slippery, and the angel of the Lord pursuing them. There then Reverend Father, my kind reader, you have all that happened in the two cities of Nicosia and Famagosta, set down with all exactness and truth. May Christ our Lord hear it of His Grace to the profit of Christians, and to the praise of His Divine Majesty: and that right soon, so that we poor wretches may see with our own eyes our unhappy country restored to the Catholic and Orthodox Faith, under the true Chief Shepherd and His vicar upon earth. Let us pray then that His Divine Majesty may grant us this in His loving kindness and mercy, that we may be able to ascribe glory, laud and honour to God Almighty for ever and ever. Amen.

THE END.

PORCACCHI.

Tommaso Porcacchi was born at Castiglione, near Arezzo, removed to Venice in 1559, and, finding a home with the Counts of Savorgnano, died there in 1585. He was an extremely voluminous writer: a scholar, who provided the famous Gioliti press with editions of many classical Greek authors, and notes, corrections and illustrations for others: a poet, antiquarian, genealogist, geographer: and the editor of a collection of remarkable Sermons. But he is probably best known by his descriptions of the most famous islands of the world, which were collected, illustrated with maps, and published in 1576 by Girolamo Porro, a Paduan. Of this work, entitled *L'Isole piu famose del mondo*, four editions were issued in forty-five years. Our translation is made from the second, printed at Venice, in quarto, 1590, pp. 144—153.

Porcacchi tells us that his accounts were corrected by those given him orally by mariners and travellers, and they probably represent the best information available in his day.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

Cyprus, an island in the Carpathian Sea, has on the north, at no great distance, the bay of Issus, called also gulf of Laiazzo: on the south the Egyptian Sea, on the west Rhodes, and on the east Syria. Its western coast is less than a hundred miles from Syria, a night's sail. The southern side is three hundred from Alexandria in Egypt, four days' sail: and the same or less from Rhodes. But the northern shore is sixty miles from Caramania. It lies just inside the fourth climatic zone, in the ninth parallel, like Candia. From old times down to the present day it has had various names; it was called Cethin or Cethina from its first inhabitant of the same name. Then Cerastin or the horned, from the horned asp which

was formerly found there in great numbers: or because to sailors who see it from afar on the side of Fontana Amorosa its mountains seemed to have two horns. Then Aspellia, and Cripton, that is underground, because it is not visible to mariners until they come close under it, while other islands, on the contrary, are seen from afar. Next Collinia, from its hills, for its mountains, except Olympus, seem but hills. *Ærosa*, from its veins of copper: *Amathusia* (according to Strabo), from the city Amathus, where copper was extracted of the best quality and in the greatest abundance. *Paphia*, from the god Paphos, and the city called by his name. *Salaminia*, from the city which, in the days of the nine kings, surpassed all the rest. *Cytherea*, an epithet for the island as the home of Venus, rather than a name: *Macaria*, or the blessed, for its great fertility and many delights: and lastly *Cyprus*, either because this Greek word means Venus, who was there held in great veneration, or because Cyrus had restored the ancient city Aphrodisia, and would have it bear his name, or from the tree Cypress, which is found in this island only, and of which I shall say more hereafter.

It is of oblong shape and has a circuit of five hundred and fifty miles, according to modern reckoning, although it is also confidently asserted that this should be six hundred and fifty. On the west it has three promontories or capes, *C. San Pifani* (I use the common name), anciently called *Acamas*, *Trapano*, *Cilidonio* or *Punta Melonta*, of old *C. Zephyrion*: these three look partly towards the Egyptian, partly towards the Pamphylian Sea. After *Cilidonio* on the south comes *Drepanon*, now *C. Bianco*; then *Phrourium*, now *C. delle Gatte*: *C. della Grotte*, *Masoto*, *Chiti*, the point of *Salines*, *C. Dades* or *Pyla*, and *Pedalion* or *C. della Grea*. Note that from *Cilidonio* to *C. delle Gatte* the sea is that of Egypt, and thence to *C. della Grea* that of Palestine or Judæa. Eastward the sea circles round from *C. della Grea* in the Syrian Sea to *C. S. Andrea*, or *C. del Carpasso*, opposite the gulf of *Laiazzo*. From *C. S. Andrea* on the north you come to the point called *Aphrodision*, or (after the village) *Acathu*, then to those of *Ceraunia* and *Lapitho*. *C. Cormachiti* is next, and then *Alexandretta*, formerly *Calinusæ*. The bay between these two is called *Pendaia*; that between *Alexandretta* and *San Pifani* is *Crusoco* or *Fontana Amorosa*, and between *Cormachiti* and *San Pifani* comes the gulf of *Settalia*, anciently the Pamphylian Sea. This is the beginning of that gulf of *Settalia* which used to be so formidable to mariners; it stretches for three hundred miles till it joins the Sea of Rhodes. In ancient times it was exceedingly perilous, especially from the feast of the Nativity of our Lord until the Epiphany; but *S. Helena*, the mother of Constantine, came, as we shall see below, to Cyprus, and seeing the terror generally inspired by this gulf threw into it one of the blessed nails with which the Author of our Salvation was crucified, which she had brought from Jerusalem, and the frightful fury ceased. So that the gulf is no longer dreaded as before. The length of the island from east to west is two hundred and twenty miles—another writer adds ten more—measuring from *C. San Pifani* straight across to *C. S. Andrea*, and its breadth, from *C. della Gatta* across the mountains to *Cormachiti* on the north, is sixty-six miles.

The whole island is divided into eleven districts, thus arranged—On the west *Baffo*, anciently *Paphos*, *Audimo*, *Limisso*, *Masoto*, *Saline* and *Mesarea*: these look to the south, and lie along the coast, divided from the other districts by a long line of hills. The others look to the north; *Crusoco*, *Pendaia*, *Cerines*, *Carpasso*, formerly *Carpasia*. The last is the *Viscontado*, lying between those of *Saline* and *Cerines*. That of *Cerines* is itself divided by a chain of hills standing from a mile and a half to three miles from the northern sea: if the mountains in the other parts of the island had been similarly placed, the kingdom of Cyprus would perchance have had less need of the many works constructed for its defence, for this range begins at *C. Cormachiti*, and runs on in one unbroken line to *C. S. Andrea*; and the

little breadth of beach between the skirts of the hills and the sea gives to an invader no free access into the heart of the island. The other range of mountains crosses the middle of the island from the ancient city of Solia, eighteen miles from Cormachiti, to the mountain of the Cross which overlooks C. Mazoto, and follows the coast as far as Baffo, where it makes a bend and again follows the coast up to Solia. In the midst of these mountains is Olympus, of which the Greek name is Trohodos; it is very lofty, and full of trees of all kinds. Its circumference is fifty-four miles or eighteen leagues, and at every league there is a monastery of Greek monks of S. Basil. In every one of these there are abundance of springs, and fruits of every description, so that the Cypriot nobles are wont to visit them in summer for recreation. Between these two ranges of mountains there is a plain seventy-eight miles long and thirty wide called Messaria, which stretches from C. della Grea to C. Cormachiti: it is fertile and produces much grain. In the middle of this is the royal city Nicosia, very pleasantly and beautifully situated. The island has no harbour but that of Famagosta, a city on the eastern shore of the plain, thirty-six miles from Nicosia, and thirty from C. della Grea. In ancient times there were many, but they were neglected and blocked up by silt. However, nearly all round the coast there are landing places, and at Saline, Limisso, Baffo, Crusoco and Cerines are good roadsteads, where large vessels can anchor and lie; because on account of the winds and the aspect they prefer larger room in which to swing than they can find on the northern coast.

It is said that the island was once the seat of nine kings, though some writers call them kinglets or great lords. It had many cities, of which four were built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and called Arsinoe, in honour of his sister. One of these is now the village Audimo, another Famagosta, the third the village Leuca, and the last Arzos. The city of old Paphos, built on the seashore looking south near C. Celidonio, was a royal residence, dedicated to the goddess Venus, with a lovely garden. Here the other goddesses, while Venus was away, caught Cupid (so the story runs), bound his eyes with a scarf, and set him on the top of a myrtle tree. Now the air is corrupted by exhalations from the marshes: such changes befell things, that the most charming spot in the island is now scarcely habitable! New Paphos, built by Agapenor, the captain of the fleet of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, was one of the nine royal capitals, and is even yet standing, and ranks as a city. Here men and women sacrificed naked to Venus, but at the prayer of S. Barnabas the Apostle, a native of Cyprus, the temple fell, and the scandal ceased. Two leagues from this was Cythera, where Venus was brought up, and whence, according to Hesiod, both the goddess and the island took their names. It is now a village called Conuclia, one of the first in the island, for its rich crops of cotton and sugar, and its abundant water. Here are many ancient tombs, like underground chambers, in which have been found many wonderful things, as also at Baffo, Salamina and elsewhere. Curias, another royal capital, was near the sea-coast where now stands Piscopia, one of the chief villages of the island. It has more than a thousand hearths, and is rich in running water, and gardens full of oranges, lemons and the like, which grow also at Baffo and Cythera. Curias, an ancient city, lay in the middle of C. delle Gatta, two leagues and a half from Piscopia: there is a lake to the north of it, full of salt water, with quantities of fish. C. delle Gatte is so named from the large number of cats, reared by the monks of S. Basil in the monastery of S. Nicolo or Acrotiri close by, to destroy the snakes which were very numerous. Large revenues were bequeathed to the convent for the tending of these cats. Amathus, an ancient city, one of the four dedicated to Venus, was rich in metals and mines. It lay on the seashore two leagues from new Limisso. It is now called old Limisso, and has a few Roman remains. A royal capital in the days of the nine kings,

it is now destroyed. With it vied in rank as a royal residence Chiteon, built before all the other cities of Cyprus by Cithin, grandson of Noah. This is situated on the southern coast: it had a fine harbour, now it is but a village, called Chiti. When in the possession of Hector Podocatharo, a Cypriot knight, who wrote a description of it, it was the most delightful spot in the island, with beautiful gardens full of rare fruits. Zeno, the founder of the Stoic Sect, was a native of Citium, with Apollonius the physician and others. A league away on the seashore lies a lake about three leagues round, with springs of salt water. In the middle of June it begins to congeal under the sun's heat, and by mid-August it is entirely dried into salt, a source of immense profit. A mile further on is the landing place of Salines, the resort of the larger merchant vessels.

Salamis stood on the site known as old Famagosta; it was called Constantia from King Costa, father of S. Catherine, and was the capital of one of the nine kingdoms. Built by Teucer, son of Telamon, it gave birth to King Evagoras, mentioned by Plutarch, Nicocreon, captain of the fleet of Alexander the Great, and others. One may still see the remains of the fine aqueducts which brought water here from Chiti, thirty miles away, and outside the town the foundations and ruins of the prison of S. Catherine. A church is shown dedicated to the Apostle S. Barnabas, and the place where he was martyred and buried in a well, together with the Gospel of S. Matthew, written by the Evangelist's own hand, which was found there about the year 473.

Other cities were Aphrodision, sacred to Venus: Cypria, the birth-place of S. Hilarion, and Ceraunia, now Cerines, built by Cyrus when he subdued the nine kings. This town is on the north coast, with a strong fort built on a rock. It is the healthiest in the island. Cyprus, which lies about latitude 35°, is struck directly by the sun, which beats fiercely on the soil and bakes it. Then the winds sweep over the heated earth, and they too get hot, so that their blasts merely augment the heat. It is necessary therefore carefully to protect one's chest, a thing difficult to do in such a furnace. At Cerines however the wind springs directly from the sea, and has no time to touch the burning soil, so that it does not add to the heat as in other parts of the island. On the south too it is protected by the chain of mountains mentioned above, which are near enough to give the place shade, and excellent water.

Lapethos, two leagues from Cerines, was also an ancient capital, its last king being Pisistratus, a companion of Alexander the Great. Now it is a village of the same name, wonderfully fertile, and quite famous for its excellent lemons. They say that in the earliest ages Cinaras, son of Agrippa, here first discovered the art, still practised, of making earthen vessels. Other capitals were Solia, anciently called Apamea, and Acamantis, near C. San Pifani, which the Greeks call Accama. It is now a village named Crusocco, for there are traces of gold there, as well as chrysocolla or vitriol. Here is the Fontana Amorosa: the poets say that they who drank of it feel the stings of love, but they mention another which in its turn allays their smart. Gold is found also in the middle of the island near Nicosia, on the site of the great city of Tamassus, now a village, Tamaglia.

Nicosia was called by the ancients Letra, and then Leucoto. Under the nine kings it was the residence of one of them, but under the Lusignans it became the capital, royal and archiepiscopal, of the whole island, and was glorified with palaces, churches and grand buildings. It had a circuit of nine miles, but in 1567 the Signory of Venice, with a view of strengthening it, reduced this to three. It is supplied most healthfully and pleasantly with running water, and here the nobles of the island lived, who kept adorning it with ever new buildings, gardens and delights. Twelve miles south of Nicosia was Idalium, called by poets

the home of Venus. The spot has no lack of spring water and gardens, but it is now a mere village, called Dali.

There were other cities, and fine estates: they are mentioned in the chronicles which I have cited in their proper place. But when the Emperors of Constantinople sent Dukes to Cyprus they were reduced to fourteen, and again by the Lusignan kings to four, Nicosia, Baffo, Limisso and Famagosta. These remain cities, the rest are villages, of which there may be eight hundred and fifty. The latter were divided among the Court, the clergy and the nobles, who drew from them large revenues.

The island is rich indeed in all the fruits of the earth, and its more useful products. Its wines are very luscious and wholesome; as they grow old they turn from black to white, they are fragrant and of pleasant taste. One finds wine of eighty years and more, and a vintage that had graced a grandee's table gets fresh honour as a medicine, for its health-giving and preservative virtues, which are those of a balsam. One needed to drink but a tiny measure in a large quantity of water. I do not mean that this wine only is rich and good, but all the wines of Cyprus may vie with those of any country, and they are appreciated accordingly in Venice and Rome, wherever indeed they reach. It produces the raisins called *zabib*, large, black and fine fruit, dried naturally by the sun, wheat and barley in abundance, and all kinds of vegetables. All ordinary fruits grow here, except cherries, chestnuts and sorbs, but in their place are dates, bananas and citrons. Its gardens are adorned with oranges, lemons and citrons, of such quality as few other countries can surpass. Sugar was formerly one of its chief products, but the culture of the cane was abandoned for that of cotton, as being more profitable. And not to be tedious, I must assure the reader that Cyprus is a most productive island: over and above what is found in other countries it gives saffron, sesame, coriander, sumach, lentisc seed, and three sorts of honey, the white of the hives, black made from carobs, and treacle from sugar. Occasionally there is a slight fall of manna. It has all the common vegetables, and in addition cauliflowers and cabbages, the colocasia or Egyptian bean, which is excellent eating, and many others.

In the village Calopsida grows the herb from which they make soap, and that with which they bleach camlet, for this and other cloths are made in great quantity. Cotton however is the real staple of the island. Then there is the fragrant powder which we call Cyprian; mixed with other drugs it gives a scent to the daintiest kinds of soap: also Ciprino or henna, olibanum, incense and storax. Minerals abound, veins of gold and copper, white and red marchasite, brass and iron; but copper is the most common; so we read in ancient writers of the furnaces in which it was smelted, in whose flames was found the creature called pyraustes or pyralis, which died when taken out of the fire. Emeralds, malachite, crystal, diamonds (not of the first water), coral, white and red, in the sea about Amathus, and other precious stones: rock alum, white and black, pitch, resin, sulphur, nitre, cochineal and amiantus. Of this last I have spoken in my work "on Funerals"; it is beaten, soaked and manipulated until it produces threads like linen, and is spun into a cloth which is impervious to fire. Or rather it grows whiter and cleaner in fire, while water makes it hard like stone. Of this cloth the ancients made the bags in which they burned their dead, so as to preserve the ashes. Amiantus is found in a village of the same name. Of substances used in medicine are turpentine, colocynth, rhubarb, scammony, and many other useful herbs and rare simples. There are beasts and birds of all kinds: in most esteem are those found nowhere else, as certain little birds called vine-birds, which feed on grape and lentisc seed, and get very fat. They are caught in very great numbers, and, pickled in vinegar, are exported to grace the table of epicures. Everywhere they are welcomed and relished, but

'tis a cloying food, and me too this long enumeration of the riches of the island cloy, and I will only shortly say that Cyprus certainly deserves to be ranked with those lands that produce in most abundant measure all that is necessary for man's use. And if the inhabitants were more industrious, or less sluggards, especially in the way of increasing their water supply, their fields would be even more fertile still; but so great is the profit which a very little labour wins for them from cotton and wool, that other produce is generally neglected.

The island has no rivers, such streams as there are are mere torrents. In a few places they have channels or chains of wells, or they dig pits and draw up the water by means of wheels. When there are heavy rains it seems that the hollows in the mountains get filled, where water is mostly stored. But rain is scarce in the island, and when it does not fall the springs in many parts are seen to diminish. Wonders of this kind are common, which the universal superstition of the islanders has exalted into miracles. At Morfu for example the tomb of S. Mamolo, called here Mama, exudes water, or liquid of some kind, a sovereign remedy, so they say, for many illnesses, and for storms at sea. At Famagusta again, on the vigil of the feast kept in honour of S. Epiphanius, Archbishop of Salamis, who did penance in a cave near the city, pure and sparkling water was seen to trickle gently from the rock of the grotto, and again to stop. This too answered to the wishes of many pious persons who kept it to use as a medicine or a charm. Other graves, which it were tedious to enumerate, were credited with like virtues.

In the days of Constantine the Great Cyprus was left uninhabited for thirty-six years; no rain having fallen during that period, the natives were obliged to emigrate. But S. Helena, on her return from Jerusalem, landed at the village Marin, the ancient Marion, now called Vasilopotamo, four leagues from old Limisso, and seeing the beauty of the island and its present misery prayed to the Lord, and at her intercession it rained, whereupon she procured the return of the inhabitants from the neighbouring provinces of Egypt, Judea, Syria, Cilicia and elsewhere, all of them Greeks, and living after the Greek fashion. In many places she left pieces of the sacred wood of our Redeemer's Cross, built churches, and contributed in other ways to the good of the island, so that it again became populous.

The population became, as I said, Greek, but in later days it fell into five different classes, *Parici*, *Leteri*, *Albanians*, *White Venetians*, and *Perpiriarii*. I leave out for the present the nobles, of whom I will speak by and by. The *Parici* were a kind of slaves, bound for life to their masters: they dated from the time of the Greek Dukes, who compelled them to defend the coast from corsairs, both by money payments and personal service. The Latin kings found this custom and preserved it (men so easily fall in with what is profitable). Its conditions were even aggravated, for when they began to give the villages to their barons, they gave them also authority of every kind, short of the power of life and death, over the *Parici*; and the tyranny of the masters grew so fiercely insolent that some bartered their slaves unblushingly for dogs or other animals. The *Leteri* were those *Parici* who were freed by payment, through charity or other reason. But some who were free in their persons were bound in their purse, being compelled to pay yearly to the Dukes and Princes fifteen *perpiri* or more—a *perpiro* was a silver *giulio*, or (as they say at Venice) a *marcello*—and from this coin they get their name *Perpiriarii*. The *Albanians* were people of Albania, brought here to defend the seaboard against pirates, who married in Cyprus, and with their descendants preserved the name of their native country. The *White Venetians* were certain peasants who were personally free men, but paid a yearly tax, and came under the jurisdiction of the Venetian Consuls residing in Cyprus. But when Cyprus fell under the Republic their privileges were somewhat extended. All these classes could be found through-

out the island, but in Nicosia lived also the nobles. They established themselves there in the train of King Guy of Lusignan, as I shall presently explain, and at that same time came a throng of other strangers, Armenians, Copts, Maronites, Indians, Nestorians, Georgians, Jacobites, who all settled in Nicosia, each nation having its own bishop: but all these bishops were suffragans to the Latin archbishop of Cyprus, a post lately filled by Monsignor Philip Mocenigo, a learned prelate. The nobles were very fond of foreigners: most of them lived after the fashion of Latin nations, the rest like Greeks. They were quick-tempered, lively and active, and lived in lavish splendour and refinement.

Cyprus has been the nursing-mother of many illustrious men, of whom I will pick out a few: the rest will be found noticed in the authors whom I have quoted elsewhere. Venus, they say, was born in the Cypriot city Aphrodision: Cupid was her son, who (be the story false or true) might have personified the lascivious temper and habits of the islanders, who allowed their virgin daughters to win their own dowers, and to yield themselves on the seashore to the embraces of foreigners who landed there. Afterwards they were married. And before Venus were others, whom the empty lying of the heathen deemed to be gods and goddesses, also born in Cyprus. But it is recorded that hence came Asclepiades the historian, Solon of Salamis, the philosopher, one of the seven sages of Greece, and the great law-giver of Athens; Evagoras, of whom Plutarch has much to say, and his son Cleoboulos; Zenon of Citium, a philosopher and founder of the Stoic Sect, and Apollonios, of the same town, an excellent physician and copious author. Xenophon, the historian and philosopher, is said to have been a Cypriot, but of what city is not known. I pass by for want of space the kings and tyrants recorded in history; but in the time when our Saviour became incarnate, and redeemed us with His Blood, there appeared godly men, whose holiness of life made them famous: of whom were S. Barnabas the Apostle, and Mark his sister's son, one of the seventy-two disciples, among whom also were numbered Mnason and Epaphroditos: Paulus Sergius and Titus, disciples of S. Paul (not the Titus to whom he addressed an epistle), Nicanor, Triphyllos, Epiphanius, Spyridon, Theodoros, Hilarion, Ioannes Eleemosynarios, Stadion, Tychonas, Nemesios, Potamos, Didymus, Neophytos and others were saintly men, renowned for their learning and holy lives, all Cypriots. Cyprus too is credited with SS. Constantia, Catarina, and Eirene, daughter of S. Spyridon. Nor must we forget that when Christendom rose to arms for the conquest of the Holy Land, three hundred barons and nobles of various nations, seeing the enterprise likely to fail, retired to Cyprus, and, scattered among the villages, gave themselves to lead a life of piety. Who, full of the fear of God, and of gratitude to His Divine Majesty, earned, in spite of common prejudice, the reverence and devotion even of the Greeks. One of these was John of Montfort, Count and Marshal of Cyprus, whose body lay intact in Nicosia, in the church dedicated to his name.

After the fall of the domination of the Assyrians, of Amasis, King of Egypt, the Argives, the gods, and the nine kings, who successively followed the descendants of Noah in the lordship of the island, Cyprus became subject to Greek tyrants: now it was the Megarians, now the Persians, the Athenians, Alexander the Great, Ptolemy the First and Demetrius, who ruled there, until the Romans made themselves masters of it, and by the agency of Marcus Cato drew from it immense treasure in gold and silver. It remained a subject province until the division of the Empire, and fell to Constantine the Great, when S. Helena had brought back its inhabitants. But the Byzantine Emperors, harassed by wars, allowed the island to be governed by the Dukes who went there in their name, their negligence giving these same Dukes opportunity to establish a tyranny of their own, and to usurp absolute power, as in fact they did. But when Richard, King of England, drifted here with

Hugues VIII., Seigneur de Lusignan, dit Le Brun
m. en Syrie vers 1165

Echive d'Ibelin de Rama (1)=Amaury=(2) 1198 Isabelle, Reine de Jérusalem
Comte de Jaffa en 1193
Seigneur de Chypre, 1194, Roi, 1197
m. 1205

Guy=1180 Sibylla de Jérusalem
Roi de Jérusalem, 1186
Seigneur de Chypre, 1192
m. 1194

Hugues I.=1208 Aïx de Champagne
Roi de Chypre
né 1195, m. 1218

Henri I.=(3) 1250 Plaisance d'Antioche
m. 1261
Roi de Chypre, Seigneur du Royaume de Jérusalem
né 1217, m. 1253

Isabelle=Henri d'Antioche
m. 1264 m. 1276

Hugues II.=Isabelle d'Ibelin
Roi de Chypre, Seigneur du Royaume de Jérusalem, 1253
né 1253, m. 1267

Hugues III. (Antioche-Lusignan)=Isabelle d'Ibelin
Régent d'Hiérusalem
Roi de Chypre, 1267
Roi d'Hiérusalem, 1268
m. 1284

Jean I.
Roi d'Hiérusalem et de Chypre
m. 1285

Henri II.=1317 Constance d'Aragon-Sicile
Roi d'Hiérusalem et de Chypre
né 1271, m. 1324

Guy=Echive d'Ibelin
Connétable de Chypre
m. 1302-3

Hugues IV.=(1) Marie d'Ibelin
(2) 1318 Aïx d'Ibelin
Roi de Jérusalem et de Chypre
né 1300, m. 1359

Pierre I.=(1) 1342 Echive de Montfort
(2) 1353 Eléonore d'Aragon
m. 1417

Jacques I.=Héloïse de Brunswick-
Grubenhagen
m. 1422

né 1329, m. 1369

Pierre II.=Valentine Visconti
Roi de Hiérusalem et de Chypre
né 1354, m. 1382

Janus=
Roi de Hiérusalem, Chypre
et Arménie
m. 1432

(1) avant 1401 Louise
Visconti
(2) 1409-11 Charlotte
de Bourbon
m. 1422

Jean II.=(1) 1437-1440 Médée de Montferrat-Palaeologue
m. 1440
(2) 1442 Hélène Palaeologue
m. 1458

né 1414, m. 1458

(1) 1456 Jean de Coimbre
m. 1457
(2) 1457-9 Louis de Savoie
m. 1482

Charlotte=
Reine de Hiérusalem, de Chypre
et d'Arménie
abdiqua 1485, m. 1487

Jacques II.=1472 Caterina Cornaro
née 1454, déchue 1489, m. 1510

Jacques III.
né 1473, m. 1474

his fleet on his way to Jerusalem, because he was denied shelter in its ports, and received other insults from the then Duke Isaac, in his fury he turned the forces which he had arrayed against the Saracens against the island, and subdued and garrisoned it. Not long after he gave it to the Knights Templar, whose injustice provoked the Cypriots to resort to arms, and, thus harassed, the Knights gave it back forthwith to Richard, who sold it on the same conditions to Guy Lusignan, a Frenchman, who had been driven from the throne of Jerusalem. They exchanged titles, and thus the Kings of England began to style themselves Kings of Jerusalem, and the House of Lusignan took possession of the kingdom of Cyprus. King Guy brought with him into the island in the year of our Lord 1193 many nobles of Jerusalem and France, who had started for the conquest of the Holy Land, nearly all of them being French barons. As cities and lands in the kingdom of Jerusalem were lost to the Franks, this class of nobles kept increasing. There was a general move to Cyprus, and King Guy and his successors kept granting to the incomers villages, privileges and revenues: and in this way were established in the island the barons, feudatories and other nobles.

The line of these Lusignan kings lasted up to Pierre II. the Fat, son of King Pierre who took the city of Alexandria. The said Pierre was ousted by the Genoese. For it chanced that at a banquet given by him in the year 1372 the envoys of Venice and Genoa residing at his court quarrelled about precedence, and when the king decided in favour of the Venetians the Genoese were so indignant that they conspired secretly against his person.

But the plot was discovered, and the king had all the conspirators thrown from the windows of his palace, and caused all the Genoese in the island, without one exception, to be slain. Whereupon the Genoese sent against him a great fleet under Pietro Fregoso, brother of Domenico Fregoso their first doge. Pietro started, and after various accidents carried off a prisoner to Genoa Jacques Lusignan, uncle and guardian of King Pierre, and Seneschal of Cyprus, together with his wife who was *enccinte*. He could not take the king, who died shortly after without children. Ambassadors were then sent to Genoa by the Barons of Cyprus to ask for the Seneschal, as being next in succession to the crown. His wife, Civa d'Ibelin, had in prison brought forth a son, who was called Janus after the city of Genoa. The Genoese sent him back, and he was crowned King of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia: but the Genoese still held the city of Famagosta, which they had taken and kept. Janus, his son, succeeded to the throne, but he was attacked by the forces of Malik-el Ashraf, Sultan of Egypt, and made prisoner. He was ransomed by Giovanni Podocatharo, a Cypriot gentleman who sold all his farms and furniture, but on condition that the king should pay to the Sultan and his successors an annual tribute. Janus left two children, Agnes who married Louis, Duke of Savoy, and Jean, who inherited at his father's death his kingdom and titles. Jean's second wife was Helena Palaeologa, daughter of Theodore, Despot of the Morea, brother of John Palaeologus, Emperor of Constantinople. She was a clever woman, quick-witted, and Greek at heart, and seeing her husband an effeminate creature, unfit for rule, administered the island on her own lines, substituting everywhere the Greek for the Latin rite. She had a daughter named Carlotta, and her husband (by a concubine) a son named Jacques, a handsome, graceful and clever lad. Carlotta married first John, son of the King of Portugal, who restored the Latin rite, and was put to death by the queen. She then married Louis of Savoy, son of the Louis who married her aunt Agnes. Jacques the bastard was made Archbishop of Cyprus, but, after his father's death, for various reasons he shook off his ecclesiastical dignities, and being persecuted by his sister and cousin fled to the Sultan of Egypt. The latter gave him men with whom he returned to Cyprus and

made war upon Carlotta and her husband, who were compelled after various engagements to abandon the kingdom, and leave it in the hands of Jacques, who proclaimed himself its conqueror and king, having also wrested Famagosta from the Genoese. After so many victories, wishing to fix his position upon an enduring basis, he took to wife Caterina, daughter of Marco Cornaro, a Venetian gentleman, whom he accepted as a daughter of the Republic from the hands of the Senate, who assigned to her a dowry. King Jacques died, leaving his wife *enceinte*, who gave birth to a son, who was called Jacques after his father, was crowned, and died when little more than two years old. Thereupon Queen Caterina resigned her kingdom to the Venetian Signory, and in 1489 was conducted to Venice, received with great pomp, and presented with the castle of Asolo in the Trevisano.

So the Venetians remained lords of Cyprus, and held it until 1570, when the Turkish Sovereign Selim, without lawful excuse, and contrary to his plighted faith, declared war against the Republic for the conquest of the island. He landed a huge army at Saline on June 24 and besieged Nicosia, which he took by assault on September 8, cutting the inhabitants to pieces. Next he gained by capitulation the fortress of Cerine, whose defenders, Gio. Maria Mutazzo, a noble Venetian, and Alfonso Palazzo, surrendered it. After this he marched his troops to Famagosta, which city he invested, up to the end of July, 1571, with more than two hundred thousand soldiers. The city was defended by its Captain, Marcantonio Bragadino, a Venetian gentleman, and Astorre Baglioni, the general commanding the troops in the island, who did all that men could do to harass the enemy and preserve the town. The assaults and attacks were many, and bravely borne, and the example left by the courage and constancy of Baglione has indeed taught us what advantage Christian troops have over Turks, seeing that he held out with so few men against so great a hostile force; and he would have proved himself even more their match, if, absolutely compelled by lack of ammunition and provisions, he had not agreed to treat with the Turks on honourable conditions. But these the infidels would not observe. Famagosta was lost, the officers who defended it killed or enslaved, and the kingdom of Cyprus, torn from the Venetian rule, passed into the Turkish Empire.

I should describe this war, about which I am very fully informed, with more detail, but I have set forth the whole story in order in a separate book which I have composed about the life and deeds of Astorre Baglioni; in which it may be read with interest, if it be ever allowed me to send forth to the world as my own this work of mine. The reader can refer too to what I write at length in my "History of the events between 1550 and 1575."

VILLAMONT.

The Seigneur de Villamont left his home in the Duchy of Brittany in June, 1588, travelled in Italy and embarked at Venice on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He visited Cyprus on the voyage to Jaffa, and again on his way from Tripoli to Damietta. His return journey from Alexandria to Venice took him no less than one hundred and eight days, "without setting foot on land," and at Venice he was detained thirty-seven days in quarantine! His voyages occupied thirty-nine months: the distance covered he reckons at 5658 leagues.

The work from which these extracts are translated was published at Paris in 1596, again at Arras in 1598, and at Rouen in 1612. M. de Villamont's account of the locusts is quoted by Sir John Chardin (1686) from "an ancient traveller," and reprinted by Southey, in a note to *Thalaba*, III. 30. (*Poetical Works*, in one volume, royal 8vo, Longmans, 1863, p. 241.)

LES VOYAGES DU SEIGNEUR DE VILLAMONT, CHEVALIER DE L'ORDRE DE JERUSALEM,
GENTIL-HOMME DU PAYS DE BRETAGNE. Arras, 1598, pp. 257 et sqq.

On Ascension Day, Thursday, May 11, 1589, about mid-day we arrived at the first point of the kingdom of Cyprus, which seamen call Cape S. Piphany, and coasting along came near to Baffo. This city is situated in a fair plain, close to the sea, and much set off to landwards by low hills. But it is half ruined, so that it profits little by the beauty of its site and the fruitfulness of the soil. There are found here in great quantity very beautiful stones called Bafo diamonds: some of them indeed are beautiful enough to deceive many a lapidary. The peasants put them aside and sell them very cheaply.

The city of Baffo was anciently called Paphos, witness Holy Writ, where mention is made of the bonds with which S. Paul was bound before he went up to Jerusalem. In this city the goddess Venus held of old her court, for she was queen of the island of Cyprus, whence she is called Cypris, and the first temple dedicated to her was in this city, where men and women offered sacrifice to her naked; but at the prayer of S. Barnabas the Apostle, a native of Cyprus, the idol of Venus and her temple fell shattered to the ground. A mile from Baffo we were shown the place where are the grottos in which the sleepers slept three hundred and more years without awaking, and many other fine things. But see, all is nearly uninhabited now on account of the unhealthy climate: so great are the changes and vicissitudes of things! Anciently the place was the most delightful in the island, and the favourite abode of its kings.

Coasting along, we passed Cape Bianco, so called from its white colour, and Cape Lagatte, which stretches far into the sea from a fair and fertile plain. This cape takes its name from the cats in the abbey of S. Nicolas, of which I shall speak presently. And because night was upon us the master would not push on to Limisso, so we dropped our anchors and waited for the day. In the morning he sent the gig to Limisso to ask leave of the Cadi to land. Another party of the sailors manned the cutter to go and cut wood. Both duties were performed, and the boats returned about the same time, bringing fresh provisions, and, to our great delight, roses and flowers of different colours, with boughs of olive, orange and capers.

[The author describes their hostile parleyings with an English vessel from London to Zante, which took Cyprus to be Cephalonia! He proceeds]

The master took us to Limisso, a village in a beautiful plain and close to the sea. The houses are built chiefly of earth covered with rushes and fascines, of a single story, and so

low that one must stoop to mount two or three steps. They make their doors thus low so that Turks on horseback or an angry crowd may not enter. We landed and found on the beach a number of Turks who had come to see us. They all had in their turbans roses, violets and other flowers. After having a good look at us they left on horseback with their Cadi, all carrying a scimeter at their side, and a long dart or javelin in their hands: some had a bow and quiver, with an iron mace hung at their saddlebow, and in this array they paraded all the afternoon, managing their horses, as is their wont, with graceful dexterity. Then we walked about the village. There was nothing worthy of mark. About five years since an earthquake threw down all the houses, which have been rebuilt by the Turks after the fashion of pigsties. The poor Christians are no better lodged than the Turks, or even worse. They have indeed built a little church fifteen feet high, where they say the mass of the Greek rite. You may see too the baths where the Turks bathe every day, and the sepulchres in which they are laid after they have descended to the Paradise prepared for them by their false prophet Mahomet. The sun was low in the west, and reminded us to return to supper and sleep on our vessel.

I had dined with a Greek monk, a native of Cyprus, with whom I used often to talk on the ship—he spoke very good Italian, and was well disposed towards me—and begged him to take me to see what was most remarkable in the island. He agreed to do so, and we hired each an ass. The next morning early we landed, mounted our beasts and started, attended by a Janissary on horseback. But first we had each a draught of good Cyprian wine, which in body, strength and goodness surpasses malvoisie and other wines of the East, but it is so burning and corrosive that it should be drunk only in the morning, and then in small quantity only. Even a little suffices to warm the stomach the day through, and yet the wine is extremely cheap. Beyond Limisso we crossed a beautiful plain full of olives, fig trees and notably carob trees. This is an evergreen tree, with a long fruit of delicious taste. There are also palms, orange and lemon trees, and some of a kind called cypress, which is used for fuel, the country producing only aromatic wood, whose smoke gives a strong scent. The peasants had already gathered in their wheat and barley. They sow, the monk told me, at the end of October, and reap generally in the following April.

And so conversing together we arrived at the abbey of S. Nicolas. It is close to the sea, and remains almost whole, having received no injury from the Turks when they took Cyprus from the Venetians in 1570. But they slew or drove away the monks of S. Basil who occupied it, nor have they from that time forth allowed anyone to dwell there, so bitterly do they hate the Christian faith. My companion told me that the said monks kept a number of cats on purpose to catch the snakes, which are found all about the plain in greater numbers than in any other part of the island.

These snakes are black and white, at least seven feet long, and thick as a man's leg, so that I could scarcely believe that a cat could overcome so big a beast, or that they would have the patience to go to hunt them, and not to return until the bell rang for mid-day, and as soon as they had dined to resume their chase until evening, if it were not that the monk swore that he had seen it. His story was confirmed later by other persons of honour who had seen the same. The abbey is left deserted, and the cats are dead for want of food, but their memory lives in the name Cape delle Gatte, the Cape of Cats. Close to the abbey and the Cape is a large fishery, round, and nearly two leagues, or six Italian miles in circuit. There is one little entrance by which the sea-water and the fish enter. To take the fish they shut this entrance, and open it again to admit others. The Grand Signor gets six thousand ducats yearly from the farmers, who are obliged by ancient usage to give to the abbey all the fish

they catch on the day and night of S. Nicolas' feast, or they would not take a single fish all the year through. But now that the abbey is abandoned the farmers pay this due to the church of the Greeks. I must not forget to say that in August the villagers round Cape delle Gatte catch a great number of falcons. They have to do this at their own cost, and as soon as they catch one, under pain of death they are obliged to take it to the Pasha, and the Pasha must send it to the Grand Signor. They rear a number of pigeons to lure the falcons, which get entangled in the nets. It is true that the Pasha pays them for each falcon one or two ducats, and besides this they are exempt from all dues and taxes, and live unmolested in their houses and lands.

It may not be altogether out of place to say something of the order taken by the Turks for a newly-conquered province. The first thing done is to write in a book the number of the inhabitants, with the name and surname of each individual. This book is taken to Constantinople, where the Sultan fixes what tribute he chooses, generally two ducats a head, without counting other dues and taxes which he may impose. Children only under the age of fifteen are exempt, and a rule is observed throughout the Empire that though half his subjects be dead his revenue in no wise diminishes, for the living must pay for the dead: but after the first numbering, though the people grew to be half as many again, the revenue increases not. Commissaries appointed by him for each province make a note every two years of persons deceased, so as to strike out their names from the register, and to put in those of their children or others in their stead, and each district has its sub-commissary for the Turks, while the parish priest represents the Christians; all these are obliged to make their returns to the chief commissary whenever he may call for them. Thus the Grand Signor's revenue never fails him, and he knows the names and number of all his subjects. Only a little while since the reigning Sultan wished to overburden his subjects with dues and subsidies, so that the very Janissaries at his gate were ready to murder him. I learned this from our Consul at Limisso, who had heard it from persons arrived from Constantinople that same day, Saturday morning, May 13. And this Sultan, whom no man dared look in the face, the Janissaries dared to threaten with death; dared, yea, and had nearly killed him, if the prince had not humbled himself to ask their pardon, and to enquire their motive. They told him savagely that it was his wickedness and tyranny, and he was afraid at their words, and swore on his faith that he was innocent and knew nought of the things whereof they accused him; and as a pledge of his good faith he promised to execute justice at their will upon those who were guilty of defrauding and oppressing his people in his name. And they trusting their prince seized forthwith the greatest Pashas and the minions about his throne, one of whom they massacred in his presence, hacking him to pieces. Nor did he dare restrain them. And this rising and revolt of the Janissaries was by no means extinguished, according to the report of the officers whom the Sultan had sent to the Provinces to attest his innocence.

But to return to my subject. Leaving Cape delle Gatte we journeyed on towards a mountain which produces the best wines in Cyprus, and here we found a very large village, where the Turks have never set foot, for it lies in a little valley covered with trees of divers kinds, olives, cypresses, carobs and others. And all along the mountain are many vineyards. The wine will keep, the common people tell you, for thirty years, and if you drink only two pegs of this in the morning you can easily pass the rest of the day without meat or drink, so remarkable is the strength and goodness of the wine. But taken in excess it burns you up at last. And coming down from the mountain we saw a very beautiful garden belonging to a Greek Christian. A wide stream passes through it bordered with palms, oranges, date-

palms, lemons and other excellent fruits. You see them on the trees, some ripe, some in flower, some approaching maturity, just as those of the kingdom of Naples. But the Cypriot oranges are twice the size of the Italian. We dined in this garden in Turkish fashion, and then went down to see the sugar canes, and the house where they are made into sugar. But I need not describe this, for everyone knows about it. Only this much, that the water which flows down from the garden turns the wheel which crushes the canes, and the liquid thus expressed is boiled to make sugar. From this spot we returned to the open country. It was very hot, and a great thirst oppressed us, so that our monk led us to the house of a Cypriot priest to drink water from his fountain. Seeing which the owner politely offered us wine, asking my guide if I was one of the Lutheran English lately arrived at the port. The monk told him that I was a Frenchman. Upon this the poor man embraced me for joy, saying in Italian much in praise of the French, and how since they had lost the kingdom of Cyprus, the Cypriots had never been well treated, and had lost their liberty. Then he took us round his garden and showed me two large stones, such as are set on the graves of notable persons.

On one of them were written in French these words:

Cy gist Jean Carcar, Chevalier, qui trespasa de ce siecle le quinzieme jour d'Octobre, l'an de Jesus-Christ mille trois cens dix-huict. Dieu aye mercy de l'ame d'iceluy.

On this tombstone was neither effigy nor coat-of-arms, on the other stone was the effigy of a lady, and her arms, a cross patonce, with these words:

Cy gist Dame Floride d'Anzerel jadis femme de Messire Jean de la Molee Chevalier qui trespasa le vingt et uniesme Janvier l'an de Jesus-Christ 1301. Dieu en ayt l'ame. Amen.

He told me that there were many others at Famagusta: and that even to-day the Cypriot Christians availed themselves of the privileges granted to them by the French, and that their last French king was of the house of Lusignan. At Limisso I was shown a coat-of-arms on the gable end of the old ruined castle, three lions with the arms of Jerusalem. Night approached, and I returned to the vessel to sup and to sleep, for there is no inn on shore.

Sunday morning, May 14, I landed to hear the Holy Liturgy (which the Latins call the Mass) celebrated by a Greek priest, for there were no Latin priests. When this was over I met the Turks going to their mosque, which is twice the size of the Christian church, and built after the same fashion. But no Christian were so bold as to enter it, unless he would be burned, or made to deny Jesus Christ. We returned to the ship, and dinner was scarcely over when the Cadi and a great many Turks came to see our vessel, all handsomely dressed in stuffs of different hues, wearing turbans as white as snow. This whiteness is due to their being made of cotton cloth, which Turks use more than flax. Our Captain seeing them coming made all haste to prepare dinner and to spread carpets on the after-deck for them to sit on. The Turks as a rule never eat at high tables, but sit on the ground like tailors, resting their arms on their knees, and in this fashion eat like pigs. And although their law forbids them wine, yet they will drink to excess without scruple or shame. They dined well, and then walked all about the ship, and accepted some mirrors and other things from the sailors. As their boat left for the shore our Captain saluted them with three guns, and ordered the men to weigh anchor and steer for the Salines. We did not get off however until evening for we had still to take on board two oxen and certain barrels of wine. On Monday the wind turned against us so that we waited until two in the afternoon near Mount Olympus, where was anciently the temple of Venus Acræa, which women might not enter, nor even

see. This mountain is now called "Holy Cross," because S. Helena returning from Jerusalem was compelled by the weather to land where a little stream runs from this mountain, now called the river of S. Helena, because she slept on its bank, having placed under her head the holy Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which she had brought from Jerusalem. But as she slept it befell that the Cross was miraculously withdrawn, and carried to the top of Mount Olympus. When she awoke, and saw herself defrauded of the much loved relic which she had sought out with so great pains, she was sorely grieved, and knew not whom to accuse of the theft. And those of her company, seeing her distress, began to search everywhere, and at last the Cross was found on the top of the mountain. Then the good S. Helena, knowing that God would be worshipped there, caused a church to be built there which exists to-day; and in it she left a piece of the said Cross, after which the mountain is named. Before the Turks took Cyprus there were monks there, Greeks and Italians, but now the church is abandoned.

Sailing along we saw a wide and fair plain, on which is the town of Chity. They say that Lazarus, whom our Lord restored to life, was Bishop there. But here I find a great contradiction between the Greeks and ourselves, for we hold it certain that Lazarus was Bishop of Marseille, and that he died there: while the Greeks say that he was Bishop of Chity, and of all the territory of Saline. And when we were on shore they showed us a very ancient church, which they affirm to have been built by S. Lazarus, whose name it still bears. It is really built in the antique style, getting little light but such as enters at the open doors. On the right as you enter you see an ancient sepulchre: to reach it you pass a little opening and go down four steps, then you take a candle and approach the tomb, which is neatly made and ornamented with marble: in some parts it is two feet broad and three high. I was assured that it certainly is the tomb of S. Lazarus, and that the Emperor Leo, surnamed the Philosopher, caused his body to be taken to Constantinople. Zonaras the historian in his third volume says as much. For my part I shall believe that there were two Lazaruses, one of whom may have been Bishop of Chity, and was buried in this church dedicated to him. But to say that this was he whom our Saviour restored to life is, to my thinking, a manifest error. For with all respect to Zonaras and other Greeks, we have his body as well as that of the Magdalen, in our own France.

After doubling the Cape called also Chity we arrived about sunset at the port of Salines, fifty miles from Limassol, and after firing a salute of three guns our Captain sent a boat ashore with his clerk to advise the Cadi of our arrival.

[The author explains how news which met him at Larnaca of the fury of the plague at Tripoli, where 120 persons were dying daily, made him change his vessel for one engaged to go directly to Jaffa, and continues—]

We landed and saw the church of S. Lazarus, and the fine salt-lake which yields abundance of salt in large and small blocks as white as alabaster. The plain around produces wheat and other grain plentifully; it stretches nearly all along the seashore, and is wanting in nothing but wood, and even that is supplied by the adjacent hills. There are some villages, the chief of them Larnaca, where there is a fine church turned by the Turks into a mosque. It was here that the Turkish force which conquered Cyprus first landed.

Our Captain was buying salt at the lake to salt eighteen or twenty oxen and cows which he had bought to provision the ship, when two decent fellows, Cypriot Christians, who were arranging the sale, told us in good Italian of two strange things which had happened only six days ago at Famagusta, where the plague had long been raging, and its inhabitants and those of the country round were nearly all dead. One day about mid-day a Turk began

to cry aloud to the people to assemble in the public square to hear the good news he would tell them, how they might escape death. Those who had escaped the scourge ran as to a fire, and the Turk dancing and jumping about the square said, "Rejoice all of you and dance with me, for I announce that in half an hour I shall die on this spot, and immediately after my death the plague will cease." They wondered at his words, and waited to see the issue, but when the moment came for the Turk to visit the abode of Pluto his body fell stark on the square. Great was the alarm and wonder of all, which increased yet more when the plague ceased. The news was carried forthwith to the Pasha, who gave thanks to Mahomet and ordered that a grand tomb should be built for the dead man, around whose body was a great procession, the Pasha himself joining it with much devotion. The very next day another man inspired by the spirit of darkness did a diabolic and desperate deed. He took his stand in the middle of the square of Famagusta, stripped himself naked, and with a knife ripped open his belly before the people and dragging forth his bowels said, "I die for the love I bear to our great prophet Mahomet, to whom I now offer my bowels." With these words the poor wretch died.

The Greek monk who had been my guide through the island, hearing that the plague had ceased at Famagusta, at once hired a donkey and without bidding us adieu started for his home.

It were not worth my while to linger just now over an account of the manners of the Turks, their errors and superstitions, I will only touch on what I saw in Cyprus of the stupidity and coarseness of these barbarians. A certain herb grows in the island called *Amphiam* or *Haffion* which they prepare in various ways for eating, and say that when they have eaten of it they see in their dreams the most delightful gardens in the world, and a thousand like blundering impertinences hatched from their own brains. But these poor sots do not know that this herb has the power of making a man drunken, as though he had drunk wine.

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The next day, Wednesday, May 17, we landed to hear Mass in the church of S. Lazarus, which two months since the Christians had bought from the Turks for the sum of three thousand aspres, about thirty-one gold crowns; Mass is now said therein according to both the Greek and Latin rites.

[*The author gives more details of the alarms and difficulties which delay his departure: then—*]

To speak generally of the position, size and fertility of the kingdom of Cyprus—it is mountainous in parts, much longer than its breadth, from west to east 240 miles long and 80 miles broad, its circuit six hundred. Nearly in the middle is the city of Nicosia, its capital: not Famagusta, as some think, which is at one of the eastern points of the island. But on account of its fine harbour and incomparable fortress the Pasha generally lives at Famagusta for the safety of his person and his galleys. Ships bound for Tripoli would pass the city on the left hand: it lies close to the sea, and near it is the prison where S. Catherine was confined before she was beheaded by her father, as well as other ruins of the ancient city of Salamis, among which there exists still a church built on the spot where the Apostle Barnabas suffered martyrdom. We were infinitely sorry not to have the happiness of seeing it, when we were but nine leagues away. But it was not our will, but our ardent desire to see something of more importance that made us lose this opportunity, however on my return to Cyprus on my voyage to Damietta I had my wish gratified. The island is situated between the gulf of Satellia and the Caramanian Sea on the one hand, and Syria and Palestine on the

other. It is distant from Venice about 2220 miles (1110 French leagues): from Alexandria in Egypt 450 miles: from the port of Caramania called Alexandretta 80 miles: from Tripoly 90: from Candia 400: Antioch 140: and Jaffa 250—all from cape to cape, for the coasting journey would be much longer. Such is the position of this noble and fruitful island, which in fertility and beauty yields to no other in the world, and contains in itself everything which man need wish for. First it has its mines of gold which the Cypriots have not yet chosen to show to the Turks, no more than mines of other kinds, except sulphate of copper which is used in medicine; next it abounds in very excellent wines, wheat, barley, cattle, salt, oil, sugar, cheese, flax, fine wool, great sheep whose tails weigh more than twenty-five pounds, capers, pomegranates, sweet and bitter oranges, palms, cucumbers, melons, and fruits of all kinds in great plenty: and particularly cotton, which was being sown during my visit to be gathered in the following September. The shrub is small, not more than three and a half feet in height, it bears little pods from which the cotton is extracted, while the seed is kept for the next year's sowing.

But with the many blessings which God has scattered over the island there is also one drawback, for about the time that the corn is ripe for the sickle, the earth produces such a quantity of *cavalettes* or locusts that they obscure sometimes the splendour of the sun. Wherever these pass they burn and spoil all. For this the Cypriots have no remedy, since the more they destroy the more the earth produces next year. God however raised up a means for their destruction, which happened thus. In Persia, near the city of Cuerch, there is a fountain of water, which has a wonderful property of destroying these locusts, provided it be carried in a pitcher in the open air, without passing under roof or vault: and being set on a high and exposed place certain birds follow it, and fly and cry after the men who carry it from the fountain. These birds are red and black, and fly in flocks together, like starlings. The Turks and Persians call them Mahometans. These birds no sooner came to Cyprus, but with their song and flight they destroyed the locusts which infested the island. But if the water be spilt or spoilt, these creatures disappear. Which accident fell out when the Turks took Cyprus, for one of them going up into the steeple of the Cathedral Church at Famagusta, and finding there a pitcher of this water, he, fancying that it contained some precious thing, broke it, and spilt the water: since when the Cypriots have been always tormented by the locusts. Nor have they found anyone willing to journey to Persia to fetch some of this water, for he must needs traverse the Arabian deserts. The Greek monk of Famagusta told me, however, that a Turk had engaged to go thither for six hundred ducats. So it is that there is nothing in this world, however sweet and pleasant, but is attended by some trouble and bitterness! Cyprus was anciently governed by kings and tyrants down to the days of King Ptolemy, from whom it was taken by the Romans at the instance of Publius Clodius Bellus, for whom a large ransom was demanded by pirates who had captured him at sea. He sent to borrow the money from King Ptolemy, who was the friend and ally of the Roman Republic, but Ptolemy seeing the sum was a very large one sent but a part of it, which was refused by the pirates, though they released Publius Clodius on his word of honour. When Clodius was afterwards tribune of the people he caused Marcus Cato to be sent by the Senate to conquer the island of Cyprus. Ptolemy hearing this chose rather to kill himself than to fall alive into the hands of the Romans. The Kingdom then became a Province, governed by a Prætor sent yearly from Rome.

To speak now of the coins current in Cyprus. The gold *sultan* is worth about as much as the Venetian *sequin*, and is of nearly the same size. It passes for 120 *aspres*, the *aspre* being a little coin of pure silver less in size than half a *denier*. Eight *aspres* make a *seya*,

and fifteen *seyas* are worth a *sequin*. The *crown*, both of France and Spain, is worth twelve *seyas*, and the *dollar* (Spanish pieces-of-eight) ten.

These are their only coins except certain *maugouris* made of copper, of which sixteen make an *aspre*. The *aspre* is worth about six French *deniers obole*, the *seya* four *sols* and four *deniers*. You must carry none of these small coins to Tripoly or Hierusalem, for they are not current there, and from month to month they rise or fall in value.

[*The vessel leaves Larnaca on the evening of May 17, and coasts along in the direction of Limassol until a scirocco freshens so much that it anchors close to the shore. The author lands*]

to recover the appetite I had lost on board, and to enjoy the sight of a fine plain filled with caper-bushes, olives, carobs, and a strong-scented wood called in Greek *Squina*, from the seeds of which oil is made: but I marvelled especially to see the fields full of thyme, which our sailors cut for fuel, while in our country we keep it to adorn and embellish the borders and labyrinths of our gardens. Wonderful indeed is the excellence and fertility of the island, and still more wonderful to see it so thinly peopled, for one would scarcely find five or six poor houses in all this plain!

[*The Seigneur de Villamont visited Jerusalem (where he was dubbed a knight of the Holy Sepulchre) and Damascus, and on September 10 embarked at Tripoli for Damietta. Eight days later he reached Limassol, ill with fever, and remained in Cyprus until October 6, 1589, when he sailed again for Damietta, pp. 553—5.*]

THEVET.

André Thevet, "Angoumoisain, Cosmographe du Roy," after publishing his *Cosmographie de Levant*, 4to, Lyon, 1556, *Cosmographie Universelle*, 2 vols. fol., Paris, 1575, and other works, left in MS. (Bibl. Nat. de Paris, nos. 15452 and 15453) his *Grand Insulaire*. From this work Mons. Ch. Schefer edited an account of Cyprus, part of which is here translated. It fills pp. 298—309 of *Le Voyage de la Terre Sainte composé par Maître Denis Possot*, royal 8vo, Paris, 1890.

(Pp. 304—309.) As to the things remarkable and rare to be found in the island, as well as the lords who have ruled over it, and lastly by what means the Turk has pounced on it, I have to my thinking, discoursed at such length in my *Cosmography* (*Cosm. Universelle*, Paris, 1575, vol. I. 104—204) that it would be only wasting paper in repeating myself, if I set myself to say all that should be said. I shall do better to warn you that Abraham Ortelius was ill informed where he speaks of what happened in this island in the year 1570, for he writes that the Turks made themselves masters of Famagosta, and slew all the Christians, Latin and Greek, with the sword, so that old and young without exception felt the violence of these infidels. And still you see that the Greeks and others live in entire liberty. You must consider too that in this island are found many kinds of fruits, as cherries, chestnuts, oranges, lemons, almonds and nuts. So too you have palm-trees, the tallest in the world, but they do not (as some fancy) bring their fruit to maturity, like those of upper Africa, Arabia Felix and Egypt. I never saw any, nor can they ripen there any more than in Crete, Rhodes or the Mediterranean islands generally. I say this, because I know that many persons have fallen into error, and have mistakenly written that these palm-trees produce very good fruit which we call dates. Among others a certain Cypriot who calls himself Frère Estienne de

Lusignan, who amuses himself with telling us to our faces such a story, which is quite as fanciful as what he sets down later, that in this island are found emeralds and diamonds on a mountain near a Greek monastery called Agro. I see very well that this good monk is in error, and that instead of an emerald, diamond or ruby from China, Goa or Calicut, he gives us stones ready cut on the inaccessible heights of Canada, of which I have spoken elsewhere. I quite allow that in Cyprus are found good marble, jasper, chalcedony, and in some parts of the sea, coral.

This island is likewise distinguished by several fine monasteries, as Mancana, Andrio, Pepi, Sergio di Flatiri, Cuzurenti, Anglistia, Morfu, Agrotiri and some others. Lastly it is commended to us for having produced a goodly band of fine and excellent men, such as were Triphylius, bishop of Nicosia, alive in A.D. 378, in the days of Constantine the Great, a very eloquent personage, who has written several good books. Titus, a deacon, native of Paphos, was the contemporary of another distinguished Candiot of the same name: hence several scholars have fallen into error in saying and insisting that the Candiot and the Cypriot were but one Titus, who was converted to the faith with S. Paul. Sergios Nicanor, one of the seven deacons and a disciple of S. Stephen. Epiphanius, who, although the son of a Jewish father and heathen mother, was converted to the faith through the prayers and piety of the Greek monk Lucian after he had roamed for long years through the countries of Asia, Egypt and Persia: later he was elected bishop of Salamina. His birthplace was the town of Marachassa. As he was the glory of the learned persons of this island I would not have him forgotten in my *History of Illustrious Men* (*Les vrais pourtraits et vies des hommes illustres*, Paris, 1584, p. 22), where you will find his life and portrait just as I brought it from this very island. He it was who first of all condemned the heresy of Origen and all his writings. Spiridion, another Cypriot, was bishop of Tremittus. This good father was present at the first council of Nicæa, to which, before the bishops and prelates of the Greek and Latin churches, he proposed several questions to confute the sect of the Arians. Sometime after his return he died in the island of Corfu, and was buried in a temple of Greek monks, where his sepulchre was shown to me. As to Theodore, a distinguished person, he was a native of Cyprus, and when he had reached the age of a hundred he was elected bishop of the town of Pacerines, now much ruined. This valiant champion of the Church of God composed several beautiful books against the heresies of Dioscorus and Eutyches, and others who were ill disposed to the church of God. The good bishop of Salamis, Hilary, was a bold champion of the Catholic Church. He composed three large volumes, two of which can be seen in the library of the Greeks at Mount Athos. He lived in the days of another great man, a bishop of Poitiers, also called Hilary; both these were the scourges of the Arian heretics. As to John the Almoner, patriarch of the church of Egypt, who lived in the year 563, he was a Cypriot, born in the town of Amatus, which was also the birthplace of the good and learned bishop Stadion. His successor was Leonidas, who exchanged his see for that of Napoleos, to live in greater retirement. When I myself was visiting the island of Cyprus there was shown me a corner of an old Greek monastery where this venerable father Leonidas was buried. In the same place the monks preserve as a great treasure certain manuscripts written in Greek on parchment, composed by him, which have not yet come to the knowledge of the Latins. He flourished in 614, in the days of Syrilos, bishop of the church of Bapho or Papho. I should be very sorry to have forgotten to recall to the reader the good Gelasius, the companion of Spiridion; both were present at the council of Constantinople. They showed there the wisdom and the hearty zeal which they had for the Church of God in encounters with the Arian sect. As to Julius, bishop of Papho, Theobrobrus, bishop of Tremittus, Tichon, bishop

of Tamassus, they were present at the council of Chalcedon. Eliodorus, bishop of Amatus, Echio, of Arsenoe, Epaphroditus, of Dacmassus, Didimus, of Lapithos, Evagrius, of Solis, Denys, deacon of Chitræa, and Sapithian, of Papho, whose tomb was several times shown me in a very deep grotto in the chapel called by the vulgar the seven sleepers. Of these seven sleepers the simple folk tell a thousand stories; among others, they are so deluded that they believe that these seven sleepers are still alive; their priests have always kept them in this error. This chapel is between the town of Papho, now mostly ruined, and the tower near the sea, on the top of which can still be seen the arms of Savoy carved in white marble. I will not leave out Reginius, of Constantia, a personage greatly distinguished for his holy life and deep wisdom. For brevity's sake I cannot here undertake to recall to the reader other wise and holy men to whom this island has given birth, most of whom, each in his day, were present at the four first councils, and at several others held in Africa, Europe and Asia. There was no mention then of archbishops, only of bishops, and of certain patriarchs who lived in the famous old city of Nicossia, between whom and the cardinals of Rome there was no difference, except that they wore black hats while the cardinals wore red. Truly, in writing the lives of the seven good fathers mentioned above, meseems I was entering a second terrestrial paradise and place of rest, so carried away was I by the content which filled my spirit. But contrariwise when I think of the folly and ignorance in which are now sunk the patriarchs, bishops and prelates of the Greek church I fancy I am entering a labyrinth of perpetual torment. To say the truth and in no wise to delude my reader, having lived in Greece and travelled hither and thither over the continent, the sea and the islands, conferring many times in many years with these Græcising Greeks, I have not found there or observed one man fit to carry the books of a Bessarion, an Argyropoulos, a Gaza, and others who were present at the council of Florence. These prelates have no care for anything but to take their pleasure, and drink like Greeks their good Candiot or Cypriot wine. As to their secular priests everyone knows that they are all married; the monks and bishops are not. But the patriarch called Nestorius reformed them in such wise that they were compelled thenceforward to live as Greek monks do, and this marriage of bishops lasted 378 years. This is all I had to tell you of this island, called in Turkish Qibris Adasy. It was seized and overrun by the Turks, while its true masters and lords were the Signory of Venice, in 1571, not without great loss on the side of the infidels, who besieged the city of Famagosta: the defenders whereof, after receiving 168,000 cannon shots, surrendered to the mercy of the conqueror.

DANDINI.

Girolamo Dandini, S.J., Professor of Theology at Perugia, was sent in 1596 by Pope Clement VIII. as nuncio to the Maronites of the Lebanon. He touched at Limassol August 8, visited Larnaca and Nicosia, and left for Tripoli August 27. He returned to Larnaca March 19, 1597, and left for Venice April 12. His *Missione apostolica al patriarca e Maroniti del monte Libano* was published in 4to at Cesena, in 1656, a French translation by R. S. P. (Richard Simon) appeared in Paris, 8vo, 1675, and 16mo, 1685, and an English version in Pinkerton's collection, 4to, London, 1811, vol. x. I have used for the following extract a Paris copy of 1685, pp. 21—43.

In 1901 there were 1130 Maronites, enumerated in 20 towns or villages of Cyprus. In 1891 their number was 1131. The villages named by Dandini are probably Metochi, Philamoudi, Hagia Marina, Asomatos, Kampyli, Carpasi, Cormaciti, Tremidia, Casaphani, Vouna, Kepos, Yeri, Chrysida, Kephalebrysi, Kato Chrysida, H. Georgios tes Attalias, Clepini, Episcopi, Gastria.

August 12 we arrived at Cyprus, and anchored towards evening off Lemiso, where the inhabitants, and particularly the Turks, visited and explored our ship. We were there three days without going on shore, because there was nothing worth seeing, and there was no church where we could have said mass.

About 11 o'clock on the 16th we left for Salines, whither a good breeze carried us quickly so that we reached it two hours before sunset. It is about 600 miles from Candia. The next morning early we landed on the beach and went straight to Arnica about a mile away. It is a convent of Franciscan monks a few of whom live there for the convenience of some Italian merchants. Our vessel continued its journey to Alexandretta, and we had to wait some days in the island to find a ship bound for Tripoli. To lose no time I left my companion, who had been unwell since we left Crete, to the care of these good monks, and of the Maronite servant whom we had brought with us, and accompanied an honest Venetian merchant to Nicosia. This the ancients called Lettra and then Leucoto: it was formerly an archbishopric, and the metropolis of the kingdom. It is only 24 miles from Arnica. I took this journey to get the best information I could about the spiritual wants of the Maronites, who live there in considerable number.

Turks only are allowed to enter Nicosia and all other fortresses on horseback. Christians and others must alight at the gate, and once within may remount their horses and go to their houses....Nicosia is a large city and well built after the Oriental fashion. But in the last wars it was destroyed in several places. For it is now twenty-seven years since the Turks took the city from the Venetians; it was thus that God chose to punish the sins and schism of the Greeks of the island....The towers or belfries are ruined, or without bells, which the Turks have turned into pieces of ordnance.

There are at Nicosia four kinds of churches, each of which I examined by itself. The Turkish mosques are the most important, both for their number and for the beauty and size of the buildings. I was not allowed to enter them, but I could see through its iron gates that the mosque which was once the church of S. Sophia was the finest and most stately. It is a large and spacious structure with many columns such as you would see in most of our churches. No altars, statues or paintings of any kind: the walls are simply whitewashed. By the door stands a fine fountain, which was not there in the time of the Christians....The Greeks have another kind of church, of which I shall only remark that if a Latin priest had

celebrated mass therein they would think that all the water of the ocean were not enough to purify the church, to such an extent do they wash the altar, and even the whole building, in their belief that the Latin mass contaminates and profanes it. Their usage of consecrating with leavened bread, and their other rites are sufficiently known. They hate the Latins worse than they do the Turks. The honest tradesman with whom I lodged told me they had refused absolution to one of his servants, a Greek by race, because he served a Frank (so they call those who follow the Latin rite). It will not be out of place to relate here another of their superstitions. The same man was concerned. He had confessed a quite ordinary fault, but was repelled by the confessor who refused to absolve him, telling him he could not do so without calling in seven other priests. A little money brought these together, they made the penitent lie like a corpse on the ground, and at last reciting certain prayers gave him absolution. It is their custom to demand money for absolution, and to refuse it when none is given them. For they pretend to have a right to four or five crowns and even more to absolve quite ordinary faults. The penance they impose for the other great sins is to repel the penitent from communion for four or five years. They do so perhaps to show contempt and aversion for the Latin Church which enjoins yearly communion. One would be all the readier to believe it because the Greeks have certain games in which they introduce a Latin, on whom they pour a hundred insults, box his ears, hit him with the fist on the nose, and a thousand other outrages. The Latins have at Nicosia only a small church, or rather a chapel which is well kept up. It is served by a priest, an aged and honest man, but ignorant and illiterate. The Italian merchants who live there give him his food and clothes, and provide the ornaments of the church. Lastly, the Maronites have also their church, which is in a poor condition, so ill supplied with linen cloths, candlesticks, altar chalices, chasubles, and in fact everything, that I was really sorry for them. To learn what was their rite, as well as that of other places of the island where they were settled, I enquired without distinction from Italians, Greeks and Maronites. I learned that they had but one rite common to their whole sect, of which I shall speak hereafter, and that they lived under the same Patriarch. I learned also that their homes were scattered over nineteen villages or farms called Metosci, Fludi, Santamarina, Asomatos, Gambili, Carpassia, Cormachiti, Trimitia, Casapifani, Vono, Cibo, Jeri near Citria, Cruscida, Cefalauriso, Sotto Cruscida, Attalu, Cleipirio, Piscopia, Gastria: that in each of these places they have at least one parish, and in some two or three with one or more priests. I was assured they had eight churches at Metosci, and that mass was said on all festivals on the mountains and every day in the plains, unless the priests have some special duties of their own. This sect has usually a bishop there, but he had died and another had not yet been chosen in his room. ...

There is in the kingdom a Greek bishop who enjoys the receipts of the tribute which the others are obliged to pay: he exacts each year from every one seventy aspres. The Janisary does not hesitate to give a good beating to those who do not pay and shows no more quarter to bishops than to others, according to the instructions of the Receiver. He exacts besides fifteen or twenty ducats from each priest on whom he confers orders. Such is the pitiable condition to which are reduced the Christian subjects of the Turk, although there are fewer Turks than Christians. For of 30,000 or more inhabitants at Nicosia there are scarcely 4000 or 5000 Turks, and there are not 12,000 or 13,000 of these in all the island, most of whom are renegades who have adopted Islam to enjoy greater quiet; so that it should not be hard to protect the island from the tyranny of the Turk, and to re-establish the Christian faith. For as soon as these renegades saw a Christian army they would discard the turban and resume the hat, and turn their arms against the Turk. But let us drop this, to return to our subject:

The Christians, whether Greeks or Franks, wear no turban, nor shave their heads, but keep their hair decently cut like us, and wear a hat or black cap. They wear however, in Eastern fashion, a garment without a collar, falling to the knees or a little lower, with wide sleeves which reach to the elbow. They gird themselves with a sort of sash of linen or other material wound four or five times round. Under their garment they wear a petticoat over a shirt with a collar, and stockings on their legs, and over all another garment without a belt cut very much like the first. They wear generally black or violet or any other colour they may prefer. Cyprus is at least 480 miles in circuit, 80 broad and 100 long, and has two capes. On the west may be included C. S. Epiphanio, called by the ancients Acamas, C. Trapano and Celidonio, or Point Melonta, or C. Zephiro. The other is called S. Andrea, whence one makes for the east. Its only harbour is Famagusta on the east. This is a famous town which was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus. But large vessels can also ride safely near the shores of Baffo, Limisso, Crusoco and Salines. There are in several places capes which jut into the sea, the most marked is called the Cape of Cats, from the great number of that animal which were reared in the monastery of S. Nicolas, where there are Basilian monks, called Acrotiri. The cats were kept to destroy the great quantity of snakes found there, and large sums were left to it for that purpose.

The island had formerly several fine towns but to-day there remain only Nicosia and Famagusta which preserve somewhat of their ancient grandeur, the rest are but villages. In none of them can you find families of old nobility: these are either extinct, or left the island on its conquest by the Turks. The famous M. Olympus is nearly in the middle, not far from Nicosia. It is very high, and has a circuit of quite 54 miles, and at every fourth mile there is a convent of Greek monks, with fountains and fruits in plenty. The air is most pleasant, and never so cold that in the depth of winter one should want a fire, but the heat is so distressing both by day and night that it is impossible to travel while the sun is up. Both on the hills and in the plains there are fine stretches of land full of fruits. Hence the country is rich and productive, and gained its name of Macaria, from a Greek word meaning "happy." The ancients had good reason to call the island the home and realm of Venus, to call Venus Cypria and the country Cytherea, for not only do they say she was born at Aphrodisia and reared at Cythera, but that she reigned at Idalio, now Dali, twelve miles S. of Nicosia. So it was that at Paffo men and women sacrificed naked to Venus, in the city which was built long ago by Agapenor, captain of the host of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ. This abuse ceased when the temple fell at the prayer of S. Barnabas. There are also near Cape S. Epiphantos two celebrated fountains, one of which was called "Amorosa" because those who drank of its waters caught the fire of love: the other was all unlike, because in a moment it quenched this passion.

The island abounds in wheat, wine and excellent meat, which it sends to other countries. The sun and the soil help to produce very strong and pleasant wine, but as it is kept in pitched vessels it acquires a taste which does not please those who are not accustomed to it. Everyone however agrees in thinking it good for the digestion. All kinds of vegetables grow there, and abundance of barley, dates, bananas, carobs, oranges, lemons, citrons and all fruits except cherries, chestnuts and service-berries: sugar, saffron, coriander, susiman [sesame?], lentisc-seed, honey and sometimes manna; as to vegetables, the cauliflowers are excellent eating, cabbages, Egyptian beans, colocasia, the herb from the ashes of which they make soap, and that with which they bleach camlets and other linen. There is that scented powder which lends an odour to fine soaps, ladanon, incense and storax. Turpentine is found there, colocynth, rhubarb, scammony and other precious drugs. There are also veins of gold,

copper, marcasite, brass and iron, rock alum, pitch, resin, sulphur and nitre, and again the seed which gives a red dye, the stone called amianthus, coral, emeralds, veined emeralds, crystal, diamonds and other precious stones.

There are no great rivers in the island, only torrents and brooks. There is a small stream pretty close to Nicosia, in which is a great quantity of jasper, with its well-known virtue of staunching blood. The little vine-birds are found in numbers; they are only really delicious on the spot, but are sent abroad pickled. The grapes and the lentisc-seed which they eat make them extremely fat. There is so much cotton that the inhabitants not only have enough for their clothes and for household use, but they supply also Italy and other countries. It is in fact the chief source of revenue. They draw also a large sum from a white salt which they win from a fine salt-pan filled by fresh water and the rain. This is quite ten miles round, and it is a wonderful thing to see this white expanse which seems covered with snow. In the middle is a well which never congeals, though the rest of the salt-lake is congealed. This is connected with the legend of S. Lazarus who came to this place. One sees too whole fields which nature has sown with capers; they grow without cultivation, and everyone can gather as much as they like. The sheep are very good to eat. They are large and fat, with prodigious tails, not longer than that of our breed, but at least half a foot broad, and so fat that it looks round. It hangs behind and beats against the creatures' sides as they walk. The goats have pendulous ears, three fingers broad. Their horns are not quite as long as those of our goats, and the forepart of the head is shorter. What gives them more grace and fire is that they have a tuft in the middle of the forehead. One thing in my experience here will appear hardly credible, that I never met with a horse, mule or ass in this kingdom or in the Levant which shook its rider while at a trot. Men ride without saddle, stirrups, spurs or bridle, the halter is enough and a small pack on the animal's back. In short we may say that this island abounds in everything and is delightful. Before it fell under the Turk living was luxurious, loose and riotous. Of old time it produced men of renown who were useful to their fellows and famous for their knowledge and piety, to wit Asclepiades the historian, Solon, one of the seven sages of Greece, Evagoras, Cleoboulos, Zenon of Citium, founder of the Stoic sect, Apollonius the physician, Xenophon the historian, S. Barnabas and Mark his cousin, Epaphroditus, Paulus Sergius, Titus, Nicanor, Epiphanios, Spiridion, Theodoros, Hilarion, John the Almoner, Nemesius, Didymus and many others.

The kingdom has from all time had a variety of masters. It would be tedious to relate all its vicissitudes. Selim, the Sultan of the Turks, seized it in 1570 with an army of 200,000 men. But we have talked enough of Cyprus, let us pass on to Syria.

MORYSON.

Fynes Moryson (1566—1617?), the younger son of a gentleman of good estate in Lincolnshire, was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow in 1584. He travelled in Europe and the East between 1591–96, served in Ireland under Sir C. Blount in suppressing Tyrone's rebellion, and was wounded at the siege of Kinsale, 1601. His *Itinerary* appeared in folio, London, 1617. I transcribe from Part I. pp. 213, 214.

On Sunday the nineteenth of May, (1596) we came to the first promontory of the island Cyprus, towards the West, and after eight houres sayling, we came to the old city Paphos (or Paphia), now called Baffo, & the wind failing us, and gently breathing upon this castle of Venus, we howered here all the next night, gaining little or nothing on our way. This place is most pleasant, with fruitfull hils, and was of old consecrated to the goddessse Venus, queene of this iland; and they say that adamantis are found here, which skilfull jewellers repute almost as precious as the Orientall. A mile from this place is the caue, wherein they faigne the seven sleepers to have slept, I know not how many hundred years. The twenty one May towards the evening, we entred the port of Cyprus, called de Saline & the two & twentieth day obtaining licence of the Turkish Cady to goe on land, we lodged in the village Larnica, within a monastery of European Friars. Here some of us being to saile to Joppa, & thence to goe by land to Jerusalem, did leave the Venetian ship, which sailed forward to Scenderona. The Turks did conquer the iland Ciprus from the Venetians, in the yeere 1570, and to this day possesse it, the chief cities whereof are Nicosia, (seated in the midst of the island) and Famagosta (seated in the furthest part of the island towards the East.) The Turkish Basha or governour, useth to chuse Famogosta for his seate (though Nicosia be the fairer city), because it hath a good Hauen, and a most strong fort, which the Venetians built. The iland lieth two hundred and forty miles in length from the West to the East, and hath some eighty miles in breadth, and six hundred miles in compasse.

This iland yeeldeth to no place in fruitfulnessse or pleasure, being inriched with Corne, Oile, Cheese, most sweet Porkes, Sheepe, (having tailes that weigh more than twenty pound) Capers (growing upon pricking bushes) Pomegranats, Oranges, and like fruites; Canes or Reedes of sugar, (which they beat in mills, drawing out a water which they seeth to make sugar), with rich wines, (but gnawing or burning the stomacke) odoriferous Cipres trees, (whereof they make fiers), store of Cotton, and many other blessings of nature. Neere the promontory Del' Gatto, so called of Cats that use to kill serpents, they take Falcons, which Hawkes the governours are commanded to send to Constantinople. They sowe corne in the month of October, and reape it Aprill. I know not how it comes to passe that in this island of Venus, all fruites taste of salt, which Venus loved well. And I thought that it was onely proper to the place at which we landed, where they make salt, till many ilanders affirmed to me, that the very earth, the sweet herbs, the beasts feeding there, and the fountaines of waters had a naturall saltnes. The houses are built after the manner of Asia, of a little stone, one rooffe high, and plaine in the top, which is plastered, and there they eate and sleepe in the open air....

I formerly said, that we lodged at Cyprus in a monastery, whence being now to depart,

the Friars of our company and also the Lay-men, gave each of us eight lires of Venice to the guardian of the monastery, and one lire to the Frier that attended us, in the name of gifts or almes, but indeed for three days lodging and dyet.

Upon Friday the twentieth foure of May, we seven consorts (namely, two Franciscan Friars, one Erimittane Frier, and two Lay men, all Frenchmen, and my selfe and my brother) hired a boat in the Hauen for foure lires of Venice, to carrie us to the Cyprian Barke we had hired, and we carried with us our food, a cheese costing foure Aspers, a jarre of Oyle costing sixe Aspers, and a vessell of wine (called Cuso, somewhat bigger than an English barrell, and full of rich wine, but such as fretted our very intrals) costing one zechine, and foure soldi of Venice, and two Turkish aspers; and egges costing twenty three aspers, beside bisket which we brought out of the Greeke ship. In twilight (for the nights use not here to be darke) we set saile, and were forced to goe backe towards the West, along the shoare of Cyprus, to the promontory called Capo di Gatti, that is, the Cape of Cats, that we might from thence (according to the Marriners experience) fetch a faire winde. So we sailed that evening thirtie miles (of Italy I meane) and the next day twentie miles to a village of Cyprus called Lemisso (where Christians ships use to put in.) Here we cast anchor, & all the six and twentie day of May expected a winde, which we got at midnight following.

Part III, Booke 3, Page 122.

Cyprus is an iland in the same sea, and it is most fertile, yeelding canes of honey, whence sugar is made, and rich wines, and abounding with many things required for life and for pleasure, and this island the Turks in the last age took from the Venetians by force of armes, the chief cities whereof are Famagosta and Nicosia.

Part III, Booke 3, Page 125.

Lastly in Palestine, Cyprus and those parts, partly I understood by others, partly I found by experience, that it seldome raines, and that about September & October onely, and not often at that time, but so violently for the time, as if it would beate down the very houses, falling (as it were) by palefulls at once, and that the fields are watred with night dewes, at the fall whereof no man stires out of dores, but with his head well covered, for danger of sicknesse, all men using to keepe in the house till the dew dried, while in the meantime by day the heate is so excessive, as a man can hardly indure his apparrell, though it be of linnen or silke, if it hang not loose but be close about him.

COTOVICUS.

Ioannes Coticus, otherwise Iohann van Kootwyck, a Doctor of Civil and Canon Law in the University of Utrecht, sailed from Venice August 2, 1598, touched at Limassol September 12, and sailed from Larnaca September 19 for Sidon, Jaffa and Jerusalem. On March 25, 1599, now a knight of the Holy Sepulchre, he touched again at Larnaca, and visited Nicosia and Famagusta. On Palm Sunday, April 4, he embarked on his return to Venice, which he reached about May 12. His preface is in the form of a *parænesis* or letter of counsel to travellers who would "with equanimity endure, evade or overcome the dangers and discomforts, the toils and trials" of the journey to the Holy Places. He explains how about the Feast of Corpus Christi pilgrims began to assemble at Venice. Before Cyprus fell to the Turk there was at their disposal a regular service of vessels sailing for Jaffa. But now the writer found people going in cargo boats to Alexandretta or Tripoli, Cyprus or Alexandria, and thence to Palestine, with less comfort, more delay, and greater cost. The would-be pilgrim is advised first to make his will, and arrange his worldly affairs, then to obtain at Venice the license of the Papal Legate, to whom he must prove that he can afford to spend at the very least one hundred gold pieces on the journey. His passage to Cyprus will cost him six silver ducats, his monthly board ten ducats at the captain's table, six at the chief steward's. The hire of a ship from Cyprus to Jaffa costs thirty to forty gold sequins, to be divided among the passengers. There are sundry fees to be paid, for entrance into the church nine sequins, into the Holy Sepulchre itself two more, and so on. The traveller is further advised to take a mattress with a pillow and a pair of sheets, the whole enclosed in a box six feet by three, which will serve him for a bed: four or six shirts without collars, a woollen sailor's cap, socks, handkerchiefs, towels and two pounds of soap, twenty pounds of the best biscuit, some good wine, cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs and cloves, with pomegranates, oranges and lemons, also sugar and laxative medicine. His garments must be rough and cheap, the least ornament will excite the cupidity of the Syrians. No arms must be carried, and money must be carefully hidden. In Cyprus he had better arrange for his passage to Jaffa through a consul: he must choose a Syrian or Moorish captain, the Greeks are cheats, and hate the Latins. On Turkish soil he had better call himself an Englishman, Frenchman or Venetian, not a Spaniard or German. The journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem is performed on asses, without bit or bridle, saddle or stirrups.

Generally the pilgrimage must have been most laborious and uncomfortable. The savagery of the sailors, the smells and noises of the ship, the exactions of the natives and the insolent fanaticism of Musalman officials, "perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea" — on all these the writer touchingly dwells. One is glad that he survived to return to his country, and tell us his story.

We translate from the *Itinerarium Hierosolymitanum et Syriacum*, Auctore Ioanne Coticico, published at Antwerp in quarto *Apud Hieronymum Verdussium*, MDCXIX, pp. 91–113. The book, which is written in diffuse but correct Latin, and quaintly illustrated with maps, sketches and plans, is the work of an observant, learned and conscientious man.

Along with the epitaph to M. A. Bragadino, the reader may like to see the inscription on the tablet at Bergamo which commemorates his fellow-hero Astorre Baglione.

ESTORI BALIENO
PIETATE ET ARMIS
INSIGNI
POST CLARISSIMA IN SALAMINÆ
PROPUGNATIONE EDITA FACINORA
IMPIIS FœDIFRAGI HOSTIS GLADIIS
INTERFECTO BERGOMATES ARÆ
DIVI JOSEPHI MUNICIPES QUIA
DUM CIVITATIS GUBERNATOR ADESSET
EOS MIRIFICE DILEXERIT ET UNA
DIVUM IPSUM COLUERIT
PARENTANDUM CURAVERUNT

To Astorre Baglione, a pious man and brave soldier, slain by the wicked swords of a perjured foe, after shedding glory on the defence of Salamis by his feats of valour, his fellow-townsmen at Bergamo caused funeral honours to be paid at the Altar of S. Joseph, for that when he was among them as Governor he loved them wondrously, and with them honoured the Saint.

Part of CHAPTER XIV.

Approach to Cyprus, and description of its Southern seaboard.

On September 11 we sailed briskly through the gulf of Adalia, and about four in the afternoon the island of Cyprus came into view. After sunset, with a fresh wind behind us, we passed close under Acamas, or Acamanthus; the first promontory towards the west, commonly called Cape S. Epiphanius, then Drepanum, now called Trapano, Zephyrion, now C. Malotas, C. Paphos, a rock opposite Paphos, and the White Cape, C. Bianco, formerly Phourion, the first headland towards the south. The evening was starlit, the moon full, and the voyage most pleasant. About the fourth hour of the night we slacked sail, the seamen thinking it proper to stay the speed of the vessel lest the wind should carry us beyond our destination.

With the next dawn we passed C. Gauata or Curias, now called the Cape of Cats, and coasted along as far as Limisso, which we reached three hours after daylight: we anchored in a suitable spot, and remained there till the next day. C. Gauata is said to take its name from the cats which were formerly kept in a monastery on the coast close by, called by the ancients Acroteri. Report says they were reared to catch and exterminate certain venomous serpents which did harm to the natives, with which the adjoining country swarmed. The monks had trained the cats to pursue and attack these snakes, and to lay in wait for them, just as they would naturally chase rats and mice. Every day, just as sporting dogs follow game, they would hunt the snakes, and kill those they caught. At the sound of a bell they returned to their home and dinner, and after dinner sallied out again to hunt, nor came back to the convent until late in the evening. By their means the country was at last cleared of these dangerous reptiles.

During our halt the purser left the vessel in a small boat with a few Italians and Greeks, and went ashore to visit the Cadi, the Turkish Judge and Governor of Limisso, and to offer him the customary presents, for no stranger is allowed to land until such an offering has been made. When the purser had obtained permission, as many of us as chose were free to land. And next day many did land, chiefly to obtain supplies. The captain came on the same errand, because beef and mutton are very cheap here. He bought eight oxen, small but fat, for twelve gold sequins, which make forty-eight Dutch florins.

Limisso, which the ancients called Curias or Curium, was a city, the seat of a bishopric, and adorned with fine buildings. Now it is a mere village, though populous enough, situated near the shore in a wide and pleasant plain. Near it the Lycus, a streamlet, flows down from M. Olympus, and falls into the sea. The soil bears freely vines, shrubs, garden produce, and nearly every kind of tree, especially fig, olive and carob trees. The carob is large and spreading with leaves not unlike those of the bay, but broader and scarcely so pointed, evergreen, and giving a grateful shade in summer. It bears a curved fruit which we call *siliqua*, the Greeks *κεράτια*, somewhat longer than a man's finger, and as broad as his thumb, very sweet and pleasant to the taste, not unlike our beans, but with a tougher rind of dusky hue: the seed is bitter and very hard. People take out the seed and munch the rind: they

squeeze out of it also a very sweet juice, which makes an excellent condiment. You may see along the shore huge heaps of carobs, piled up like hills, with which at times whole ships are loaded. Their great abundance makes them very cheap, and they are even given to animals, which fatten readily on such pleasant food. With these also, as the vulgar believe, the prodigal son of the Gospels would fain have filled his belly, and no man gave unto him. Melons, pumpkins and gourds grow in great abundance, and the choicest bananas of exquisite flavour.

The banana or *musa* is a tree, or rather a shrub, whose fruit is also called *musa* or *musi*, half as tall again as a man, with a green trunk and a wide stretching crown of leaves, which spread out like fingers, and are so long that they generally surpass the height of a man standing upright, and so broad that a single leaf will give one ample cover. Some think that the ancients used to dry them and use them instead of the papyrus, for they are ribbed from top to bottom with lines, perfectly straight and exactly spaced, just as to-day parchment is ruled in Italy. The stalks are cut down every year, or if the plant dries up new shoots spring up from below. Each stalk bears fruit only once, but on each branch there are several, ten, twenty or more. Each fruit is as large as an egg, and covered with a husk or thick skin, yellowish like that of a fig. It is rather like a rose in smell, and a cucumber in shape: they are green at first, but gradually as they ripen they become of saffron or orange yellow. They are very sweet and pleasant to the taste, but harmful to the stomach: they fill the caverns of the brains with their fumes, are cloying, and decay rapidly; so it is only people of the poorest class who use them for food. To preserve them for any time they must be picked unripe, and buried in the sand, then they are hung up in bedrooms, or exposed to the sun, and they ripen. There are people who call them the apples of Paradise, and think them to be the same which our first father Adam ate, and so transgressed the commandment of God. There is this indeed about the fruit which I think worthy of note, or even marvellous, that if you cut it into little disks, you will see in each, veins which form on either side the image of the Crucified.

Cotton (*gossypium*), which the Italians call *Gotone*, *Cottone* or *Bambagio* (*bombasum*), is gathered here in great quantity. It springs from a tiny seed, which is sown and produces a shrub a cubit high, bearing at the top a berry or pod as large as a filbert, within which is the cotton and the seed: as this comes to maturity it splits and opens. It is generally sown in May, and is gathered ripe in September. The country about is rich in wheat and other grain. Sowing begins in October, and in April the whole island gathers in its harvest.

The inhabitants, both natives and immigrants, are chiefly Greeks, there are also Turks and Jews. The Greeks generally are engaged in commerce or agriculture: the Jews employ their capital in trade: the Turks are sunk in sloth. On account of the frequent earthquakes all the dwellings are small and low, constructed, like a floor, of wattles and clay, of one storey only. The doors are so low that you must stoop to enter them, a device to prevent the Turks bursting in and stabling their horses in private houses. The Turks have a small mosque here in which they pray and hold services after the Mohammadan rite. Near it is their public bath. Nor are the Greeks either without a house of worship, though it be small and shabby, in which to perform the sacred mysteries after their own rite. A square fort occupies the centre of the village, supplied with cannon, and generally with a guard of Janissaries. It is of great use in preserving the coast from the raids of pirates. At the sixth milestone from Limisso are large ruins, and monuments of the ancient Romans are visible on the shore itself. Fame says that a very ancient city once stood here, dedicated to Venus, and called *Amatha*, which Richard, King of England, levelled to the ground.

On September 13 we again weighed anchor, shook out our sails, and coasted gaily along for fifty miles, passing the point of Cryptæ, then Masoto and Chiti. About four in the afternoon we reached the Salines, where we found good holding ground near the shore, and anchored. The day was waning, and as it was not convenient to land we waited for the morning. The next day, having offered the customary gifts to the *Emin* (the chief collector of customs and imperial revenue), we received permission to land. But before we left the vessel an Italian merchant from the neighbouring town of Arnica, a great friend of the Minorites, came to visit us. He told us that only a short while since the Pasha of Nicosia had thrown into the prison a Venetian merchant living in Arnica, because he had re-converted and helped to escape a Minorite of German origin who had last year abjured Christianity and openly embraced the falsities of Mohammadanism: that a rumour too was abroad that the vicar of the order at Jerusalem, who was now our fellow-passenger, and who at that time was visiting Cyprus, had persuaded him to run away, and that it was chiefly his doing that the monk had renounced and abjured Islam, and that the Pasha was aware of this. Wherefore it were well that the vicar should not land, a thing which might be dangerous to himself and the rest. It would be impossible for him to remain hidden, there were so many people in Arnica who knew him, and among them would be some who would tell the Pasha: he had better then avoid the risk by remaining quietly on board. We all joined in persuading the vicar to take the Italian's advice, and he stayed alone on the vessel until we had completed our business and sailed for Jaffa.

CHAPTER XV.

Landing at Cyprus, and stay there. Description of the towns of Comercio and Arnica, and of the valley of the Salines.

On September 14 we entered a boat and rowed to the shore, landing at a place called Comercio, built, it is said, on the ancient site of the city Cypria, which gave its name to the island. This was once a populous place, and the chief seat of the island trade. The name says as much, and extensive ruins bear it out, a good many merchants frequent it even now, but fewer than when Cyprus was under Christian rule. There used to be immense stores here, full of every kind of merchandise and grain, in which the island abounds. Now either fire has destroyed them, or the Turks, whose carelessness lets everything fall into ruin, have abandoned them.

From Comercio we went on foot to Arnica, called by the ancients Piscopia, about a mile from the shore. As we walked, at a stone's throw on our left, we found a church, an ancient building, with a roof composed of several round domes; against the eastern side are sundry low huts, of a single storey, for the use of travellers, and convenient enough for those who land from shipboard. Turks and other strangers who come here for business pass the night in them. The Minorites of Arnica a few years ago bought from the Turks a chapel on the left of the high altar as a place of sepulture. For if it happen that a sailor from one of the ships in port should die, they bury him in this spot, which is but a little way from the shore, and perform the funeral ceremonies according to the Roman rite. From the church of Lazarus to Arnica we saw nothing but ruins, wide plains full of the caper plant, and fields generally deserted. That Arnica or Arnicum was once a remarkable and very populous city is sufficiently attested by the remains of public buildings, and ruined houses. Now there is nothing to see but some small buildings, few and poor, of one storey only. There is still a

Governor's palace, large and stately, of rustic work in squared and smoothed stone, constructed, I should say, by the Venetians, but now ruinous and almost destroyed, for the four walls only are standing. Opposite this is a fine building, once a Christian Church, dedicated to S. Roch, now profaned and turned into a grain store. Standing close to it is a high square tower, and a porch adorned with marble columns. Between the church and the porch lies a wide court, in the middle of which stands a marble column which was formerly crowned by the marble figure of a winged lion, the badge of Venice. At no great distances the Minorites live in a few small rooms restored by the alms of pious persons, near a tiny Greek church with an arched roof. To be safe from the craft and violence of thieves and robbers they have surrounded the whole with a wall. Here they have a garden well supplied with garden produce of every kind. At most they are four in number, and are of the greatest help and comfort to travellers who are visiting Palestine and returning thence to their homes. One can scarcely say how great a consolation it is to strangers, generally ignorant of the Greek and Turkish tongues, weary and wellnigh exhausted by long journeys, to find in the land of the Turks men of our own faith, who receive one hospitably, treat one liberally, soothe the spirits of those in trouble, and give every assistance to such as need it. Besides the safe shelter which they offer to pilgrims, they tend the sick, provide the necessities of life, expedite business, comfort the afflicted, cheer the anxious and despairing. But let no one think that these hospitable and humane offices are to be rendered *gratis* by the Fathers. For although for their food, their labour, their cares and kind help they require nothing, they ask nothing, a grateful heart ought to render blessing for blessing, to mete to each with that measure with which it is measured unto you, to return a kindness in the spirit in which it is given. So all pilgrims before they leave are wont to show their gratitude, and repay the benefits they have received, by a suitable present, and let him who neglects to do so know certainly that he will bear away the stamp of thanklessness, than which nothing is more hateful in the sight of God and man. For they have no goods or lands to provide for their food and the necessary expenses of the convent, and are thus compelled to live on the alms of the merchants living at Arnica, the bounty of seamen who put in at the neighbouring port, and the munificence of travellers. Hence the custom has grown up among the Venetians that every one of their vessels which calls here pays a Venetian ducat, or gold sequin, to the aid and support of the convent. They are also at liberty to board the ships in harbour to collect an alms from the sailors and passengers, who are liberal and even munificent to them; and rightly so, for it is very meet that they who sow spiritual things should reap carnal things. Besides the kindly offices of which I have spoken above they celebrate every day the Divine Mysteries, night and day they say the canonical prayers, and administer to those who seek them the Sacraments of the Church. Wherefore let no one grudge them the slender living afforded by the alms of the pious. As saith S. Paul, "they which wait upon the altar should have their portion with the altar."

While we were at Arnica we found an opportunity of walking with the monks to the Salines, situated near the second milestone from the town. Here is a wide valley, whose circuit reaches to six, or according to others, nine miles, fenced in on every side by mounds. A torrent which comes down from Mount Olympus, and the rain-water running off the adjoining hills, flow into it, and in winter fill the lake to a depth of some four or five feet. The water, wonderful to relate, which as it is collected in the lake from the rain or springs is sweet, by the nature of the soil and the sun's heat gradually acquires a saltiness, and at last in the months of May, June, and July, by no art or labour of any kind, but by mere heat, and the sun's rays, thickens, coagulates and hardens into the whitest salt. It is a wonderful

sight, and well worth a visit: one might think it a frozen sea, of snowy whiteness. In August the salt is fully formed and as hard as marble. Slaves dig it out with iron picks, and put it into sacks, which are tied up and carried on the backs of asses to the higher ledges of the valley. Here they are opened, and the salt piled in huge heaps. By the end of September you would see the whole valley cleared of salt, except these heaps, and these remain sometimes for a year or more, according as the export of salt is more or less. The salt collected, which affords a very large revenue, is an Imperial right, and belongs to the Sultan: the *Emin*, of whom we have spoken above, is charged with the collection. For greater convenience in disposing of the salt, collecting taxes, and carrying out his other public duties, he comes down daily with his clerks to Comercio, and attends to business until late evening in a small house built on the seashore. The Greeks say that less salt is won now than when the Christians bore rule in Cyprus, giving as a reason the sloth and negligence of the Turks. For the former brought art and industry to the aid of nature: every year they cleansed the bottom of the lake from the sand which collected there; if the rains were scanty they let in sea-water, if too copious they dammed them out, and generally did what was necessary. But the Turks do nothing at all, and this I know to be true; for I saw the dams, formerly used by the Christians for letting in or shutting off the water, broken down and utterly neglected, and the channels too, which served to carry off the superfluous rain-water, blocked and barred with earth; hence a third part of the valley lies to-day buried in sand, barren and altogether waste and abandoned, a state of things which grows worse every day, so that in a little while it will certainly be of little, probably of no use at all. One may infer how great is the negligence, the sloth, of the Turks. Sunk in idle ease, hating toil and industry, they prefer to indulge their appetites and lusts rather than to protect their possessions or to extend them. If ever there was a race wholly abandoned to laziness and ease, that is the Turkish! Hence it follows that Cyprus, of old a most fertile and productive country, is now in great measure deserted and uncultivated. For the Turks have no care themselves for agriculture, and if they see any of the Greek natives occupying themselves in cultivating the soil, or amassing wealth, they either harass them with *avanie* (so the Italians call the fraudulent tricks of the Turks), or drain their resources by exactions, and flay them (so to speak) to the bone. So much only remains to the wretched creatures from the fruits of the earth as allows them to sustain life, to provide bare necessities, and sow their fields anew.

The result of the researches which I made during our stay at Arnica and in journeys to places near it concerning the position, appearance, condition and fertility of this most famous island, with other things worthy of note, I purpose here to set forth briefly for the information of my readers.

CHAPTER XVI.

A description of the island of Cyprus.

Cyprus, one of the noblest islands of the globe and the most fertile in all kinds of produce, is of oblong shape, and remarkable in some parts for its pleasant and fruitful hills, in other for its broad plain. It lies between Cilicia, Syria and Egypt. Its length from east to west between the two promontories Acamantha and Dinareta (or the Clides islands beyond) is 220 miles; some say 162. Its greatest breadth, from Cormachitis which looks over the Cilician straits to the north to the promontory of Phrurium on the southern side of the island, is 60 miles. It has a circuit of 650 miles, which Strabo gives as 3420 stadia,

Pliny 3436. It is distant from Alexandria in Egypt 500 miles, from Crete 400, from Jaffa the port of Judæa 200, from the Syrian Tripoli 100, from Satalia or Attalia, a town on the sea-coast of Pamphylia, 60. It was known of old by many names, Acantida, Acamantis, Cerastis, Aspelia, Amathusia, Crypta or Crypton, Colonia, and Minois: sometimes Paphia, Salamina, Ceraunia and Cytherea, from its chief cities, and Macaria (or the Happy Island) from the fertility of its soil, and its many charms. In our day it is generally called Cyprus; in Holy Scripture Cethin, Chitim or Chetim. Pomponius, Pliny and others make it comprise nine kingdoms, with these fifteen principal towns, Paphos, Palæpaphos, Cythera, Curias, Cithium, Corinæum or Ceraunium, Salamis or Salamina, Amathus, Lapithus, Soloe, Tamasus, Chytri, Arsinoe, Carpasium, and Golgoe or Colaë. Every one of these is either entirely destroyed and effaced, leaving nothing but a name, or has sunk into an obscure village. These brief notes on them will suffice.

Paphos or Neapaphos, now *Baffos*, one of the four cities which survived to the days of the last kings, is a small village on the south coast. It was founded by Agapenor, and was once famous for a temple of Venus, its harbours and royal palace. It is sixty stadia (so Strabo notes) from Palæpaphos. Here Paul and Barnabas preached the faith of Christ, and made Epaphras its bishop.

Palæpaphos, founded by King Paphos, son of Pygmalion, lies on the south coast near the promontory Zephyrium. This city, so famous in poetry, was destroyed by frequent earthquakes; traces of ruins show what was its former greatness. Here was the celebrated temple of Venus in which persons of both sexes sacrificed naked to Venus: tradition holds that it fell at the prayer of the Apostle Barnabas. Here too Holy Writ says that Paul and Barnabas preached the Gospel of Christ, converted to the Faith the Proconsul Sergius Paulus, and struck the Jew Elymas, a sorcerer and false prophet, with blindness. The remains of an ancient church are still shown, and beneath it a vault where the Apostles were imprisoned. The natives say that diamonds are found on the adjacent shore.

Cithera, also a city of Venus, from which she took the name Cytherea, is not far from Paphos on the same coast; some say it was once called Porphirusæ; now it is a village, by name Couclia, whose well-watered fields abound in grain, cotton and sugar.

Curium or Curias, a royal residence and famous for its temple of Venus Acrea, is now the village of Limissus, mentioned above; others however place Curium at the ninth milestone from Limissus, on the site of the modern village of Piscopia.

Amathus, a very ancient town and royal residence, was built by the Assyrians in the reign of Ninus, and gave the name Amathusia to the island. It is levelled with the ground, and marked only by heaps of débris at the sixth milestone east of Limissus.

Cithium or Citto, the oldest town in the island, was founded, it is said, by Cithin or Cethin, the great-grandson of Noah. It is situated on the south coast, eight miles from Salines, and now called Chiti. An old and half-ruined tower and some lowly buildings are all that can be seen. Zeno Cittieus the founder of the Stoic sect, and Apollonius the physician, are said by Strabo to have been born here.

Salamis or Salamine was built by Teucer the son of Telamon, and was afterwards named Constantia from a king Costa. It is now a small village about two miles from Famagosta, and called Old Famagosta. It is said to have been the birthplace of Asclepiades, and of Solon the philosopher and Athenian legislator.

Carpasium or Carpasium, a very ancient town, placed by Strabo near the promontory Sarpedon, is now an insignificant village, called by some Carpasso, by others S. John.

Corinæum or Ceraunium, built by Cyrus on a lofty rock on the north coast, once gave

a name to the island. It is now called Cerines. It has many inhabitants, and is remarkable for a solid and impregnable fortress built by the Lusignan kings, which still holds a strong Turkish garrison.

Lapheto or Lapithus, a royal residence, built by the Lacedæmonians, and famous for its port and docks, about twelve miles from Ceraunium. A small village, with most fruitful soil, abounding in cotton, sugar, lemons and oranges, keeps the old name.

Soloe, a royal capital, built, as some say, by Solon, is now a village called Solia, situated on the north coast half-way between Cormachiti and the point of Alexandreta. Strabo says it was formerly called Solum, that it had a river and harbour, and a shrine of Venus and Isis: that the Athenians Phalerus and Acamas founded it, and that its inhabitants were called Solii.

Arsinoe took its name from Arsinoe, sister of Ptolemæus Lagus, king of Egypt. The modern village is called Crusocus. It was chiefly noted for its mines of gold, chrysocolla (*carbonate of copper?*) and vitriol. Others suppose that the village of Lefcara occupies the site of Arsinoe.

The sites of the other cities are unknown or uncertain. Besides those we have mentioned Aphrodisium, Idalium, Centria, Tremithus, Cyniria, Acte, Macaria, were notable towns, and many others. All of them are turned to dust, so that scarcely any memory of them survives. In our day, of so many towns two only, Leucosia and Famagosta, are standing. So has nature ordained that change and chance reign always and everywhere: nothing under the sun is stable and lasting, what is born must die. So that it need not seem wonderful to anyone that, as in the other islands of the Mediterranean, so in Cyprus also, few or no traces are left of the cities which were once so famous. These have sunk into obscurity, and others have taken their places and survive, as is the case with Leucosia (commonly called Licosia or Nicosia) and Famagosta, supposed to be the old Leucata and Arsinoe. And as the face of the land has changed so have its fortune and its masters often varied. The kings, of whom tradition says there were nine, were expelled, and the island seized by Cyrus, king of the Assyrians. Then it fell to Greek tyrants. It remained long under the sway of Ptolemæus and Demetrius, kings of Egypt and Syria. P. Clodius the tribune wrested it without bloodshed from Ptolemæus, and added it to the Roman Empire. When that tottered to its fall Cyprus passed to the Greek Emperors, who set up Dukes there and ruled it for many years. Their tyranny long oppressed it until Richard, king of England, who with his fleet was on his way to fight the Saracens at Jerusalem, was refused by the Duke Isaac Comnenus the shelter of its ports, and otherwise insulted. Incensed at these indignities Richard landed in force, seized the island, harried it in every quarter, and with extraordinary speed subjected the whole to his victorious arms, and placed strong garrisons of his own men in the captured cities. Later he sold it to Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, who had been expelled by the Saracens, and assumed in exchange the royal title of Jerusalem, which he handed down to his successors on the English throne. Lusignan brought a suite of French nobles, and made Cyprus a French colony. Then it was made tributary to the Sultans of Cairo; and on the extinction of the Lusignan kings, who had ruled it for 283 years, it passed to the Venetians. It is said that they received annually from salt and taxes 50,000 *scudi*, and gained as much again from merchandise taken in exchange and carried to Venice. But the Venetians were expelled in 1571 by the Turks, and Cyprus fell under the Ottomans, who still rule there.

It was formerly divided into four regions, called from Salamis, Paphos, Amathus and Lapithos, but now into ten districts, Paphos, Aydimio, Limisso, Masoto, Salines and Messarea.

These, speaking generally, look to the south and are on the sea-coast: a continuous mountain chain divides them from the districts on the north, Carpasia, Pentalea, Ceraunia, and Crusoco. One district called the Vicomté occupies the central plain between Ceraunia and Salines. The mountains are of gentle slope, and not very high. The highest of all is Mount Olympus, now called by the Greeks Trohodos or Trochodos, four thousand feet in height and fifty-four thousand in circuit. It was once famous for a temple of Venus Acræa, which (Strabo says) women might neither see nor approach. Some think that here too stood the city Olympia. The mountain is now dedicated to the Archangel Michael, and a chapel which bears his name stands on the summit. Greeks devoted to a monastic life began to settle upon it, and founded eighteen convents, so that in course of time vineyards, gardens and orchards sprung up, and this part of the island became noted for its pleasantness, beauty and excellent cultivation. For it is full of streams of purest water, and everywhere clothed with forest. Yet after a while, for nothing in nature is stable, the monks were driven from the place by the barbarians, desolation followed, and now it lies mostly abandoned and waste. Beyond Trohodos stands a mountain of conspicuous height commonly called Holy Cross. On its summit was a temple of Jupiter, now it is dedicated to the Cross. When S. Helena came to the island she left here a piece of the Cross, and built a fine church, and gave the mountain its name. It lies about twenty miles from Salines, the road is difficult and irksome by reason of the many hills. On the topmost peak is a small and much frequented chapel, for some believe that even now a fragment of the Cross is preserved there.

The island has many promontories: those on the west, south and east we have already set down in their order, so it were superfluous to repeat their names here. On the north are Crommion or P. Crommiorum, now Cape Cormachiti or Cornachietti, Callinusa, now Limmito, and Delenum.

We mentioned two cities as surviving, one of them is on the coast, the other inland. That on the coast was the seat of a bishopric, and has a remarkable and most safe harbour. It is situated on the extreme eastern shore, near the ruins of ancient Salamis, and took its name from King Costus, father of S. Catharine, or from Augustus, in commemoration of his victory at Actium over Antony and Cleopatra, thus, as some say, Fama Augusti, Famagosta, whereas it was formerly called after Arsinoë, whom many assert to be its foundress. It is fairly spacious and populous, nearly triangular in shape, and the only defence which Cyprus has. On the land side, fortifications of very great strength, built by the Venetians, make it most secure; it is founded on the hardest rock, and safe against mines and such-like devices, yet through the carelessness and negligence of the barbarians the walls are now full of breaches, and like to fall.

The second was once the seat of the kings of the house of Lusignan, and called first Leucata from Leucas the son of the first Ptolemy, now Leucosia or Nicosia. It is in the very middle of the island, in an extensive plain called Messarea, seventy-eight miles long by thirty broad: the position is a very pleasant one, cultivated hills surround it, water is plentiful and the soil rich. The Cathedral Church, once dedicated to S. Sophia, is a fine building: near it is the palace of the Archbishop, where dwelt the Metropolitan and Primate of all Cyprus, who was also pontifical legate. Now the church is profaned by the Turks, turned into a mosque and devoted to the foul faith of Mohammadians, which is followed throughout the island. The city is very large, round in shape, fortified with eleven bastions and surrounded with a broad ditch. In size and situation it is certainly the chief city of the island, but is full of ruins, squalid and defenceless, for the walls are breached or decayed, and could not withstand a regular attack or siege. The Pedeus, a river or torrent, flows by. Stone bridges

mark its course, and sometimes it is full and violent, but we found it dry from the heat. This royal city was conquered in the year of Christ 1423 by the Cairene Sultans, who imposed a yearly tribute of twelve thousand sequins, and bestowed it on the Lusignan kings. Then it enjoyed fifty years or more of peace, until Jacques the natural son of King Jean drove out his sister Carulota, the rightful heir to the realm, who had married the Duke of Savoy, and with the armed help of the Sultan of Egypt took it by force. He died not long after, having married Catharina, a Venetian lady of the noble family of the Cornelli, whom the Venetian Senate had adopted into the family and wardship of S. Mark with a dowry from the public funds of one hundred thousand ducats. His wife brought forth a posthumous son who lived barely a year, and at the instance of her family she made over her kingdom to the Republic. Cyprus thus became a possession of Venice and remained under her rule until 1571, in which year the Ottoman Emperor Selim II., claiming to have succeeded to the rights of the Egyptian Sultans, declared war against Venice for its recovery. During forty days it endured many and fierce attacks, but the greatness of the enemy's host, which is said to have numbered eighty thousand soldiers, prevailed, the island was taken and ravaged, its nobility extirpated, its magistrates, captains and guards slain, and the rest of the inhabitants enslaved. So it fell under the rule of the barbarians, its royal state and lustre and old magnificence vanishing under Turkish tyranny. In the hands of savages regal glory and high renown sink and fall, while the authority, pomp and wealth of dependencies concentrate themselves at the seat of Empire.

A like fate befell Famagusta. After the capture of Leucosia, the Turks rapidly moved their camp and hastened to the siege of Famagusta. They took it, but not with the same ease, and only after a year's siege, in which they lost seventy thousand of their men. Want and hunger drove the inhabitants to surrender, after they had first bargained with the Turkish general Mustafa for the lives of all. But when Marcantonio Bragadino and Astorre Baglione the generals, with a following of many captains and nobles went forth from the city to his camp to present the keys of the gates and to ask (as had been agreed) for leave to depart, he caused them at first to be brought to his tent, received them kindly, and praised their courage and their zeal in defending for their Prince so noble a city. Then a sudden fit of rage seized the cruel savage, and in violation of his plighted word and of the common law of nations he not only ordered Astorre Baglione, a man of noble birth and a distinguished soldier, and other leaders to be beheaded, while their followers were attacked and massacred by the arms of his guards and the spears of the janissaries, but caused Marcantonio Bragadino, the general in command of the city, a man illustrious among the nobles of Venice for his passion for arms and singular courage, after his ears were cut off, to be brutally flayed alive by a Jewish hangman—a spectacle of hideous and unparalleled barbarity. In the sight of the whole city, amidst the sharpest torments, his courage and constancy, and the calmness of his bearing and look shone so fairly forth that he seemed rather to rejoice than suffer. But the barbarian monster was still unsatisfied, and bade them stuff his skin with straw, and hang it on a mast, and so bear it to Constantinople. After many years had passed, his brother and sons bought it for a great price, carried it to Venice, and saw it laid in a marble urn in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, with this inscription to the memory of a most fond father, and a leader of undying fame.

D. O. P.

M. ANTONII BRAGADENI DUM PRO FIDE ET PATRIA
 BELLO CYPRIO SALAMINÆ CONTRA TURCAS CONSTANTER
 FORTITERQ. CURAM PRINCIPEM SUSTINERET LONGA
 OBSIDIONE VICTI A PERFIDA HOSTIS MANU IPSO VIVO AC
 INTREPIDE SUFFERENTE DETRACTA

PELLIS

ANN. SAL. CIQ.IQ.LXXI. XV. KAL. SEPT. ANTON. FRATRIS
 OPERA ET INPENZA BYZANTIO HUC

ADVECTA

ATQUE HIC A MARCO HERMOLAO ANTONIOQUE FILIIS
 PIENTISSIMIS AD SUMMI DEI PATRILÆ PATERNIQUE NOMINIS
 GLORIAM SEMPITERNAM

POSITA

ANN. SAL. CIQ.IQ.LXXXXVI. VIXIT ANN. XLVI.

To God the Best and Mightiest.

The skin of Mark Antony Bragadino, torn from him while alive and suffering fearlessly, by the faithless hand of the enemy, on the eighteenth day of August, in the year of our Salvation 1571, when, in the Cyprian war waged against the Turks for faith and fatherland, he was overborne in the long siege of Salamis, where he commanded with constancy and valour, was brought hither from Byzantium by the care and at the cost of his brother Antony, and laid here by his devoted sons Mark, Hermolaus and Antony, to the eternal glory of God most High, of their country, and their father's name, in the year of our Salvation 1596. He lived forty-six years.

When Leucosia and Famagosta were taken, and the citadel of Ceraunia surrendered, access to the other towns and villages was easy enough. They had neither fortifications nor garrisons, and being unable to offer resistance yielded without parley to the Turks. They are all now under the rule of one Pasha, who resides at Leucosia and exercises the chief authority with a rank somewhat like our Viceroys. Not only is he supreme over the islanders, but over all their magistrates, Sanjaqs, Qadis, Subashis and soldiers, both horse and foot, and rules all according to the laws of the Turks. While we were in Cyprus the Governor was Jaffer Pasha, a Calabrian, of low birth and a renegade from Christianity, and, like all such, intensely hostile to Christians. Besides the towns I have mentioned it is said there are still 850 villages (*casali*). These were populous enough in old times, and rich and prosperous, now the Turkish tyranny has left them deserted or thinly peopled. The principal are Lapithus, Cilurns, Carpassus, Lefcara, Constantinum, Linnati, Silica, Arnica, Pellendria, Chilani, Colossus, Piscopia, Salines, Conuelia, Orima, Serines, Arzus, Omodus, Crusocus, Solia, Morfu, Limissus and Lefca. Besides Turks, Moors and a few Jews the majority of the inhabitants are Greeks, who use the Greek language and written character, their dialect differing somewhat from that of Crete: they are Christians of the Greek rite. There are also Maronites, Nestorians, Jacobites and Copts, fugitives from Palestine, who were driven from the realm of Saladin after the capture of Jerusalem, and settled here, each sect still observing its own rites. The Turks, according to the statements of persons worthy of credit, number scarcely six thousand males, the Christians (always excepting women and children) twenty-

eight thousand. The Cypriots bear the Turkish yoke unwillingly enough, still they bear it, since they have no hope of aid from the princes of Christendom, from whom so great a distance shuts them off. They think however that, were there any chance of aid, their arms, their courage and numbers would suffice to set them free. But such, alas, is the present deplorable attitude and temper of the Christian princes, such their mental blindness, so fierce the bitterness of their mutual hatreds, so cold their faith and love, that they have no thought for the good of all, or the cause in which they should be ever vigilant! They allow general confusion to reign, they refuse help to the tottering Christian commonwealth; Christian blood is shed unavenged, Christians draw their swords upon one another, when they should be bringing aid to those who groan under the infidel yoke, and waging war against their savage foe until they have crushed that impious Turkish tyrant, and brought his strength to the ground. With daily tears the wretched Cypriots deplore this state of things, and see no hope of liberty, unless it should flash upon them from Heaven. But they frankly confess that their own faults and those of their ancestors deserve these things, and worse than these, inasmuch as they loathed the just rule of the Venetians, deeming themselves to bear a heavy yoke because they were subject to men of another race, and often wishing to put themselves under the Turkish flag, preferred their tyranny to the government of the Christian princes, now indeed, as the chief men of the island have assured me, their troubles and trials have at last shown how grievously they were mistaken. Long use has taught them plainly the difference between the principles and system of the Turks, how opposite they are. Among Christians, reason, equity and love have their proper place. Among the Turks they are wholly wanting, tyranny is all in all. This by the way, I resume my account of the state and condition of Cyprus.

Under the last kings and the Venetian Republic the islanders were divided into six distinct classes, Parici, Levteri, Perpirarii, Albanians, white Venetians and Nobles. The Parihi or Parici, like the Latin *Coloni*, were men of the lowest or servile condition, and so completely under the power of their lords that these had over them all but the power of life and death. For besides the annual tax which they were bound to pay to their lords, they had to give in each week two days' labour, and a third of their crops. The lords too were free to sell, exchange, release, auction, flog, torture, and inflict any corporal punishment except death, which was reserved to the kings. This only consolation and hope remained to these wretched creatures that by a payment of sixty gold crowns they could redeem their personal freedom, but their land remained in all cases subject to the duties exacted from the Parici. Next to them were the Levteri or Elefteri, freemen or freedmen, who were really of the Parici class, but by payment, or by their lords' favour, or otherwise had obtained their liberty. But these were not all on the same footing. Some, for instance, were freed absolutely, others obtained their personal liberty, but their masters still kept a lien on their property, and compelled them to pay yearly some fifteen or sixteen, some more some less, *perpira* or *hyperpira*: hence *Coloni* of the third class got the name of *Perpirarii* or *Hyperpirarii*. The Albanians, originally from Albania or Epirus, were free men, and under the kings and Venetians received pay from the state. They patrolled the coast day and night, took turns as sentries, and guarded the island from corsairs and pirates. They settled by and by in the country, and were called Albanians. The white Venetians were also reckoned free men, but they were obliged to pay a yearly tax to the princes or magnates. The Nobles, divided into two classes, ranked before all these. The Princes, Barons, and (so called) Lords came first, after them the other patricians. For while the Venetians ruled the island it was not only the Venetian nobles who enjoyed the rights of nobility, but these were granted also

by license of the Senate to all citizens of the Republic who could prove that for five years at least they had lived in Leucosia. Now under the tyranny of the barbarians all Christians are of the same condition; there is no difference between noble and plebeian, all are slaves, and esteemed as the vilest of such: master and man, rich and poor, old and young, mistress and maid, all and everyone feel the same yoke. They have even fallen long since into the ways of their conquerors, and acquired their vices; they are however gentler and more civilized than others of Greek race who are subject to the Turks. They are kind and courteous to strangers, quick-witted and deft of tongue and hand: strong and spirited, and apt soldiers, but the extreme fertility of the soil inclines them to be self-indulgent and voluptuous. Their women are generally lascivious, true to the character of their ancestors, who (as Justin tells us), before they contracted a lawful marriage, prostituted themselves to foreign sailors. The ancients had reason then for telling us that the island was dedicated to Venus, especially as it produces abundantly all that ministers to lust.

Let us now touch on its fertility. It abounds in silk, cotton, flax, wool, grain, oil, honey, cheese, butter, and wine of excellent quality and most wholesome. It will keep, we were told, eighty or more years intact. It is naturally red, but (strange to say) it grows paler and whiter with age. It has the virtue of a balsam, and taken in moderation is of great service in sickness. But whether old or new it is hardly palatable to persons not accustomed to the pitchy taste which it acquires by being kept in pitched jars: this gives it a rough flavour, but preserves it to a wonderful age. Grapes, purposely dried and shrivelled, which they call *Zibibo*, are produced in great quantity, the best are black and large: also grain, and different vegetables. One could hardly exaggerate the richness of the soil, but it must not want water through the long summer heat, but be diligently irrigated. On this matter they spare neither money nor labour, for when the rivers or torrents fail they have deep and wide wells from which, by means of large wheels driven by horses, they draw up in earthen vessels abundance of water for the use of their fields.

Their seasons seem extraordinary compared with those of our latitude. In summer everything is so dried and scorched by the sun's heat that, except where irrigation is used, you will scarcely find a blade of grass. Then in winter, after the copious autumn rains, the fields are soaked, and the whole is a pleasant expanse of green: you would rather call it summer. To travellers, ploughmen and workers generally, even to sick people, the winter is far more comfortable than the summer; they are not molested by the cold, except during a north wind, and the season is so soft and temperate that the cattle seek the green of pastures and groves as though spring were beginning. Summer is a very different thing, the heat is great and trying, and a general torpor prevails: it is not safe for strangers or natives to travel under the mid-day sun, so they stay at home, and avail themselves as best they can of the shelter of walls and roofs against the deadly heat. They are up before the sun, and make the most of the twilight, fortifying themselves against the weakness which grows on them with a healthy breakfast. Labourers sleep in the open without covering, the well-to-do lie on quilts, but exposed to the air, or just covered with a linen sheet.

Enough about the seasons: let us return to the fertility of the island. One remarkable product is the *canna ebosia* or *canna mellis*, a reed as tall as the cotton plant, from which they make sugar. Others are alun (*alumen seissile*), white and black, pitch, resin, gypsum, which they quarry out of the earth, and in many places abundance of nitre, jasper, agate, emerald, crystal, red and white coral, other precious stones, and diamonds, though inferior in hardness and value to those of the East. It is rich in mines of gold, iron and copper, in the best possible vitriol, in verdigris useful in medicine, and marchasite both white and red.

Near a village Amiantus is found the stone of the same name, very like the *alumen scissile* or *plumosum*. It is impervious to fire, and was well known to the ancients, who made from it shrouds and wrappings for the dead. These were cleaned by passing them through the fire, washing only made them hard. Corpses destined to cremation were enveloped in these for the greater ease in preserving the ashes apart from the fuel. But cloth of this kind is no longer used. Then ladanum, frankincense, storax, manna, scammony, saffron, coriander, sesame, sumach, mastic, rhubarb, colocynth, thyme, marjoram, hyssop, with many other plants of singular virtue in medicine. Gourds, melons, cucumbers, cauliflowers, the colocas of Egyptian bean, and other useful vegetables. Near Calopsida there grows in great quantity the herb *soda*, from whose ashes they make soap, as well as others used in washing and bleaching the delicate crinkled cloth (called in Italy *Zaabelota*) which the natives weave in great quantity of goat's hair. The powder called Cyprian, so fragrant and so much valued in Italy, is made of sweet smelling herbs, or (as some say) of a certain green dew which falls on stones and plants and is dried to whiteness. All kinds of trees abound, except cherries, chestnuts and sorbs, and bounteous nature supplies their place with others of better quality. Others again which are hardly known to our western world, bananas, dates and carobs, not to speak of oranges, lemons, apricots and pomegranates. There are whole woods of cypress, and many pine trees. From these last oozes the best and most fragrant resin or turpentine, of the greatest use in affections of the stomach and spitting blood. The number of different birds is very large: wood-pigeons, quails, partridges, pheasants, ducks and geese abound, while turtle doves are as plentiful as sparrows with us, and are so tame as to seem to share with men roofs, gardens and public squares. The tiny birds which the Cypriots call Italian—they are not unlike the ortolans of Italy—are very common, and so plump, especially during the vintage when they feed on grape stones and mastic seed, that infinite numbers of them are preserved in jars with vinegar and savoury herbs, and sent for sale to Venice, making a dainty dish greatly in request with princes and lords throughout Italy. There are many eagles and hawks, even merlins and peregrines which do not breed here are caught as they follow their prey. Wild in the woods are found gazelles, deer, herbs, rabbits and many other such animals, but none dangerous or savage. There are sheep of enormous bulk and wonderfully fat, with tails of a cubic's length, and so broad and thick that they not only cover the hinder parts of the animal, but often weigh over twelve pounds. Here too is bred the four-footed beast called chamæleon, a hideous and uncanny creature. When we were staying at Arnica with the Father-guardian of the Minorites we saw one, and again at the house of a certain Greek: they were alive, and we handled them, for they are harmless. It is a palm in height, and not more than a palm and a half in length, spotted like a pard, with a muzzle like a frog, and a very long thin tail ending in a point and sinuous as a viper, straight legs, crooked claws like a bird's; the skin rough like a crocodile's, the belly soft and narrow, the backbone and the way the sides join the belly remind one of a fish, its back humped like a camel, its motion slow like that of a tortoise. The eyes are deeply set, close together, very large, of a like colour with the body, and always open: to look round it turns the whole eye, not the pupil only: the mouth is always open. The belly is never purged for it has no vent, and alone of all creatures it lives on neither food nor drink, but on air only. Its colouring is a still more wonderful feature, for it changes with the greatest ease to match any hue, except red and yellow, to which it may be near: the skin only changes, not the black spots upon it. Hence the common proverb, "more changeable than a chamæleon," which is used in reproach to an inconstant or slippery person.

The island has no navigable river, only a few streams and torrents: the chief are the

Pedeus, which flows past Leucissia, the Lycus which descends from Olympus, and the Tenus. When these are in flood the water is drawn off with wheels to water the adjacent farms and fields. The crops have often failed for want of water, especially in the days of Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine the Great, when as a popular tradition avers, the island was left uninhabited for more than thirty years. For the springs were dry, the earth gaped with the heat, and the soil was so parched that the natives could not till it, and went forth in a body to some other place. At length Helena, who landed in Cyprus on her return from Jerusalem, inquired the cause of its desolation, and touched to the heart with compassion obtained from God by prayer that rain should fall, the old sources be filled, that its inhabitants should return from the continent, and the island resume its former populousness and well-being.

Cyprus suffers yet another plague, that now and then a certain insect infests it. About every third year, if the seasons are dry, they grow slowly in the likeness of locusts, and in March, being now winged and as thick as a finger, with long legs, they begin to fly. At once they come down like hail from heaven, eat everything voraciously, and are driven before the wind in such huge flights that they seem dense clouds. They devour every green herb, and dying at last of hunger leave behind them a terrible stench, which infects the air and the soil and breeds a fearful plague. The natives seek out their eggs diligently, and destroy them with their nests and lurking places. Unless they did so the insects would increase in that torrid soil beyond all reckoning or belief.

But although it is infested with these creatures, and suffers from scorching heat, and in some places from a certain unhealthiness of the air, yet in richness of soil, in beauty of scenery and natural wealth the island is self-sufficing and blessed. Witness Ammianus Marcellinus, "So rich and various is the fertility of Cyprus that without the help of strangers it can build a cargo-boat from keel to truck from its own resources, and send it fully fitted with sails and gear to sea." Not undeservedly was it called of old *Macaria* or the *Blest*. So rich was it, so fruitful and luxurious, that here one might see, possess and enjoy all that could be imagined to gratify every desire. Lucius Florus writes of its vast riches, "The wealth of Cyprus brought by Porcius Cato in Liburnian ships to the mouth of the Tiber filled a larger room in the treasury of Rome than any triumph had ever done." The present condition and appearance of the island is far different, oppressed by barbarian rule and stripped of its old grace and glory much of it is uncultivated, neglected, deserted. Cities once famous and populous, and full of stately buildings, are now ruinous, squalid and thinly peopled: towns and villages lie desolate and forsaken, for it is the way of the Turks to lay waste city and field, to destroy ancient splendour. So much for the description of Cyprus.

LITHGOW.

William Lithgow (1582—1645. See *Dict. of Nat. Biography*, xxxiii. 359) published in crown 4to, London, 1632, *The total Discourse of the Rare adventures, and painefull Peregrinations of long nineteen years Travailles etc.* His visit to Cyprus fell between 1609 and 1621. He reckons his "goings, traversings and returnings" at thirty-six thousand and odd miles.

I transcribe from pp. 182—189 of the edition of 1640. A twelfth issue appeared at Leith, 1814.

Twelve days I was between Rhodes and Limisso in Cyprus, where arrived I received more gracious demonstrations from the Islanders, than I could hope for, or wish, being far beyond my merit or expectation; onely contenting my curiosity with a quick minde, I redounded thanks for my imbraced courtesies.

The people are generally strong and nimble, of great civility, hospitality to their neighbours, and exceedingly affectionated to strangers. The second day after my arrivall, I took with me an Interpreter, and went to see Nicosia, which is placed in the midst of the kingdom. But in my journey thither extream was the heat and thirst I endured; both in respect of the season, and also want of water: and although I had with me sufficiencie of wine, yet durst I drink none thereof, being so strong, and withall had a taste of pitch; and that is because they have no barrels, but great jars made of earth, wherein their wine is put. And these jars are all inclosed within the ground save onely their mouthes, which stand always open like to a source or cistern, whose insides are all interlarded with pitch to preserve the earthen vessels unbroke asunder, in regard of the forcible wine; yet making the taste thereof unpleasant to liquorous lips; and turneth the wine, too heady for the brain in digestion, which for health groweth difficult for strangers, and to themselves a swallowing up of diseases.

To cherish life and blood, the health of man,
Give me a Toast, plung'd in a double kan,
And spic'd with ginger: for the wrestling grape,
Makes man become from man a sottish ape.

Nicosia is the principal city of Cyprus, and is invironed with mountains, like unto Florence in Ætruria; wherein the Beglerbeg remaineth; the second is Famagusta, the chief strength and sea-port in it: Selina, Lemisso, Paphos, and Fontana Morosa, are the other four speciall towns in the Island.

This isle of Cyprus was of old called Achametide, Amatusa, and by some Marchara, that is happy. It is of length extending from East to West, 210, large 60, and of circuit 600 miles. It yieldeth infinite canes of Sugar, Cotton-wooll, Oile, Honey, Cornes, Turpentine, Allom, Verdegreece, Grograms, store of Metals and Salt; besides all other sorts of fruit and commodities in abundance. It was also called Cerastis, because it butted towards the East with one horn, and lastly Cyprus, from the abundance of Cypresse trees there growing. This island was consecrated to Venus, where in Paphos she was greatly honoured, termed hence, Dea Cypri.

Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro
Venerat, ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis.
Venus feast day through Cyprus hallowed came,
Whose feasts her presence dignified the same.

Cyprus lyeth in the Gulfe between Cilicia and Syria having Ægypt to the West, Syria to the South, Cilicia to the East, and the Pamphylia sea to the North. It hath foure chief capes or headlands, first westward the promontory of Acanias, modernly Capo di Santo Epiphanio: to the south the promontory Phaenria, now Capo Bianco: to the east Pedasia, modernly Capo di Græco: to the north the high foreland Cramenion, now Capo di Cormathita: these foure are the chiefest promontores of the Island, and Cape di S. Andrea in the furthest point eastward toward Cilicia. Diodore and Pliny say that anciently it contained nine kingdomes, and fifteen good townes, Cerania now Selina, was built by Cyrus who subdued the nine petty kings of this isle. Nicosia is situate in the bottom or plain of Massara, and thirty four miles from Famogusta: and the town of Famogusta was formerly named Salamus. I was informed by some of sound experience here that this kingdom containeth about eight hundred and forty villages, besides the six capitall towns, two whereof are nothing inferior for greatness and populosity to the towns in Candy, Sycily or Greece.

The chiefest and highest mountaines in this isle is by the Cypriots called Trohodos, it is of height eight, and of compass forty eight miles, whereon there are a number of religious monasteries, the people whereof are called Colieros, and live under the order of S. Basil. There is abundance here of coriander seed, with medicinable rubarb and turpentine. Here are also mines of gold in it, of chrysocole, of calthante, of allome, iron and exceeding good copper. And besides these mines, there are divers precious stones found in this isle, as emeralds, diamonds, chrysell, corall red and white, and the admirable stone amiante, whereof they make linnen cloth that will not burn being cast into the fire, but serveth to make it neate and white.

The greatest imperfection of this isle is scarcity of water, and too much plenty of scorching heat and sabulous grounds. The inhabitants are very civill, courteous and affable, and notwithstanding of their delicious and delicate fare they are much subject to melancholy, of a robust nature and good warriours, if they might carry arms. It is recorded that in the time of Constantine the Great this isle was all utterly abandoned of the inhabitants, and that because it did not rain for the space of six and thirty years. After which time, and to replant this region again, the chiefest colonies came from Ægypt, Judea, Syria, Cilicia, Pamphylia, Thracia and certain territories of Greece. And it is thought in the year 1193, after that Guy of Lusingham, the last Christian king of Jerusalem, had lost the Holy Land, a number of Frenchmen stayed and inhabited here, of whom sprung the greatest race of the Cyprian gentility, and so from them are descended the greatest families of the Phoenician Sydonians, modernly Drusians; though ill divided and worse declined, yet they are sprung both from one originall; the distraction arising from conscience of religion, the one a Christian, the others Turks.

The three isles of Cyprus, Candy and Sicily are the only monarchall Queenes of the Mediterranean Seas: and semblable to other in fertilitie, length, breadth and circuit, save only that Candy is somewhat more narrow than the other two and also more hilly and sassinous: yet for oils and wines she is the mother of both the other. Sicily being for grain and silks the Empresse of all, and Cyprus for sugar and cotton-wooll a darling sister to both. Only Sicily being the most civil isle and nobly gentilitate, the Cypriots indifferently good, and the Candiots the most ruvid of all.

The chief rivers are Teneo and Pedesco. Cyprus was first by Teucer made a kingdome, who after the Trojan war came and dwelt here: and afterwards being divided between nine pettie princes it was subdued by Cyrus the first monarch of the Medes and Persians. After the subversion of which empire this isle was given to the Ptolemies of Ægypt, from whom Cato conquered it to the benefit of the Romans. The Dukes of Savoy were once Kings of

Cyprus, but the inhabitants usurping their authority elected kings to themselves of their own generation: and so it continued till the last king of Cyprus, James the Bastard (marrying with the daughter of a noble Venetian, Catherina Cornaro) died without children, leaving her his absolute heir. And she perceiving the factious nobility too headstrong to be bridled by a female authority, like a good child, resigned her crown and scepter to the Venetian Senate, anno 1473. Whereupon the Venetians embracing the opportunity of time brought her home, and sent governors thither to bear sway in their behalf, paying only as tribute to the Ægyptian Sultans 40000 crownes, which had been due ever since Melecksala [Melek el Ashraf, Seif-ed-Din] had made [Janus] of Cyprus his tributary.

It was under their jurisdiction 120 years and more, till that the Turks, who ever oppose themselves against Christians (finding a fit occasion in time of peace and without suspition in the Venetians) took it with a great Armado, anno 1570, and so till this day by them is detained. Oh great pitty! that the usurpers of God's Word, and the world's great enemy, should maintain (without feare) that famous kingdom, being but one thousand and fifty Turks in all who are the keepers of it. Unspeakable is the calamitie of that poor afflicted Christian people under the terrour of these infidels, who would, if they had armes or assistance of any Christian Potentate, easily subvert and abolish the Turks, without any disturbance; yea, and would render the whole Signiory thereof to such a noble actor. I do not see in that small judgment which by experience I have got but the redemption of that country were most facile, if that the generous heart of any Christian Prince would be moved with condign compassion to relieve the miserable afflicted inhabitants. In which work he should reap (questionless) not only an infinite treasure of worldly commodities, that followeth upon so great a conquest, but also a heavenly and eternal reward of immortal glory. The which deliverance Ferdinando, Duke of Florence thought to have accomplished (having purchased the good will of the islanders) with five gallonnes and 5000 souldiers. Who being mindful to take first in the fortress of Famogusta, directed so their course that in the night they should have entered the haven, disbark their men and scale the walls.

But in this plot they were far disappointed by an unhappy pilot of the vice admiral, who mistaking the port went into a wrong bay: which the Florentines considering resolved to return and keep the sea till the second night, but by a dead calm they were frustrated of their aymes, and on the morrow discovered by the castle. Whereupon the Turks went presently to arms, and charged the inhabitants to come to defend that place. But about four hundred Greeks in the westpart, at Paphus, rebelled, thinking that time had altered their hard fortunes by a new change: but alas they were prevented, and everyone cut off by the bloody hands of the Turks; this massacre was committed in the year 1607. Such alwayes are the torturing flames of Fortune's smiles, that he who most affecteth her, she most and altogether deceiveth. But they who trust in the Lord shall be as stable as Mount Syon, which cannot be removed: and questionless one day God, in his all eternall mercie, will relieve their miseries, and in his just judgments recompence these bloody oppressors with the heavy vengeance of His allseeing Justice.

In my return from Nicosia to Famogusta with my Trench-man we encountered by the way with some Turks, who needs would have my mule to ride upon, which my interpreter refused. But they in a revenge pulled me by the heels from the mule's back, beating me most pitifully and left me almost for dead. In this meanwhile my companion fled, and escaped the sceleratness of their hands; and if it had not been for some compassionate Greeks, who by accident came by, and relieved me, I had doubtless immediately perished.

From the Fort and Citie Famogusta I embarked in a Germeo, and arrived at Tripoly, being 88 miles distant.

SANDYS.

George Sandys, son of Edwin, Archbishop of York, was born 1577 and died 1644. He published in small folio, London, 1615, *A Relation of a journey begun An. Dom. 1610*. The first book deals with the Turkish Empire, its manners, forces etc.: the second with Egypt, the third with Palestine, and the fourth with the journey home from Acre, by Cyprus, Crete, Malta, Sicily and Italy. He does not make it at all clear that he landed in Cyprus, but he has collected with diligence what was known in his time about the island, and his quaint narrative seems worthy of a place among our Excerpta. From the number of early editions of the *Relation* it must have been very popular. We transcribe from Book iv. pp. 218—222 of the first edition.

For Salamis see Velleius Paterculus i. 1, "Teucer, non receptus a patre Telamone ob segnitiam non vindicatae fratris injuriae, Cyprum adpulsus cognominem patriae suae Salamina constituit."

Now shape we our course for England. Beloved Soile: as in site (Virg. Ecl. I. 67.)

"Wholly from all the world disjoyned," so in thy felicities. The summer burnes thee not, nor the winter benums thee: defended by the sea from wastfull incursions, and by the valour of thy sommes from hostile invasions. All other countries are in some things defective, when thou a provident parent doest minister unto thine whatsoever is usefull: forrein additions but only tending to vanity and luxury. Vertue in thee at the least is praised, and vices are branded with their names, if not pursued with punishments. That Ulysses (Hom. Od. I. 1.)

"Who knew many mens manners, and saw many cities," if as sound in judgement as ripe in experience, will confesse this to be the land that floweth with milk and honey.

Our sailes now swelling with the first breath of May, on the right hand we left Cyprus, sacred of old unto Venus, who (as they faine) was here first exhibited to mortals (Homer, in Hymnis, V. 1—4.)

I sing of Venus crownd with gold, renownd
For faire: that Cyprus guards, by Neptune bound.
Her in soft fume mild-breathing Zephyre bore
On murmuring waves unto that fruitfull shore.

Thither said to be driven, in regard to the fertility of the soile, or beastly lusts of the people, who, to purchase portions for their daughters, accustomed to prostitute them on the shore unto strangers; an offering besides held acceptable to their goddess of viciousnesse. Some write that Cyprus was so named of the Cypresse trees that grew therein, others of Cyrus, who built in it the ancient city of Aphrodisia, but grossely, for Cyrus lived six hundred yeares after Homer, by whom it was so named: but more probable of Cryptus, the more ancient name, in that often concealed by the surges. It stretches from East into West in forme of a fleece, and thrusteth forth a number of promontories: whereupon it was called Cerastis, which signifieth horned; so terming the promontories, as in Phillis to Demophon (Ov. Her. II. 131.)

A bay there is like to a bow when bent
Steepe hornes advancing on the shores extent,

the occasion of that fable of Venus her metamorphosing the cruel sacrifices of that island into oxen; or else of the tumors that grew in many of their foreheads. It is in circuit,

according unto Strabo, foure hundred twenty seven miles, sixty miles distant from the rocky shore of Cilicia; and from the maine of Syria an hundred: from whence it is said to have bin devided by an earthquake. Devided it was into foure provinces, Salamina, Amathusia, Lapethia and Paphia, so named of their principall cities. Salamina was built by Teucer in memoriall of that from whence he was banished by his father Telamon, for not revenging the death of his brother (Hor. I Od. VII. 21.)

When Teucer fled from Sire and Salamine
 Crownd with a wreath of poplar dipt in wine,
 He thus his sad friends cheares: Go we lovd mates
 Which way soever Fortune leades; the Fates
 Are kinder than my Father: nor despair
 When Teucer guides you. He whose answers are
 Most sure, Apollo, in another land
 Did say another Salamine should stand.

The Island being assigned to him by Belus, if Didoes relation may be beleaved (Virg. Æn. I. 619.)

Teucer, exiled Greece, to Sidon came:
 Who a new kingdom sought by Belus' aide.
 My father Belus then did Cyprus tame,
 And that rich country tributary made.

This city was afterwards called Constantia; but destroyed by the Jewes in the daies of the Emperor Trajan, and finally by the Saracens in the reigne of Heraclius. Upon the ruins thereof the famous Famagosta was erected by King Costa, as they say, the father of Saint Katherine. Eternized by the unfortunate valour of Signior Bragadino, who with incredible fortitude withstood the furious assaults, made by the populous army of Selimus the second, conducted by Mustafa; and after surrendered it upon honourable conditions, infringed by the perjured and execrable Pasha, who entertaining at his tent with counterfeit kindness the principall of them, suddenly picking a quarrel, caused them all to be murdered, the Governor excepted, whom he reserved for more exquisite torments. For having cut off his eares, and exhibited him by carrying of earth on his backe to the derision of the infidels, he finally fleyed him alive, and stuffing his skin with chaffe, commanded it to be hung at the maine yard of his galley. Famagosta is seated in a plain between two promontories; in forme welnigh quadrangular, whereof two parts are washt with the sea; indifferent strong, and containing two miles in circumference. It standeth almost opposite unto Tripoly having a haven which openeth South East, the mouth thereof being straightened with two rocks which defend it from the weather. There was Saint Barnaby borne, there suffered martyrdome under Nero, and there buried, to whom the Cathedral Church was dedicated. This greatly ruined city is yet the strongest in the Island, the Seate of the Sanjaq: late put into such an affright upon the approach of the Florentine ships, that he fully purposed, as is credibly reported, to have surrendered it upon their landing who (perhaps posest with a mutuall terrour) forbare to attempt it. The aforesaid region of Salamine (which lieth on the East of the Island) contained also the celebrated cities of Aphrodisium, Tamassus abounding with vitriol and verdigrease; Arsinoe, Idalium, and the neighbouring groves so chanted off: the Olympian promontory (where Venus had her Temple, into which it was lawfull for no woman to enter) with the hill on the opposite Pedasium, square on the top like a table, and sacred unto her, as all the aforementioned. In the territory of Lapathia comprehending the north part, where once stood Tremitus, in the heart

almost of the Island, and midst of a goodly plaine, stands the late regall city of Nicosia: circular in forme, and five miles in circumference: not yeelding in beauty (before defaced by the Turks) unto the principall cities of Italy. Taken by the foresaid Mustafa on the ninth of September, in the yeare 1570 with an incredible slaughter, and death of Dandolus the unwarlike Governor. The chiefe of the prisoners, and richest spoiles, he caused to be embarked in two tall ships, and a great gallion, for a present to send unto Selimus: when a noble and beautifull Lady, preferring an honourable death before a life which would prove so replete with slavery and hated prostitutions, set fire on certain barrels of powder, which not only tore in peeces the vessels that carried her, but burnt the other so low that the sea devoured their reliques. The Frankes have their factours resident in Nicosia, partly inhabited by the ancient Greeke-Cypriots, and partly by Turkes and Moores. The buildings are low, flat rooff, the entrances little, for the most part ascended by staires for the more difficult entry. North of this and upon the sea, stood Ceraunia, erected by Cyrus (now of great strength and called Cerines: yet surrendered to the Turks before it was besieged) and at the West and of that Province the city of the Sunne, with the Temples of Venus and Isis, built by Phalerus and Achanus the Athenians. The mountaine of Olympus lies on the South of Lepathia, high, and taking up fiftie miles with his basis, now called the mountaine of the Holy Crosse. Clothed with trees of all sorts, and stored with fountaines; whereon are a number of Monasteries possest by the Greeke Caloieros of the order of Saint Basil. South of which even to the sea, extendeth Amathusia,

“heavy with mynes of brass.”

So called of the City Amathus, now scarcely showing her foundation, sacred unto Venus, and wherein the rites of her Adonis were annually celebrated. Built perhaps by Amasis (for I do but so conjecture by the name, and that it lieth opposite unto Ægypt) who was the first that conquered Cyprus. East thereof are the Salines, so named of the abundance of salt that is made there: where the Turke did first land his army: the shore thereabout being fit for that purpose. On the west side of Amathus there is a promontory in forme of a peninsula, called formerly Curias (of the not far distant city built by the Argives, at this day named Episcopia, where Apollo had a grove hard by a promontory, from whence they were throwne that but presumed to touch his altar) now called the cape of Cats: whereon are the ruins of a monastery of Greeke Caloieros, faire when it flourished, with a sumptuous temple dedicated to Saint Nicholas. The Monkes, as they say, being obliged to foster a number of cats for the destruction of the abundance of serpents that infested those quarters: accustoming to return to the Convent at the sound of a bell when they had sufficiently hunted. Paphia comprehendeth the west of Cyprus, so called of the maritime city built by the sonne of Pigmalion, by his Ivory Statue: such said to be in regard of her beauty: of whom (having long lived a single life in detestation of those lustfull women) he became enamoured, (Ovid. Met. X. 297.)

“She Paphus bare, whose name that Iland beares.” But Paphus, according to others, was built by Cinyras (both father and grandfather to Adonis) who called it so in remembrance of Paphus his father. This Cinyras having sworne to assist Menelaus with fiftie ships, sent him only one, with the models of the others in clay, to colour his perjury. No place there was through the whole earth where Venus was more honoured. (Virg. Æn. I. 416.)

“An hundred fiers Sabeen gums consume, There in her fane, which fragrant wreathes perfume.” Five miles from thence stands the City of Baffo, called new Paphos heretofore, and built by Agapenor, frequented from all parts both by men and women, who went from

thence in a solemn procession unto the old, to pay their vowes and celebrate her solemnities. But her Temples both in the one and in the other (as throughout the whole Iland) were razed to the ground by the procurement of Saint Barnaby. West of this stood Cythera, a little village at this day called Conucha, sacred also unto Venus, and which once did give a name unto Cyprus. That, and not the Iland that lies before Peloponnesus, being meant by this: (Virg. *Æn.* X. 51.)

Mine Amathus, high Paphos, Cythera
Idalian groves.

The uttermost promontory that stretcheth to the west, with the supereminent mountaine, now called Capo Saint Pifano, bore formerly the name of the Athenian Acamas: East of which stood the Citie of Arsinoe (at this day Lescare) renowned for the groves of Jupiter.

This Iland boasts of the births of *Æscapiades*, *Solon*, *Zeno the Stoicke*, and author of that sect, *Apollonius* and *Xenophon*.

At the first it was so overgrowne with wood that besides the infinite waste made thereof in the melting of metals it was decreed that every man should inherite as much as he could make champion. A country abounding with all things necessary for life, and thereof called *Macaria*, whose wealth allured the Romanes to make a conquest thereof, a prey that more plentifully furnished their coffers then the rest of their triumphs. It affordeth matter to build a ship from the bottome of the keele to the top of her top gallant, and to furnish her with tackling and munition. It produceth oyle, and graine of several sorts, wine that lasteth until the eight yeare; grapes whereof they make raisins of the sunne, citrons, oranges, pomgranats, almonds, figs, saffron, coriander, sugar canes: sundry hearbs as well physicall as for food, turpentine, rubarbe, coloquintida, scammony &c. But the staple commodities are cotton woolles (the best of the Orient) chamolets, salt and sope ashes. They have plentifull mines of brasse, some small store of gold and silver, greene soder, vitrioll, allume, orpiment, white and red lead, iron and diverse kinds of precious stones, of inferiour value, amongst which the emerald and the turky. But it is in the summer exceeding hot and unhealthy, and annoyed with serpents. The brookes (for rivers it hath none) rather merite the name of torrents, being often exhausted by the sunne, insomuch as in the time of Constantine the Great the Iland was for sixe and thirtie yeares together almost utterly abandoned, raine never falling during that season. It was first possessed by the sonnes of Japhet, payed tribute first to the *Ægyptian Amasis*; then conquered by *Belus*, and governed by the posteritie of *Teucer*, untill *Cyrus* expelled the nine Kings that there ruled. But after the Grecians repossess the soveraigntie, and kept it untill the death of *Nicocles*, and then continued under the government of the *Ptolemeis*, till the Romanes tooke it from the last of that name; restored againe to *Cleopatra* and her sister *Arsinoe* by *Antonius*. But he overthrowne, it was made a province of Rome, and with the transmigration of the Empire submitted to the Bizantine Emperours: being ruled by a succession of Dukes for the space of eight hundred yeares, when conquered by our *Richard the first*, and given in exchange for the titular kingdom of Jerusalem unto *Guy of Lusignan*, it continued in his familie until in the yeare 1473 it was by *Catherina Cornelia*, a Venetian Lady, the widow to king *James the bastard*, who had taken the same by strong hand from his sister *Carlotte*, resigned to the Venetians, who ninetie seven yeares after did lose it to the Infidels, under whose yoke it now groneth. But is for the most part inhabited by Grecians, who have not long since attempted an unfortunate insurrection. Their Ecclesiasticall estate is governed by one Archbishop and three Bishops: the Metropolitan of *Nicosia*, the Bishops of *Famagosta*, *Paphus* and *Amathus*, who live upon stipends.

BEAUVAU.

A short account of Cyprus is here translated from pp. 86—92 of the *Relation journalière du voyage du Levant fait et décrit par Haut et puissant Seigneur Henry de Beavvau, Baron du dict lieu et de Manonville etc.* The second edition of this work, enriched with quaint maps and cuts, was printed in 4to, at Nancy, 1615. M. de Beauvau left Venice with the Baron de Salignac, ambassador from Henry IV. of France to Sultan Ahmed, on All Saints', 1604. He dwells at length on the Court of Constantinople, and the sights of Jerusalem, more cursorily on Cairo, Alexandria, Malta, Syracuse and Naples.

Fifteen miles from Satalia we passed the point of the island of Cyprus which sailors call Piphanie, and coasting along we fronted the city of Baffo, anciently called Paphos, now pretty well in ruins. It is situated on the sea-coast, near its port, on a fertile and pleasant hill, in which are found diamonds almost as beautiful as the true. In this city S. Paul was bound as he was going to Jerusalem, as you may see in the Acts of the Apostles: and pagan histories tell us that the goddess Venus, as queen of the said island, held here her royal seat, and that the first temple dedicated in her name was here, where men and women sacrificed to her all naked: but at the prayer of the apostle Barnabas, a native of Cyprus, the temple and idol of the said lady fell and were overthrown together. Men called the goddess of old Cypria, on account of the island, and Paphia, on account of this temple. A mile hence are the grottos where it is said the seven sleepers slept for more than three hundred years without awaking.

But before entering on the peculiarities of the island I ought first to describe it to you generally. Its ancient names were Carastoni, Achatatide, Spelia, Amatusa and Macharia, or the happy. Its length is two hundred miles, its breadth one hundred and sixty-five, and its circumference five hundred and fifty. It is very fertile in all kinds of grain, olive trees, oranges, lemons, carobs, capers, salt, cotton and other necessary products. It was long under the rule of kings, particularly of the house of Lusignan, until the last queen of the Cornars family gave it after her husband's death to the Venetians, from whom it was taken by the Turks in 1570. Then it was fully inhabited, but now is greatly depopulated, though it brings in yearly three hundred thousand crowns to the Grand Signor, who takes a fifth of the revenue of the island.

Its chief towns are Nicosia and Famagusta, the first is about thirty miles from the coast, almost round, and fortified by good bastions; it is the residence of the Pasha of the island, and of the Consul of the Franks. The other is much stronger, and has a port not far away, but it is not always that any but small vessels can enter it: it is the same with all the ports of the island, with the exception of certain roadsteads, such as you find at l'Ampso and the Salines.

But let us continue our voyage from Baffo. Coasting along we passed Capo Bianco, so named from its whiteness, then Capo delle Gatte, which is the point of a fine rich plain stretching well into the sea, and so called from certain cats, belonging to the abbey of S. Nicolas not far off, which were said to be trained to catch the snakes, of which there were many in the neighbourhood, and were so well taught that they returned on hearing a bell. Nowadays there are no more of them. But in the church there are some Caloyeres, or Greek monks. Thence we sailed to Limiso, where there is a small fort, and excellent land round about. Here formerly was the port to which vessels came to load cotton and other produce of the island: now they go fifty miles further on to a place called the Salines from a small

lake about three miles in circuit which lies near. It is remarkable that the salt here comes without man's toil, for of its own accord, and with no other help than heaven, it forms and congeals, and in August of every year men gather enough to load thirty-four large vessels. In the same town are several Flemish merchants, and a church served according to the Roman rite by three monks who belong to Jerusalem. There are other churches where there are Greek Caloiers, notably a chapel belonging to the said monks between the town and the shore, where they show a hole said to be the tomb of Lazarus.

Eight miles inland is the famous M. Olympus, now called the Mount of the Cross, because it is said that S. Helen on her return from Jerusalem was forced by stress of weather to land, and having withdrawn to a spot near the mountain she fell asleep with her head on the Cross of our Saviour, which she never left alone. It befell that the Cross was borne away to the top of the mountain, whereon the saint awoke, and finding the precious relic gone grew mightily sad, knowing not how to recover it; at last searching everywhere she came to the said mountain, and found that which she loved so much: and judging by this hap that our Lord would be worshipped in that spot she caused a church to be built there, and left in it a piece of the true Cross, which is there preserved with much reverence by the ministers who are Greek priests.

Continuing our voyage we pass C. de Greco, behind which lies the city of Famagusta, between which and the shore is the spot where S. Catherine was beheaded, and the prison of her father. We passed hence to Cape S. Andrew, the most salient point of the island: leaving it on our left and crossing the sea we reached Tripoli June 20.

DELLA VALLE.

Pietro della Valle, a Roman of patrician birth, left Venice for Constantinople on June 8, 1614, and returned to Naples February 6, 1626. Our extracts are translated from the third part of the friendly letters in which he describes his journeys, published in quarto at Rome, 1663, pp. 439—453.

The author, if not one of the liveliest of the travellers of the seventeenth century, is among the most trustworthy. Gibbon (III. 201) found him the most intelligent spectator of Persia. "He is a gentleman and a scholar, but intolerably vain and prolix." Hallam (*L. H.* III. 450) did not think him so tedious, and was pleased with the air of romance thrown over his adventures by the Lady Ma'ani, who, alive or dead, followed his wanderings for ten years. She was a Nestorian of Mardin, born of an Assyrian father and Armenian mother, whom della Valle married in 1616 at Baghdad. She died at Mina, on the Persian Gulf, in 1621, in her twenty-third year. Her body roughly embalmed was carried to Italy, and laid at last to rest in the Church of Ara Cæli at Rome, where he too was buried in 1652. Tiraboschi (VIII. 101) tells us he was a traveller not exempt from credulity, or from the desire to recount things marvellous or impossible, but a scholar, linguist and musician, and above all a man endowed with the old Roman virtues.

The minerals of which della Valle was so anxious to procure specimens were known as of Cypriot origin to Dioscorides and Pliny: *σῶρον* is probably sulphate of iron, *μίον*, yellow vitriol, *μελαντηρία*, oxide of copper, and *καδμεία* (*γῆ*) calamine.

On September 2, 1625, late in the evening, we descried the island of Cyprus, where we intended to touch and stay some days. On the morning of the 3rd we found we had passed Cape S. Andrea, and were making for the south of the island, for on that side lies the harbour or roadstead of the Salines, where we were to anchor, this being the chief and most frequented port of Cyprus. A little after noon on the 4th we touched Cyprus for the first

time at this very port of the Salines. I call it a port, though it is a roadstead, comprised in a wide bay, protected nearly on every side by land, but large, roomy and safe for craft of all kinds. It is in fact the usual port and anchorage of the island. It lies on the south coast, 200 miles from Alexandretta, and is the place where the Turkish forces landed when they took Cyprus. Immediately on my arrival there came off to call on me Signor Demetrio Todorini, a leading Greek merchant, not a Cypriot, who offered me his house, and Sr. Giovan Francesco Parente, a Venetian, an old friend with whom I used to correspond in Aleppo. Some misfortune had befallen him there, and for the moment he was living in Cyprus. Besides his own greetings he bore me those of Sr. Alessandro Goneme, Venetian consul, who excused himself on account of some business to which he was summoned by the Qazi, and promised to come later. The next morning early Sr. Goneme came, with Sr. Parente and others of his household, and although I was inclined to remain on board in spite of their prayers and entreaties they were determined not to return to the shore without me. I landed therefore with a single servant, leaving on the ship Padre Orsino, the women and others. I found on the seashore a few houses and stores, just those which are called "the Salines," from the salt-works not far off. The Turks have here a small fort, square, with a platform and a few pieces of artillery. It stands on the seaside, but the protection it affords is insignificant. Here horses awaited us, and we mounted and rode a short mile inland to another town called Larnaca, where most of the Franks live. We went to the house of the consul, the best in the place, and, as it was still early, after a little rest went to the little church of the Franciscan monks, called S. Maria, a little behind the town, and there heard mass and the funeral office sung for the soul of Sr. Giovan Maria Parente, brother of Sr. Giovan Francesco, who passed on the day before to a better life. Late in the evening I called at the house of Sr. D. Todorini, and slept the night at the consul's. I should not omit to say that the Venetians have always a consul here: he is not one of their nobles, but a man of that class of honourable citizens which often supplies the Republic with Secretaries. So, although the consul in Cyprus is not under that of Aleppo, as a vice-consul would be, yet the consul in Aleppo, being a noble and of wider influence in those parts, has a certain precedence over his Cyprian colleague.

[*The writer goes back to his ship to post letters, and lands again on the morning of September 7 to hear mass and to return some visits.*]

In the house of Sr. Rocco Andreani, a Venetian merchant, I saw and examined a live chameleon which one of the children of the house had tamed, and kept for his amusement tied to a string. In India there are many such; they go climbing about the trees, but as I am shortsighted, and never had one in my hands, I did not observe the animal well in that country. Here, however, I took it in my hands (it is a quiet pleasing beast) and saw that it was of the size of a *racano*, and very much the same shape, but uglier, with a misformed head and cloven feet, with two paws between which rises its leg: each paw has two fingers or claws, so close as to be hardly separated one from the other: its colour greyish, but unevenly marked and shaded. I was told it sometimes changed colour, not indeed as the vulgar say according to what you put near it, but as it may chance to be hot or cold, or walking and resting, and the like. I did not see it change, though I tried in several ways to make it do so.

On the 8th the consul took me for a ride to another village about two leagues or six miles from Larnaca. It is still called Kiti or Citium, and was anciently a city and bishopric, now it is ruinous, consisting of a few huts only. We wished particularly to see a Greek doctor, Sr. Aluise Cucci, who lived there in a garden of his own. He had considerable

reputation for learning, and spoke Italian well. We were to see his garden too, which though half destroyed, like everything else in the island since it fell into the hands of the Turks, is still one of the most beautiful places in the neighbourhood. Here died Cimon, that most valorous and virtuous Athenian general, son of the no less famous Miltiades. See Æmilius Probus, in the life of Cimon, who says, "in oppido Citio est mortuus," after conquering the greatest part of Cyprus. We left on horseback about two or three in the afternoon, passing the Salines, not the houses only on the seashore of which I spoke, but the actual place where they make the salt. The Turks are too negligent to clean and clear it properly, and every day it gets smaller, and will eventually be filled up. Nevertheless when I was there it yielded a yearly revenue of about ten thousand piastres. Nearly every ship takes it for ballast; Venetian vessels especially are bound to take at least one load each, but they often take more, for it is worth a good deal at Venice, and the trade in it is reserved to the Prince. We turned inland to a village called Bromolaxia, and at last reached Kiti, which stands almost on the seashore, the coast trending from the Salines towards the west. We called on Sr. Aluise Cucci, whom we found, in true philosopher fashion—for this is his line—living in a house which was once large and beautiful, but is now half a ruin. We saw the garden too, with its running water, fishponds and the like, all neglected and in disorder: nothing in short was left of its beauty but a great quantity of orange trees planted in regular rows, of one height, which formed a kind of shady grove really pleasant and pretty. I had a long talk with Sr. Aluise, who seemed an intelligent man, but he was either ill or convalescent, and so weak that he could hardly speak, and I could not learn so much from him as I had wished. I asked him about Cadmia and its different kinds, and about the other minerals, which, as you write to me, you wished to procure from Cyprus. I have entrusted your commission to several persons, and written also to Nicosia, the capital of the island and residence of the Pasha: also about Galen's book. He said they existed still, but that it would be hard to find anyone who knew them well, and could find them: the people were all very stupid; the Christians had long ago given up working the mines, so as not to tempt the Turks to covet the island, and the Turks had let them alone on account of their ignorance. After talk on these and like matters we took our leave of Sr. Aluise and returned in the evening to Larnaca by another road which took us when about half-way home through another village called Menego. All these villages which were of old fully peopled are now very small, the houses few and ruinous, and the inhabitants very few in number.

September 9. I returned to the ship to see something of my people, and on the 10th with my astrolabe I took in the harbour the sun's altitude: I found its declination from the zenith at midday to be $29^{\circ} 50'$... The 13th I landed again: after breakfast the consul wished me to go to see a place noted for its sacred character and natural beauty; the Greeks called it Agia Nappa (S. Nappa). It lies about eight leagues distant from Larnaca, almost on the sea, on the east coast near Cape della Greca. Here is a church built in a grotto, where was found a wonder-working image of the Virgin. At three, or a little before, we mounted. The consul was too unwell to come, but we had Sr. G. F. Parente and two other Venetians, Messer Bernardino Drogogna, and Messer Giacinto Greco, a clerk on the "Cacciadiavoli," a vessel belonging to a Venetian noble of the family of Viario, then in harbour, a Greek called Manoli, my servant Michel, and a consular janissary as escort. We rode all the afternoon along the shore, reaching the village of Ormidia at dark, and there we rested most of the night. We rose the next morning more than an hour before the dawn, passed Xilofago, then Cape S. Giorgio, and a stream which runs into the sea west of the cape, where many vessels, especially pirates, touch to get water, and the day was still young when

we got to the village called, like the church, Agia Nappa. This, like all which I have seen in Cyprus, was almost destroyed, partly by the usual tyranny of the Turks, partly through the great pestilence which had wasted the island a few years before, killing most of its inhabitants. The church itself, built, perhaps out of respect to the pirates, somewhat like a square castle, is still standing. There is a large quadrangle with rooms round it, the church being on the left as you enter, reached by many steps, as well as the underground chapel which is formed out of the very grotto in which the sacred image was found. A Papas or Greek priest takes care of the church, and officiates in it, and there are certain Calogrie or nuns, who have abandoned the world and devoted themselves to the service of God: they are decently clad in black, but are not cloistered. In the middle of the courtyard is a fountain of spring-water, built up as we might build one, and not badly, of marble. Over this at no great height they have placed a dome on four pillars, with raised seats or platforms of Eastern fashion right round it, a cool and shady resting place. Here we settled down, ate there by day and slept at night, when the murmur of the water was particularly pleasant. We did not wish to disturb anyone, even supposing we could have done so, for the rooms were full of people, men and women, Greek Christians with a few Turks among them, who were there before us. They were playing, singing, dancing, drinking, amusing themselves, and we amused ourselves likewise. Next morning mass after the Greek rite was sung in the church, at which I assisted as far as the end of the Gospel. Within the church in a corner apart is an altar where our Latin priests, if any should come here, say mass. The church is just a small grotto, the image ancient, the altar adorned after the Greek rite in the usual way. We found and ate in this place a large quantity of *beccafichi*, called by the Greeks *sycalidia*, which at this season are caught in such abundance that besides the numbers that are consumed in the island itself thousands are exported, preserved in vinegar, to Venice and elsewhere. Those of Agia Nappa are now and then unwholesome, when they have eaten scammony. They must have found this food elsewhere, for the herb does not grow about the village.

September 16. We left Agia Nappa at daybreak, and as we passed Xilofago dismounted to see the church dedicated to S. George. Among the other saints painted therein we found Agios Mapeas or San Mama. He is greatly venerated by the Greeks, who say he was a martyr buried in Cyprus, and have some story to explain why he is painted riding on a lion. We broke our fast at Ormidia, and rested for some hours in the porch of the church dedicated to Constantine, whom the Greeks reckon among their saints, and so rode back in the dark to dine at Larnaca with the consul.

September 17. I returned early to our vessel, and stopped on the way to see a Greek church in the Marina, called S. Lazarus. It belonged originally to the Armenians, and in a buttress of its outer walls all the stones are inscribed with Armenian letters. Why it is held now by the Greeks is possibly because there are no Armenians here, as there must have been formerly. It is very ancient, entirely of stone, its arrangement fantastic though common among the Greeks, for there are three aisles with a roof supported on four piers only, and three domes in a row over the middle aisle, and three apses without. Within, the space between the piers is used by men, the aisles on either side by women only. Behind the altar they show underground a tomb like a small grotto, which can be entered through a square opening like the mouth of a vault. This, they say, is the grave of Lazarus who was restored to life by Christ: adding that he built the church, of which he was bishop; that he died here, and that his body was carried later to Constantinople and thence to Marseille, the truth of this being proved by the miracles which are daily worked at the tomb, the sick are healed, and the like. But this is contrary to history, as we have it in the Breviary, Martyrology, &c.

September 20. I landed again. The consul gave me a piece of virgin Ladanum, pure and unadulterated, as it is gathered. It is found plentifully in Cyprus, and as I wished to know what it is and how collected, I asked well informed persons and learned that ladanum is secreted from the dew of heaven, exactly like manna, and is found and gathered on the leaves of a small plant, which is generally not higher than a palm and a half or two palms, with small leaves. They boil the stuff they collect, and when boiled it is flexible like wax, and is rolled out between the palms into lengths like tapers, and these they twist together into the shape of the piece which I keep by me as a specimen. Ladanum is black, with a pleasant, strongly aromatic odour: in our countries it is mixed with other substances to make an excellent perfume, and is perhaps used in medicine.

September 21. Signor Cicach gave me a piece of Amianthus, the stone which can be spun into thread, and from which the ancients made a cloth said to be incombustible, which was cleaned by fire like other cloth by water. Of it they made the shrouds in which they burned dead bodies, so that the human ashes should not be mixed with those of the fuel, but remain by themselves within the cloth, which was not consumed. No one knows now how to make the cloth or the thread; still you can clearly see a white substance like cotton detach itself from the stone, and this might be spun. The stone itself while intact is a darkish green, or nearly black, but lustrous, almost like talc: when it is broken the filaments come out white. In the laboratory of *Ferrante Imperato of Naples*, a man of most curious learning, among the innumerable simples and strange things he had collected I remember seeing both the stone and the cloth woven from it.

[September 22—25 seem to have been spent in jollity, on various ships in the roadstead, or at the Venetian Consul's house.]

September 26. I landed and slept in Larnaca. A new Pasha was expected to take up the government of the island. The old one had left immediately on the arrival of one of his successor's officers, a musellim, who came, as is their wont, to prepare things for his master. The new nominee had not reached Nicosia when a fresh order came from the Gran Signor depriving him of the post which he had not yet taken up, and reinstating the old Pasha, who had already left. The Defterdar and other officials were changed at the same time. These sudden and unforeseen changes among officials, a practice which has now for some years prevailed at Constantinople, arise from bad administration, and because all offices are saleable and distributed for uncertain periods to the highest bidders. The confusion is growing every day, and I make a point of recording this incident to show in what an evil plight the Turkish commonwealth is, marching, as one can see, to its own deliberate ruin.

[September 28. More entertainments. The vessel sails, and at midnight on the 29th anchors off Limassol, but well out, to escape payment of port dues.]

September 30. I landed early, and walked about the town, which is fairly large and populous. I saw the great mosque, which is near the sea in a fine broad street running along the shore, quite full of carobs (guaianelle) in which Limisso does a great trade, loading whole ships for Venice and elsewhere. More among the houses stands the Fort, a small square stone building, more like a thick squat tower, or a *cavalier*, than a fortress. It has however on the top some small pieces of artillery. Still farther on I found the cathedral church, for Limisso has a Greek bishop, whose authority extends over four so called *Eparchies*, those of Limisso, Salines and two other. The whole island is divided into four sees, each of which includes several eparchies. The cathedral church of Limisso is small, dedicated to Our Lady, and built in the usual style of the country. As the seat of a bishop it is called among them the Catholic or Universal Church.

Here I found a certain schoolmaster Matthew, a Greek monk, who spoke Italian well,

for he had been many years in Venice, and who professed to have a knowledge of minerals, chemistry and the like. His home was at Nicosia, and from Larnaca I had written to him, as to others, to use all diligence to find me some Cadmia and other minerals, hoping that he would know all about them. My letters did not find him in Nicosia, and we learned he was leaving for Mount Sinai. Now that I lighted on him here I conferred with him on these matters. He told me he knew a good many of the minerals, and that they were found in Cyprus in places known to him, particularly Sory, Misy, Melanteria and Cadmia. Had he known in time he would have procured them for me, but now it was too late, he was on the point of starting, and the places were far off. He gave me bits of silver or gold, found in Cyprus, which he had with him. As to the rest he promised to do his best when he returned from Mount Sinai some three months hence. Thereupon I wrote to the consul at Larnaca to beg him when he went to Nicosia—he was bound to go there soon to greet the new Pasha, for in virtue of fresh vacillation, and a third order from Constantinople, the new Pasha was again confirmed, and the old one again removed—to seek out a renegade German, in practice there as a doctor, whom Matthew had indicated as possibly knowing and being able to get me the said minerals. While I was standing in the courtyard of the church talking with the schoolmaster the bishop passed, an old man with a white beard, attended by a monk, going into the church to recite his Hours. When I knew who he was I saluted him, and we exchanged many compliments in Greek, for he did not know Italian.

[October 1—3. Again merry-making on various Dutch ships. Letters arrive from Constantinople with news of the hostile progress of the Tartars and Cossacks, who were threatening the very gates. A great pestilence was raging in the city: the Gran Signor, Murad IV., himself had sixty plague boils on his body, and yet recovered. At last, after many healths had been drunk and many salutes fired, the author returned to his own vessel, the French caravel *Sainte Anne*, and sailed on October 4, 1625, for Malta.]

STOCHOVE.

“Le Sieur de Stochove, Escuyer, Seigneur de Ste Catherine,” a gentleman of Bruges, started with friends from Paris in March, 1630, and returned to Bruges September 1, 1632. He took ship at Genoa, saw Smyrna and Constantinople, and reached Cyprus on May 20, 1631. His stay was short: the party pressed on to Alexandretta, Aleppo and Baghdad, returned to the Holy Land, and visited Egypt and Mount Sinai. His travels, under the title *Voyage du Sieur de Stochove, fait es années 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633 (?)*, were first printed, for his friends only, at Brussels in 1643. From a copy of this very rare edition the present translation is made, pp. 263—273.

We left Laja, in the ancient province of Caria, at midnight to anticipate the foul wind (ambat) which always prevails in the afternoon: we arrived towards evening at Cape Nemoury and anchored, waiting to cross over to Cyprus, about 35 leagues away, during the night. We sailed at midnight, and with the dawn saw a pirate frigate which chased us for good three hours. She could not catch us, and turned back again. On May 20 towards evening we made Cyprus and anchored about twelve miles off Gerines, which we reached the next morning.

The island of Cyprus has always been reckoned the chiefest and most fertile in the Mediterranean. The ancient Greeks, by reason of its pleasantness, called it Maxalia or Macaria, the Blest: also Crypta or Criptan, because in certain places the land is so low that

it seems hidden in the waters: also Carastis, on account of the headlands jutting out like horns, and lastly Cyprus, from the abundance of Cypress trees. The ancients dedicated it to Lust, and poets feigned that Venus the goddess of Lust was born there from the sea-foam, but we moderns hold that Venus was Queen there, who, to cover her own incontinence, made it lawful to all, and caused her statue to be worshipped in a temple which she built at Baphos, where its ruins are still to be seen.

Cyprus lies in the fourth parallel, its length extends from Long. $34\frac{1}{2}$ to 36 E. From its position follows the excessive heat, especially in summer, when the sun is in the tropic of Cancer. Its shape is extremely fantastic, on account of the headlands which on both sides stretch out into the sea. Its length is quite four times its breadth: its circuit reckoned from cape to cape, is about 180 leagues, but following the coast of its bays at least 220. The Syrian sea washes it on the East, that of Egypt on the S., of Rhodes W., and Caramania N. The part which looks towards the Caramanian mainland is mountainous, the rest of the land is low and level—a great defect, because the water finding no outlet makes it in many parts marshy, and hence the air is corrupt and unwholesome. There are no rivers, only some torrents which are dry in summer: springs are few, but what there are are wholesome and good.

The island has suffered greatly from drought, and has often on this account been abandoned by its inhabitants. Its annals record that in the year 300 it remained deserted for thirty-six years, during which time no rain fell. But it has become thickly peopled since, and could show fifteen fine towns and quite eight hundred villages and hamlets. The Emperors of Constantinople held it seven hundred years, then it came under the rule of the kings of the house of Lusignan who reigned until the year 1473, when Marie de Cornare after the death of her husband gave it to the Republic of Venice, which kept it until 1571, when Sultan Soliman wrested it from them, to the great detriment of Christendom at large.

We stayed a day at Gerines which was once one of the finest and most important towns in the island, it is now chiefly ruinous. The larger part of the inhabitants are Greeks. A square castle commands the port, to which the Turks retire at night. The harbour is small, and suitable for boats and small craft only. In all the island there is only one good harbour, capable of sheltering vessels of all sizes, it is called the port of Salines, from the quantity of saltpans in the neighbourhood. All trading vessels coming from Christian countries bring up here, and on this account the Consuls of France, England and Venice reside here.

On account of the heat we left Gerines at night for Nicosia the capital of the island, which we reached before day, just as the gate was opened, and went straight to the lodging of the French Consul, who was then residing there. The city of Nicosia, formerly the seat of the King of Cyprus, is a most delightful place, situated in the middle of the island on a fair and pleasant plain anciently called Massare. The air is good and temperate, better indeed than that of any other place in Cyprus. It is surrounded by a fine fortification of regular form with twelve wide royal bastions. It was thus strengthened by the Venetians, who reduced its size by a third to make it more defensible; but the Turks, who are careless enough in keeping up the works, allow the walls to fall and fill up the ditches; but for this it would be the finest fortress in all Turkey. It has three gates only, those of Paphos, Gerines and Famagousta: on all you may still see the arms of the Republic of Venice, and of many private persons who were governors of the city. The walls may have a circuit of a league. There are many grand houses built of cut stone, the streets are fine and wide, there is nothing Turkish about them, nor in the buildings, which are for the most part of Venetian work.

The Palace, formerly the residence of the Kings of Cyprus, is large and beautiful: above the entrance you see the arms of the house of Lusignan, crowned, and quartered with those of Savoy. The Pasha or Viceroy lives there. In front is a spacious and fine square, in the midst of which is a pyramid or obelisk like those one sees at Rome. The Turks exercise their horses here every Friday.

The great church, once dedicated to S. Sophia, is very large and fine, all built of cut stone. The Turks have in no way altered the building, they have contented themselves with making it their chief mosque. On the entrance here also are the arms of Lusignan, quartered with those of Jerusalem and Sicily, together with the arms of Venice and S. Mark, with their device *Pax tibi Marce Evangelista* in words issuing from the mouth of a lion.

The city is rich in gardens full chiefly of date palms: the number of crows is incredible, the trees are black with them: they are useful as an alarm, for at dawn their croaking makes it impossible to sleep. The Turks through some superstition will not have them killed. One of our party could not bear with their noise, and with a shot from his arquebus brought down several. This caused us a deal of bother, for all the Turks of the quarter came shouting round our house as if we had done them a great wrong, and the consul had some trouble in quieting them, besides having to give them money.

We stayed two days in Nicosia, and left towards evening for Famagousta, a good day's journey away. We had travelled about two hours when we saw on the plain to our right five rocks entirely hollowed out and carved into chambers, well worth seeing. We went on throughout the night pleasantly enough over an open and level country, always accompanied by the delightful song of nightingales, whose pleasant music never failed us. As the previous day's heat had been very trying so the breeze and freshness of the night were ineffably soothing.

At daylight we arrived at the suburbs of Famagousta, where we went to look for a Greek, to whom we had letters of introduction, that he might assist us in entering the city. He dissuaded us altogether, saying that it was almost impossible to go in without meeting some unpleasantness, for the Pasha who commanded there was an unreasonable brutal creature, and above all Turks a sworn enemy to the Christians. No man could take another into the city without his privity and consent under pain of death. The great risk we should run took away all our wish to go inside, and we were satisfied with viewing it from outside, and with walking along the fosse, whence we saw the whole city and the harbour. This last is divided into two, one for galleys, the other for vessels: it is commanded by a fort, the rest of the town is surrounded by a wall with several towers and two long ramparts, but not fortified on any regular plan.

We spent the rest of the day at this Greek's house, left in the evening, and arrived the next morning at Nicosia, where we stayed just long enough to thank our host, and left for Gerines to rejoin our boat and go to Alexandretta. We did not return by the road by which we came in order to see a convent of Greek monks situated among the mountains. We were told it was very beautiful, but we repented of our curiosity on account of the badness of the path which was all rocks and stones: most of the time we had to travel on foot, and could scarcely drag our horses after us. The night overtook us before we reached the monastery, and we were forced to halt and sleep among the hills, for we dared not travel on in the dark on account of the steep rocks and precipices which beset our every step. With the next daybreak we continued our painful journey, and it was quite midday before we arrived at the convent, suffering from the extraordinary heat, for the glare from the rocks was as fierce as the rays of the sun.

This monastery is built on the top of a mountain, enjoying a very fine view towards the sea and the mainland of Caramania. It is partly destroyed, and judging by the ruins it must have been a large and beautiful building. It is inhabited now by about twenty monks who are extremely poor. In many parts of the church you see the arms of Lusignan and of several noble Venetian families. We halted there long enough to rest, and returned the same evening to Gerines, where we found the wind favourable and embarked at once. We coasted along all night, and in the morning found ourselves at Cape S. André, at the extremity of the island, looking towards Syria and thirty leagues distant from Gerines.

SYNAXARIA.

After the volume containing the Liturgies, the most important among the service books of the Orthodox Eastern Church are the *Μηνιαία*, "which approach more nearly to the Breviary, or rather to its Proprium Sanctorum, than anything else: though containing much that is not in that, and omitting much that is."

If we take one of these twelve volumes, and look through the office of any particular saint, we find that after the sixth *Ode* with its *Theotokion* and *Heirmos* comes a *Stichos*, "two iambs, containing the kind of martyrdom, with a hexameter, setting forth the day. These lines, which are always unmetrical, nearly always contain some conceit, often enough far-fetched and untranslatable. For instance,

Ἠλίαν ἵπποι, τὸν δὲ διπλοῦν Ἠλίαν
Εἰς οὐρανοῦς ἀνήγον ὥς ἵπποι νόες·
Πότμον Ἐλισσαίος δεκάτῃ λάχεν ἡδὲ τετάρτῃ."

After the *Stichos* follows the *Synaxarion*, or extracts from the *Menologion*, containing a short history of the saint commemorated. (See J. M. Neale's *History of the Holy Eastern Church*, vol. II. p. 838.)

The offices of certain saints honoured especially or exclusively in Cyprus were printed at Venice in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. These little volumes are exceedingly rare, and, as the value of the *Synaxaria* has been recognised by the editors of the *Archives de l'Orient Latin*, translations will hold a fitting place in the *Excerpta*.

In one volume, edited by Chrysanthos, Archbishop of Cyprus, 8vo, Venice, 1779, are the *Ἀκολουθίαι τῶν ὁσίων Ἀναστασίου, Χαρίτωνος, Αὔξεντίου καὶ Κενδέα*—τοῦ Ἀπ. καὶ Εὐαγγ. Δουκᾶ, τοῦ Ἀγ. Δημητριάδου Κυθήρης, καὶ Κωνσταντίνου μάρτυρος. In another, by the same editor, 8vo, Venice, 1774, are the *Ἀκολουθίαι* of SS. Heracleidios and Mnason, both Bishops of Tamasus.

In the *Synaxaristes*, ed. Sergios Ch. Raphtane, 3 vols. 4to, 1868, will be found, under their several feast-days, short lives of other Cypriot saints: February 7, 9, 17, Aprion, Philagrios, Auxibios. March 2, Theodotos. May 4, 12, 14, Lazaros, Epiphanius, Therapon. June 11, 16, 17, 23, Barnabas, Tychon, Philoneides, Aristocles. September 20, 21, Meletios, Isaac. November 12, Ioannes Eleemon. December 12, Spyridon. The services proper for January 24 and September 25, the days on which is commemorated the Paphian Hermit, S. Neophytos, were printed at Venice in 1778, and reprinted at Nicosia in 1893 (cf. De Mas Latrie, *Trésor de Chronologie*, 1889, c. 911, 912). Philon (Feb. 6), Synesios (June 8), and Thyrsos (Aug. 5), all Bishops of Carpasia, and Photeine (Aug. 15—possibly the Samaritan woman of S. John iv.) have *Acolouthiai* still preserved in a MS. of 1733 in the church of the Holy Trinity, Rhizo-Carpas. They enjoy some fame in that neighbourhood.

S. Onesiphoros is commemorated at Anarita, in the District of Paphos, on July 18. I have seen extracts from a faulty and mutilated copy of his *Synaxarion*. He was born at Constantinople of high-placed Christian parents: is styled *Augustalis* and chief captain of the fleet. Saved from shipwreck he lived a hermit life, and both alive and dead worked miracles of healing.

S. Reginos—his earlier name was Bonomilex—who with his fellow-soldier Orestes is commemorated on August 20, was of Chalcedon, a Christian from his childhood, and a Tyro or Centurion. He was

tortured with scourge and fire by a military governor, Persentinos, sealed in a sack and thrown into the sea, saved by two dolphins, and eventually led by an angel, together with Orestes, to the island of Cyprus. They preached Christ at Neapolis Nemeson, and were beheaded by idolaters at Phasoulleia, where their spirits appeared later to a pious priest, to whom they revealed the place of their burying. Their feast is celebrated there, and at Apleke in the District of Nicosia. Their aid is especially invoked in chills and fevers. I have seen a MS. copy, dated August 18, 1837, of their *Acolouthia*. It was printed at Limasol, 1902. A Rheginus was Metropolitan of Constantia A.D. 431.

S. Hermogenes, commemorated on October 5, was a native of Asia Minor, and Bishop of Samos, where he was tortured and beheaded by the governor Saturninus. His remains were stolen by his fellow-Christians and committed in a box to the waves, which cast them on the shore of Cyprus near Curion. Miracles followed, and a church was raised over the place of his burial. Macarios, Bishop of Cition, published his *Acolouthia* at Venice in 1772.

September 17. Commemoration of our holy father ANASTASIOS, the wonder-worker.

Anastasios, who on earth glorified Christ,
Came to Him, and received in return more glory still.
Rejoicing he found an inheritance in heaven.

This our holy father Anastasios lived in the days of the King of the Christians, Alexius Comnenus and his son John, together with the rest of the CCC Orthodox, who were from Germany, and in Cyprus (which was then subject to the Orthodox sovereign) lived the life of hermits. For when the so-called Holy War, which arose concerning the Holy Places, burst forth, these too came as soldiers with the rest. And when they saw that in the affrays the Orthodox were ill treated by the Latins they left that earthly armament, and joined the service of the Heavenly King, taking up a monastic life in Cyprus, where they lived in deserts and mountains, oppressed, ill-used and tempted of devils; and, by the grace of Christ strengthening them, having overcome every temptation, by their own exceeding virtue they were deemed worthy of working many miracles, not only during life, but after their deaths, so that even now to those who approach his tomb with reverence this divine Anastasios is proved to be an excellent physician, and speedily answers them who invoke him in faith.

Through his intercession, O Christ our God, in Thy love to man have mercy upon us. Amen.

September 28. Commemoration of our holy and godly father AUXENTIOS, the wonder-worker.

Auxentios with the highest praise
I praise, who increased the God-given talent.
On the twenty-eighth day Auxentios was taken up to heaven.

This our holy father Auxentios was by race a German, as the story concerning him shows. But of what parents, and what religion, and in what age, I cannot say precisely. But what I know concerning him this I begin to narrate. From his earliest youth he gave himself to forays and wars and won great praise, showing himself to his enemies most terrible, and to the soldiers with him gentle, kind and most beloved. But, as they tell of him, through some God-given impulse he renounced the world and its delights, and reckoning all glory as a dream, he hastened to break away from them. Hence, as some say, he opened his thoughts to those about him (for he had three hundred soldiers under his command) and found them all amenable, and even thirsting after that for which he himself thirsted: wherefore he was not heedless, but starting with this purpose he came to a certain sea shore, and there found

a ship, and on this he embarked with the soldiers mentioned above, and reached the famous Cyprus, by God's guidance as I ween, and arriving there they left the ship, and all the soldiers, one here, one there, were scattered abroad, and where each chose his dwelling-place there he followed in all strictness the life of a monk. But himself, our holy father Auxentios, reached Carpas, a village so called which is a part of the said island, and finding a cave in a place called by the natives Ioution, dwelt therein. He gave himself up to the severest fasting and discipline, until, having cleansed his soul and body from lusts he made them a temple of the Holy Ghost, and receptacle of His gifts, and with unceasing prayer, and sleepless entreaty, speaking with God alone, he received from Him the gifts of healing, and became a worker of not a few miracles. But the wonders wrought by him we have not set forth in this history, as it is for those who must be brief, but we shall mention one only, which shall give credit to the rest.

After he had passed some time in the cave which we spoke of, he went to his rest in peace, and flew up to his much loved Lord, and received from Him rewards in due recompense of his labours, and joined with the angelic hosts in their dances and rejoicings. After the lapse of many years his sacred corpse was found in the said cave, exhaling perfume, and full of a marvellous sweet smell, by certain faithful persons from both the inland village and that by the seashore (for men from the two villages were assembled together), whence no small strife arose among them, who of them should take the relic, for those of the sea-side village said, "It is meet that we should take it, for it was found near our village." But those of the inland village replied, "Nay, but we will take it to our village, for there were most of us among those who found it." This being so they agreed to bring a cart and oxen, one from the one, and one from the other village, and to put the sacred and precious body thereon, and then to let the oxen start without a guide, that they might go whither they should be led by instinct given from above, as the saint might desire. So did they, and ceased their strife: they brought the cart and laid upon it the holy and sweet-smelling corpse, being yet whole and incorrupt. They brought the oxen also, and yoked them to the cart, and loosing them they walked without a guide, and the men followed them. They went until they reached the spot where now is to be seen the church built to the saint, and there—O Christ our King, what wonder is this!—the oxen stood firm and still. And when the people saw this strange and wondrous thing, they lifted up their voices, and for a long time kept saying, "Lord, have mercy upon us." They took down the most precious relic from the cart, and raised a fair and goodly shrine, to the glory of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the one and only God, who had made His saint a wonder-worker. From this miracle then, as I said before, let credence be given to those worked daily by the saint upon all who approach with faith his holy body, and celebrate year by year his honoured and light-giving feast.

By the intercession of Thy Saint Auxentios, O Christ our God, free Thy people from every kind of danger and injury: give peace to Thy world, crown Thy churches with unity, and have mercy upon us all, as Thou art good and gracious. Amen.

October 6. Commemoration of our holy father KENDEAS, the wonder-worker.

This Saint Kendeas at eighteen years of age leaves his country Germany, and, going to Jerusalem, becomes a monk. Then he went to the deserts of Jordan, and finding there a cave in a precipitous and inaccessible spot, dwelt therein, feeding himself on the tips of the trees which were near. Him God willed to glorify, and revealed him thus. There was a

man Ananias, a famous ascetic: to this great man a certain ruler sent his son, who was tormented by an unclean spirit. But the holy man, in his humility, received him not, and sent them away to go right into the desert to seek for Kendeas, called the German. And they searched through the deserts, and found him whom they sought. And when they told him the reason why they came hither, at first he was not persuaded to offer prayer; but they besought him greatly, and wept, and he prayed, and turned to the devil and said, "The servant of God, Ananias, bids thee through me, thou unclean spirit, in the name of Jesus Christ, to go out of the child." And when the unclean spirit heard these words of S. Kendeas it went forth without doing any harm. And when this strange wonder became noised abroad he was against his will persuaded to receive ordination as a priest, and to enter the monastery. And for that he was not able to continue there his quiet and solitary life, he left Palestine and fled again to the wilderness. But the treasure did not escape the notice of a labourer, for he too had a little son tormented by a devil; he carried it to a certain door, and covering the child over with grass placed it near the door of the saint, and went away thence. And as the child cried the saint arose, and looking at it knew the unclean spirit which possessed it, and drove it out, and healed the child. But the apostate rested not, and compelled the chief of the Blemmii, and drove out all the holy men that were in that desert. But the saints sailed away, and reached the harbour of Paphos. By what chance the Lord knows, the ship was rent asunder and scattered abroad; yet the saints remained unhurt, and were dispersed over different parts of the island.

Kendeas got out of the sea on the beach near Paphos, and built a hut on the cliff above the beach, and dwelt there, and one day, as the saint went forth from his hut in the dark, the devil in the form of a man fell at his feet, and begged from him a blessing. The saint, alarmed at the sudden vision, his feet tripped, and he fell headlong to the very bottom of the cliff, but by God's grace remained unhurt. Another time the tyrant gave him into the hands of a murderous robber, and sometimes he beat him, and sometimes tore from him the old rags which he wore, and another time burnt his hut. The saint bore all this and said from his heart, "If Thou, my Lord, art pleased so, I thank Thee." And the Lord heard from on high the saint's prayer, and delivered that robber into the hands of the ruler; and they slew him, and the saint found great rest. Again as the saint was going to the town to visit the brethren, the enemy appeared in the form of a woman, and touching his feet besought him that he would go aside with her from the road to where she had her house, that he would enter in and give it his blessing. The saint yielded to her tears and entered her house. But she bared her body, and strove hard to defile him. He fell on the ground and prayed, and routed that instrument of the fiend, and went out unharmed. Now the blessed Kendeas, hearing of his fellow-ascetic Jonas, how he dwelt at New Justiniane, desired to see him: and as he journeyed, in every village and place he healed many of their sicknesses. And coming to a spot called Mandres, near Trachias, he found a cave and dwelt there, binding himself by an oath that he would never leave it to go to another place. But he did not see the holy Jonas, and was much grieved that he might not break his vow. Consider what a wonder was here worked by the all-seeing Providence of God! an angel of the Lord lifted up the holy Jonas high above his cell without noise or tumult, and set him down in the cell of the blessed Kendeas. They greeted one another and took their fill of godly talk. Then said S. Kendeas, "Glory to God, Who hath deemed me worthy to see my dearest Jonas," and straightway Jonas was caught up by the angel, and was lost to the sight of S. Kendeas. This threw the saint into sundry doubts, and setting at nought his bond he went out of this cave and walked on the road to the cell of this wondrous man. For he

thought that which he had seen was a vision. And when he went and heard the blessed Jonas, and called him by name, and heard the manner of his translation, he was glad at heart and rejoiced, and they saluted one another, and he returned again to his dwelling. And what shall I more say! He drove out many evil spirits from men, and healed unhealable sicknesses. He caused waters to spring up in dry places, and by his prayers often brought down rain from heaven. And through his charms God wrought many other wonders, and after this he gave his precious spirit to God in peace and in a good old age.

By the intercession of Thy saint, O Christ our God, have mercy upon us. Amen.

November 6. Commemoration of our saintly father DEMETRIANOS, Bishop of Ketheria in Cyprus, the wonder-worker.

This man of God, who was born in the days and under the rule of the Christ-hating King Theophilos, and from his swaddling clothes, like a second Samuel, was numbered among the chosen ones of God, was a Cypriot by race, from the district of Ketheria, and a village called Sycà, from a virtuous and God-fearing father, the priest of the village, and a pious and God-loving mother. His parents took counsel together to have him married, but he would not: at last they persuaded him and married him with a maiden of gentle birth, very beautiful, and of one mind and heart with the saint. And when by the grace of the Holy Spirit they were joined in wedlock, for three months they guarded their virginity unstained: then his wife went to rest in the Lord, and was translated to eternal mansions, a virgin unspotted, a blameless wife, pure in the Lord, and deemed worthy to share with the wise virgins the peace of heaven. Thereon the saint, giving himself up to the sternest austerities and self-denial, and taking on him the garb of monkhood, for his virtues and heaven-pleasing qualities, at the entreaty of the sainted bishop Eustathios, became a priest; and later, on account of his gentle, calm, meek, quiet, tender and modest bearing—I might say for his signal and imposing virtue—by God's will shone out as Bishop of the city Ketheria, leading in holiness and God-pleasing ways the flock divinely entrusted to him, according to the fitting rule of episcopal perfection.

But the Barbarians of Babylonia came to the island of Cyprus and overran it all, and reached to the saint's diocese, ravaged his flock and carried away many Christians prisoners to Babylon. But the saint was exceeding grieved to be deprived of his flock, and like another wonderful Ieremias, followed the Barbarians and their captives even to Babylon, and with toils and vigils, with nightlong prayers to God and tears that flowed as a fount, again he freed the people of the Lord, and led them back to Cyprus, blessing and glorifying God. And thus the saint after a blameless and holy life reached extreme old age, and went in peace to his Lord, performing constantly miracles.

Through his saintly intercession, O God, have mercy upon us. Amen.

July 1. Commemoration of the blessed martyr CONSTANTINE, the wonder-worker.

Even though thou strikest Constantine with the sword
His dead body shall smite the enemy of the Lord.
On the first of July Constantine was beheaded.

These saints were from different places, and altogether in number three hundred. They went to worship at the Holy City Jerusalem, and when they had adored all the Holy Places, they went to the desert of Jordan, and there abode. On a certain day they all came to the seashore, they found a ship and entered therein, and sailed and came to the famous island

Cyprus, to the harbour of Paphos. The ship, however, driven by a strong and mighty wind, was broken up, but the saints, by the grace of God, were all saved unhurt, and were scattered over all the island of Cyprus. But S. Constantine, with three others, came to a place called Trachias, and they walked after the pattern of the Apostles, and preached that Christ was true God. And when the ruler of Cyprus, Sabinus by name, heard this, he set the men before him, and examined them, and they confessed that Christ was true God. And when they denied it not, they were beaten with raw ox-hides, and thrown into prison. And on the morrow he ordered them to be brought before him, and again they would not consent to sacrifice to a strange god, and he ordered them to be hanged with their heads downwards, and their flesh to be torn off them, so that the ground was red with their blood. Then they were stretched on iron plates made hot with fire; and for all this by the grace of Christ the Life-giver they remained unhurt. And yet again they nailed their feet with nails, and compelled them to run quickly. Then they were cast into prison. And after some days had passed, at the command of the ruler they led them to the judgment seat, and he examined them strictly, and finding them unshaken, and even firmer than ever in the Christian faith, he gave the order, and they beheaded them. But certain devout Christians took by night the bodies of the saints and buried them reverently in a village called Ormidia. And after many years their holy remains were discovered, as a stream rich in numberless cures, so that daily they worked endless miracles, and healed many kinds of sickness and hurt, and the deaf received instant cure by the power of the holy relics. Moreover the then ruler of Cyprus, being afflicted with dysentery and deafness, went in faith to the relics of the saints, and, lo, what a miracle! at once he received his cure, and glorified them who glorified Him, and had shed their blood for Him. And this ruler, after he had been cured from both sicknesses, his dysentery and his deafness, built from the foundations a large church, in the name of S. Constantine the wonder-worker, as his tomb testifies, which is on the right hand of the Holy Table of the church, to the glory and praise of our Lord and God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Moreover know ye, pious Christians, that as many sick as approach with great and true devotion are healed of every kind of sickness, through the intercession and prayers of the holy and glorious martyr Constantine.

By whose holy intercession have mercy upon us, O God, and save us. Amen.

September 17. Commemoration of our saintly father HERACLEIDIOS, Bishop of Tamasus, the wonder-worker.

A sacrifice was offered on Thy Table, O Word,
The sacrificer Heracleidios, slain by the sword.
On the seventeenth fate snatched away Heracleidios.

This man was a Cypriot by race, the son of a certain priest of the Hellenes, called Hierocleos; and when those archers of the truth, Barnabas and Mark, together with Paul, came at last to Cyprus, they began to preach the saving word of righteousness without hesitation or fear, wandering from place to place. And so doing they reached Solea, and in a certain village called Lampatiston they found this Hierocleos going round and inviting strangers to feast with him, for he was given to hospitality. And as his custom was, Hierocleos invites them, and they accept not, nor deign to eat with him who was priest of an idol shrine. They desire only to learn from him the way which they sought. But Hierocleos with kindly thought sent his son Heracleidios to show them the way: for the place was hard to pass. Heracleidios did this cheerfully, and as he walked with the apostles began to talk with them by the way about the education and religion of Greeks. But these wise followers

of the Saviour wondered to see him so eager for the life-giving word, and preached to him Jesus Christ, Who was incarnate on the earth, and suffered and rose again, as Very God. Whereupon Heracleidios, who doubted concerning the idols, without delay or hesitation believed in Christ, and was baptised by the apostles, and was ordained first pastor of the church in Tamasus. And his own parents he drew to him by exhortation, and baptised; and he built churches, and converted to the knowledge of God the practice of the Greeks. And he cured sundry diseases, raised the dead, cast out devils, and worked other wonders innumerable. But him, together with Myron, the idolaters burned with fire, and so he departed unto the Lord. But from his precious urn flow streams of miracles on those who visit his church with desire and faith, as the history concerning him sets forth.

Moreover in our own days, in the year of Salvation 1769, this marvellous saint wrought an awful and most wonderful miracle. A child called John, the son of Haji Savas of the Phaneromene quarter of the city of Levcosia, was driven by a savage devil, and tormented incessantly every day. But his parents in their great tribulation brought him to the holy shrine of the wonder-worker Heracleidios, on a day when his commemoration was celebrated. And at the time of the Holy Mysteries—lo, what a wonder!—the evil spirit convulsed him sorely, and he began to vomit. And as he vomited he cast forth from his mouth a snake a span long, and two crabs, and he was healed from that hour. And all wondered exceedingly at this awful miracle, and with loud voices glorified God, and His wonder-working bishop Heracleidios. And these reptiles are even now preserved hung on high in his church, to bear witness to the miracle. And many other cures does he work daily on those who bring their longings to him in his holy church.

Through his intercession, O Christ our God, have mercy on us and save us. Amen.

October 19. Commemoration of our saintly father MNASON, Bishop of Tamasus in Cyprus.

Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,
Bringing Mnason, a gain of thy talents.
On the nineteenth died Mnason, of the city Tamasus.

This our father Mnason, great in godliness and virtue, was of the island of Cyprus, from a place called the city of Tamasus, and (it seems) of idolatrous parents. The city of Tamasus, so his Life shows, produced this heavenly man, this earthly angel, as a young plant by the watercourses. After the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ to heaven, the holy apostles, great Paul and divine Barnabas, with Mark, came to Cyprus and worked great wonders. And they caught first in their net S. Heracleidios, and arriving at this city of Tamasus, and finding out all who were idolaters, and working very many wonders, by Christ's divine grace, all were led to believe, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, with their wives also and children, and when they had consecrated S. Heracleidios bishop, to shepherd Christ's flock there, they set forth again, and went from village to village teaching the Greeks, and ordaining some among the believers.

But S. Mnason had a friend named Theonas, and they took counsel together, and went to Jerusalem to worship, and God so willed it that they found John the Divine, who taught them in all its fulness the mystery of the Incarnation, the Baptism, and how that after this He was crucified, was buried, and rose again from the dead, and shall come again to judge quick and dead: and he counselled them to return again to their home, for they would find the apostles, Paul, Mark and Barnabas. But they, filled with exceeding great joy, returned rejoicing. And they found the apostles teaching the people, together with S. Heracleidios,

and the city of Tamasus shining like another sun, for that innumerable crowds believed daily through the preaching of that saint, and in humbleness of mind they became his disciples. But S. Mnason, being learned in the Holy Scriptures, after a little while they ordained a monk, and Theonas, a reader. And they all remained in the cave in prayer, the Apostles with Heracleidios, Mnason and Theodoros, in fasting and night-long vigils, and besought God that He would utterly wipe out all idolatry from Cyprus; and they rejoiced daily, as though they were indeed in Paradise.

One day the saint went forth from the cave, and as he walked through the city, he came to an idol-temple, dedicated to Asclepios. He stood there and said, "In the name of Jesus Christ come down and be shattered." And straightway—how great the miracle!—the idols fell and were shattered. But when the false priests saw what was done, they ran to the Greeks, and told it with tears, and when they heard it, they ran, small and great, to slay the saint, and the saint blew upon their faces, and blinded them all. And they wept, and besought him to heal them, so would they all believe on the true God, with their wives and children. And the saint pitied them, and made the sign of the cross, and healed them all, both their souls and bodies, and baptised them in the name of the Lord Jesus to the number of three hundred.

Now a certain woman had an only son, and as he went out to the field a serpent bit him, and immediately he gave up the ghost: and his mother wept for him, and would not be comforted. At last she thought on the saint, and ran to seek his help. He saith unto her, "If thou believest in Christ, thou shalt receive that which thou askest." And she cried with a loud voice, "From to-day I believe in the Lord Christ, with all my heart and soul, and I anathematise the idols." Then Heracleidios prayed, and—how great Thy mercy, O Christ!—straightway he raised the boy to life. But his mother Trophime, from her exceeding joy, fell dead. Then S. Mnason lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, my God, Who didst come down from heaven for the sons of men, raise up this dead woman, that Thy mighty works may be told among them": and immediately she rose up as one out of sleep, and embraced her son, and glorified the Lord of all: and so there were baptised on that same day to the number of four hundred.

Now a certain Greek, by name Alexander, lent money to a Christian upon interest; and when the poor man could not pay at the proper time he vexed him sorely and beat him. The saint saw him, and pitied the poor man, and rebuked the Greek. But he reviled the saint, and called him a deceiver, and raised his hand to strike him, and his hand was withered, and remained immovable. And the saint said unto him, "See, the Lord Whom I worship hath punished thee." And all the Greeks who saw the miracle believed. But Alexander remained, begging with tears that he might be healed. Then said the saint to him, "If thou wilt forgive the poor man all his debt, in the name of Christ speak and hear." And straightway he was healed, and was baptised by the saint with all his house. And led by this example another called Gelasios believed, with his house, anathematising the idols.

And at last came the time that his father Heracleidios should go to Him Whom he sought, and he called Mnason, and said unto him, "My child, the Master has willed to give me rest in the eternal mansions; prepare to take my throne." But Mnason bewailed sorely the departure of the saint, and then by the common vote of the assembly he was consecrated bishop by S. Heracleidios, when he had instructed him for some time. And the Orthodox and all the multitude glorified God, Who had granted them such a light to lead them to salvation. The pirates beheaded S. Heracleidios on September 17, and destroyed his cell. But our saint ascended his throne, and added fast to fast, vigil to vigil, poverty to poverty. For brevity's sake I leave the rest of the virtues acquired by this follower of Christ.

One day the saint went to the village of Pera...and healed a blind youth, and stilled a storm: and in a season of drought at his prayer God sent rain. Again, when the saint was celebrating the Holy Mysteries, the fiend purposed to vex him; and entered into a man, and left him half dead. But the saint would not suffer the devil to tyrannise over his sheep, and straightway with his pallium he made the sign of the cross on the man, and the evil one departed like smoke, and they all glorified God, and revered the saint: and he who was healed went to his house rejoicing.

But the saint was now in a good old age, and the time came that he should go to Christ for Whom he yearned; and he revealed it to his disciples, and bade them not to sorrow, for he would leave them a pastor like himself, a saving guide: and he showed to them Rodom, and prophesied how he would, by Christ's grace, bring back to the faith all the Greeks. And after this, by the common vote of the citizens of Tamasus, he consecrated him bishop. But the saint lay bedridden, waiting his last hour, and on Tuesday, September 19, he departed unto the Lord in peace. Small and great, young and old, saluted his holy remains: and blind men saw, lame men walked, and devils were cast out. And his disciples buried him honourably and devoutly, near S. Heracleidios, as the place shows even now. And Rodom and the rest prayed to the saint, that he would help those who with faith and devotion should visit his house, in this world with the cure of many and incurable diseases, and in the next, through his intercession, make them worthy of a blessed and everlasting rest.

To which may we all attain, through the loving kindness and grace of Him to Whom is due glory, honour and worship, now and for ever, with the Father and the Holy Spirit.

To the Synaxaria printed above, I add that of S. John Lampadistes, translated from the *Acolouthia* edited by the Cypriot monk Gerasimos Christophorou, and printed at Venice, in 4to, 1667. Reprinted at Larnaca, 1902.

The saint is commemorated on October 4, chiefly at the monastery which bears his name, on a spot 4500 ft. high, in the Marathasa valley between Calopanagioti and Moutoulla. The buildings may occupy the site of Lampas, of which there is no trace. Galata is now a village on the Caryotis river, due south of Evrychou.

I have seen a MS. copy, too mutilated for translation, of the *ἀκολουθία* of S. Epictetos, whose death is commemorated on October 12 at the church bearing his name, situate about four miles west of Kyrenia. He seems to have been of German origin, a soldier and companion of S. Auxentios, and to have lived the life of a hermit in a cave over which the present church stands.

October 4. Commemoration of our holy father JOHN LAMPADISTES, wise in the things of God.

John, with most of the hues of virtue,
Shone forth in heaven as a new rainbow.
On the fourth day the corpse of John was clothed upon with earth.

This saint was of the famous island of Cyprus, from a village called Lampas in the District of Galata, born of Godfearing and wealthy parents. From his very cradle he became a most pure vessel of the Holy Spirit. The only son of his parents, while still quite a child, just in his fourth year, he gave himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and by zeal and perseverance made such progress as to surpass all about him in quickness of wit and

in learning. And continuing unceasingly in meditation on the Word of God, he reached and kept the highest rank as a disciple of the Divine Mysteries. And when he reached manhood, and by his own parents was being daily urged to have converse with a woman, and utterly refusing so to do, by the spite and sorcery of the parents of her whom they had betrothed to him, by some Satanic craft his eyes were blinded. Yet the saint, no wit vexed at his strange misfortune, said within himself, "Even though I be reft of my bodily sight, yet that which is spiritual is left me," took with him one of his own servants (he too was called John) and entering joyfully on his new life, withdrew himself from his family, with unbending spirit imposed on himself a still sterner discipline, bid adieu to all, and revelling in fasting and in prayers—for every three or even four days tasting but a little bread and water, to tame his spirit, distressed by the scorching heat of day, and by the icy cold of night, and taking no bodily rest whatever—under such a rule he lived for the space of twelve years. So it was that on account of his surpassing virtue he won from on high the grace of miracles, and stood manifest as a healer of every kind of disease, and an expeller of evil spirits, and on a time in a dry place, when his own servant was parched with thirst, by prayer he made water to flow forth which springs up even to this day. And three days before his departure to God (as the story about him tells) the holy man saw three eagles hovering round him, and knowing in his spirit that he was soon to taste of the better end, he made clear to his servant his departure from hence, and thereon praying the customary prayer he ascended in peace to Him Whom he longed for, by Whom he had been called to the blessed life of an ascetic. His precious corpse was laid by his own father with honourable and costly ceremony in the place where it now lies, and daily works manifold healings and wonders. The whole span of his life was twenty-two years.

Through his holy intercession have mercy on us, O our God. Amen.

From the *Acolouthia* of S. Neophytos, printed at Venice in 1778, and reprinted at Nicosia in 1893. I translate the life of the saint, whose feast is celebrated on January 24. I append a compressed account of the discovery and translation of his remains.

January 24. Commemoration of our holy father NEOPHYTOS the cloistered monk.

The grave holds thee, but thy body only.

Thou art our pride, men visit thy cell.

On the twenty-second day thy soul entered the heavenly port.

The birthplace of this holy man was the town of Levkara in Cyprus. He was the son of pious parents, and flourished in the days of those pious sovereigns the Comneni, what time the Saracens, God knows for what sins of ours, made themselves masters of the Holy City of Jerusalem. This island too suffered at their hands many incursions, as well as from the Christian hosts which, stirred by the pious zeal of the sovereigns of Europe, hurried together from all sides to ransom the Holy Places.

S. Neophytos being now eighteen years old, his parents wished him to marry, and when he learned that, according to custom, they were arranging the preliminaries of the wedding, he fled secretly from his home, and hid himself in the monastery of S. Chrysostom called Koutzoventi. He reckoned as nought parents and betrothal, despising them as well as other transitory things, and cared for the love of Christ only. For from a child he longed for quiet, and hailed a life of seclusion. And in the ordinance written by his own hand for his

monastery and the monks who should dwell therein his love towards God and his desire for a life of peace are most clearly shown, where he sets before them as a rule and example its divinely ordered polity. But his parents, no little grieved at his departure, and ignorant of the way he took, wandered all over the island searching for him. And so coming to the monastery aforesaid they found him, still unwilling to accompany them; and they wept and grieved, and he, compelled at last by their much entreaty, and at a loss what to do, returned with them home, and to fulfil his father's bidding, as enjoined in the Gospel, he obeys and marries his betrothed, filling with no small joy his parents and neighbours and acquaintances. The bridal chamber was prepared according to custom for the married pair, but when the time came for retiring he put off the ring and made a vow, and left the house at night, and again reached the monastery of Koutzoventi. There he earnestly besought the Abbot that he might put on the monastic habit; so with his hair shorn, and clothed with the longed-for frock he leaped and rejoiced; and by the Abbot's order went out to guard the vineyards of the house, called the *stoupai*, where he ceased not from prayer. He was wholly unlearned in the Scriptures, but after five years of such service, so great was his zeal that he learned to read them well, and could repeat the Psalms of David by heart. But meanwhile another desire burned in his heart, to reach in pilgrimage the Holy Places. So he sailed forth, and fulfilled his wish; and after adoring the holy relics of our Lord in Jerusalem, and offering fitting prayer, he went to the borders of Magdala, Thabor and Jordan, and during six months searched the caves and holes if haply he might find some hermit, and put himself under his orders. But he attained not this desire, and under the Divine guiding returned to his old monastery. Yet his love for a life of peace gave him no rest, and again leaving the house he hastened on his road to the mountain of Latros with prayers to God that he might not be disappointed of his hope. But when he reached the fort of Paphos he was recognised and seized by the guard; and for some hours was bound and ill-treated in prison, and certain pious persons grieved at the event besought the guard concerning him, and he was loosed from his bonds and prison, and seeing that not only did his end remain unfulfilled, but that it brought him ill-treatment, he knew that it was God's will that he should not wander from his chosen home, which methinks was wanting at that time in men of piety and of rightly ordered life: for the island was then under the lordship of the Latins, as we learn from his "Ordinance" dated in the year of our Salvation 1159.

After his release from prison, being in great doubt and no little grief, whither he should go, and where find rest, he composed himself, and in the name of God taking the road that lay before him went to the very steep cliff where lay the retreat afterwards called by his name. There, in the very heart of the cliff he found a cave and began to clear it, and hew it out, and smooth down its rocky sides, working with his hands and pieces of wood: yet much time passed before it might serve him for a dwelling. Let who will picture to himself what sufferings he endured on this inaccessible and narrow rock, mortification of the senses, nakedness, hunger, a couch of stone, and every kind of bodily discomfort, all self-imposed, and then the prayers, the prostrations, the unbroken vigils, which this famous saint perseveringly dedicated to the love of God. The fame of his doings was spread abroad, and crowds came to see him to win his blessing and his prayers. Whereof certain persons desired to become his disciples, to copy and share his ascetic life; yet he would not accept them; not because he refused to have intercourse with his fellow-men, or to help them to salvation, but because he knew of a truth that one man was quieter than two or more. But when they pressed him earnestly, and gave him no rest, he consented to receive a few, but not more than ten. So while he instructed these in the Secrets of Virtue, he increased the fame of his

own holy life, albeit he put away utterly from him the praise of men. Nevertheless God, Who not only crowns His servants with heavenly glory, but wills not that they should be without that below, bade in a vision the Bishop of Paphos, Basilios, to raise the saint to the priesthood, and to give him by an order under his seal sufficient funds wherewith to erect a monastery. As it was enjoined on him so did the Bishop: and now that he was a priest, who shall describe the toils and prayers, the fastings and watchings of this holy man? He raised and adorned with no common beauty the higher monastery, which was called the Enkleistra, because for twenty and four years he lived a hermit's life in this cell. The present noble church, with the surrounding buildings, although many of these have been destroyed by time and neglect, were built, it would seem, after his death by the order and munificence of the Sovereign, witness a document bearing the Patriarchal seal, dated some hundred and fifty years back, and still preserved. And so he bade his companions bear the name of Enkleistoi; hermits not in name only but in deed, setting before them as an ensample his own life, and the brotherhood being established he constantly taught the newly joined, and strengthened them to persevere in their task, and to grow in virtue.

But finding himself reft of his beloved peace, he chose a tiny cave above the cavern which he had consecrated for a church under the invocation of the Holy Cross, and decided to retire there, and to live no longer among the crowd, and while he was hewing and digging there a heavy stone, propelled by the enemy of all good, fell and crushed the saint's hand, hurling him down the precipice: yet divine power was quick to save him unhurt, and to disarm the devil's spite. Thus he made a house of supplication and thanksgiving, and shutting himself therein he fasted and prayed: and every Sunday he descended by a ladder to the monastery to teach his disciples, and lead them to virtue, and again climbed up the ladder to his cave. In this hermit life he lived fifty-five years, exercising himself in the study of the Scriptures, and leaving no height of virtue unwon. Witness the sermons addressed by him to his disciples, full of instruction and profit of every kind. His writings filled sixteen volumes: some of these are still preserved in the monastery, and have been printed, some have yielded to the ravages of time, and some to the carelessness of successive abbots.

Thus fighting the good fight of faith he became a true vessel of the Holy Spirit. Moreover it was granted to him to know when he should depart to his Lord, and he foretold his death some days before to his pupils and followers. Calling the brethren together he began to speak to them of the duties of the ascetic life, so that after his departure they should order themselves without reproach, keeping inflexibly the rules he had laid down for them. He added that after singing the funeral hymns they must bury his body in a tomb hewn by his own hands in the inmost recesses of the cave, with the grave-clothes which himself had woven. His last earnest command to them was to live in peace and godly love, in unity and brotherly affection, hearing and obeying him whom they chose to preside over the monastery, as the rule and order of the monastic life requires, and in no wise to depart from the plan laid down for them in his ordinance, and praying for them he commended his spirit into the hands of God. What mourning and wailing of his disciples and spiritual children, and of those who knew his more than human labours, cannot be set down in writing, and as he bade them so did they, and buried his precious remains in the tomb whereof he told them, with the usual prayers and supplications; and for many nights they prolonged the last rites to his memory. By whose holy intercession and prayers may we all attain salvation in Christ Jesus our Lord, to Whom be glory, praise and honour for ever and ever. Amen.

On September 28, 1750, Philotheos of Solea being Archbishop, a monk climbed up to the cave in the rock (which had been consecrated as a church before the lower monastery was built) and was prying about in its inmost recesses. There he lighted on some kind of masonry work, and thought it hid a treasure. He returned to the monastery, and watched the moment when the fathers were all busy, then took up tools and began to hack at the monument. The sanctuary had been rifled after the Turkish conquest, and the very place of the saint's burial was forgotten. He broke the covering stone, and suddenly fell senseless to the ground: when he recovered he went back to the monastery, and next day told the Prior. The monks went up, and found a tomb containing a wooden coffin quite intact, and within it the body of the saint, the skin still preserved and about the middle the chain he had worn as a girdle. An ineffably sweet smell exhaled from it. The Archbishop was informed, and sent Ephraim, a schoolmaster, afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Paisios, afterwards Archbishop, to the place. The remains were removed entire in a new coffin to the lower monastery, where they are still preserved, and work unfailing miracles.

(*Acolouthia*, ed. 1893, pp. 34—37.)

The Turabi Tekye in old Larnaca, sometimes called S. Arab, and frequented by both Moslem and Christian worshippers, preserves the memory of S. Therapon. Michael, son of Chrysanthos, Archbishop of Cyprus, published at Venice, in 1801, the *Ἀκολουθία τοῦ ἁγίου ἱερομάρτυρος Θεράποντος τοῦ θαυματουργοῦ*.

I translate two accounts of his life from the reprint published by C. Sathas in the *Archives de l'Orient Latin*, vol. II. 1883. To the introduction to the article, *Vies des Saints Allemands de Chypre*, the reader should refer.

October 14. Commemoration of the holy martyr THERAPON the wonder-worker.

Thou hastenest to God, Therapon: warm thy desire,
Warm the drops of blood from thy neck!
Therapon, the arch-sacrificer, slaying the sacred calf,
Himself is slain, like a calf, by the sword.

This saint was of noble and pious parents, whose origin was in the land of Germany. But from a child he despised his illustrious birth, and all worldly things, and as soon as he learned the Holy Scriptures and filled himself therewith he used to frequent churches, reading daily the sacred books and leading a simple life. As he grew older he gave all his care to acquire virtue and to please God, submitting his body to mortification and continence.

Thus he passed through all the ecclesiastical degrees, and being conspicuous by his asceticism and godly learning upon the death of the bishop of his own country, by the Divine grace and the vote of his Christ-loving flock, he was duly though unwillingly made bishop. He took the helm and shone brightly forth in the church of his country to the adornment of the episcopal office. An exact teacher of orthodoxy he drew many to Christ, and converted many from various heresies to the true and orthodox faith.

And thus for many years he shepherded his flock; and when the sower of tares stirred up a truceless war forbidding men to worship the holy and venerable icons he ranged himself stoutly against the iconoclasts, and cast on them the reproach of heresy, atheism and impiety. But they brooking not his insults tore the saint's flesh with their nails. Yet he bore all with thankfulness, and said to those about him, "I am ready to be hacked limb from limb for the holy icon of my Christ and my God." The wretches bound his hands and feet, and cast him into a dark dungeon, and sealed the doors. But that very night an angel of the Lord loosed him from his bonds and called him thrice, saying, "Make haste and come

forth, thy prayer is heard, true disciple of Christ." On the morrow they led him out, and when they found him inflexible they beat him and drove him away. But he said to them, "Since ye remain unrepentant, and boast yourselves presumptuously against me, even now the wrath of God has fallen upon you, and made half your bodies to wither, that by your example the rest may be wise," and as he spake, as it were lightning from heaven fell with terrible thunder and left them half withered.

After that divine manifestation the saint left the city and went up to worship at Jerusalem. As he was about to set forth from his country he uttered words of thanksgiving that he left his city which was so populous and so full of heresy now attached to the opposite party.

He visited all the holy places, and laying up profit for himself he struck many with awe by his wonders and miracles, so that he won fame as a wonder-worker. For the God of all wonders, Who glorifies them who glorify Him in return, worked a truly great miracle. In this very city of Jerusalem, while the saint was one day walking about, there met him a Jewish woman whose dead son they were carrying forth for burial, and she grieved exceedingly. The saint pitied her and stretching out his hand over the corpse said, "Arise, in the name of Jesus Christ Whom the lawless Jews crucified under Pontius Pilate." The words restored him to life, and the mother falling at the feet of the wonder-worker cried, "Regenerate by water him thou hast raised up, and me with him." And having obtained this grace she published to all men the good news of her son's resurrection.

He stayed yet some while there, and in the name of Christ worked mighty miracles. Then he sailed for the famous island of Cyprus. There he was hospitably entreated by one Sosios. He was ill, and the saint healed him: his wife lay for nine years sick with a fever, S. Therapon took her hand and raised her up whole. And many others who had divers diseases were healed by the laying on of the saint's hands. He stoutly gainsaid the heretical Theopaschitai, whereupon a daring and arrogant man struck the bishop on the face. Some days after the heretic repented and sought pardon from Therapon for his boldness. But the saint gave him no pardon but sent him away, cursing him as separated from the glory of Christ in this world and the next. For he said that he saw the Lord in a vision in the form of a newborn babe shining with a glory greater than that of the sun, and wearing a garment rent from head to foot. And they that rent His garment were this heretic and his supporters.

The pious among the Cypriots were astonished at the great virtue of the man, and their Archbishop, who learned by revelation all about him, besought him earnestly to remain in the island, that he might be for the profit of many, and the saving of their souls. He bade him preside over a church in a part of Cyprus near the sea. There he proved a most exact teacher of orthodoxy, mild, charitable, a father to orphans, a champion of widows, a guide of the erring, a healer of the sick and consoler of the oppressed. You might see all men rejoicing and cheered by his forethought and justice.

But no long time passed and Arab strangers invaded Cyprus, destroyed many monasteries and churches and ruthlessly slaughtered many. These persecutors of the orthodox faith seized the saint in his church, and slew him at the altar, whereon melody and songs of spirit-powers hovered round the body of the blessed Therapon. The strangeness whereof moved the faithful to thank God, and struck the slayers with awe, and forced them to repent of their lawless daring. But the holy martyr was buried by the faithful and inherited that endless blessedness which grows not old.

His precious remains were translated, it is said, to the queen of cities.

May 15.

A servant wast thou seen as a sacrificer of the Word :
By thy blood too, father, wast thou seen a servant.

Where this saint was born, or whence he came, or of what parentage he was, or of what epoch, we cannot say: the memorials of him have been destroyed by time. That he chose the life of a monk is proved by portraits which show him under that guise. That he was a bishop among the Cypriots, and finished his fight and was offered to Christ by a bloody death, this we have had handed down to us by old tradition, and as we learned from the unwritten word of our ancestors so we believe.

His precious remains were carried to Constantinople what time the Hagarenes purposed to invade the island of Cyprus; a vision of the saint himself ordered the translation. And the place where now he lies is a well-spring of constant miracles.

HURTREL.

The kindness of Monsieur C. Enlart, the distinguished author of *L'art gothique et la renaissance en Chypre*, 2 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1899, allows me to print a translation from his transcription of pp. 103—109 of an autograph manuscript of 583 pages, the work of Noel Dominique Hurtrel, of Arras in Artois, entitled, *Du voiage de Jérusalem*, preserved in the library of Madame Houzel, in her château d'Ecquemincourt, Pas de Calais. The writer visited Cyprus in 1670.

Then, having (by God's grace) got safe out of this dangerous gulf, we arrived at the town of Cerines in Cyprus, and there anchored. We saluted the castle, a square structure which guards the harbour, and to which the Turks retire for the night. The town is almost all destroyed; there are but a few poor dwellings which the Greeks have built up after their own fashion on the ruins; and here they live, for they form the greater part of the population, the Turkish families being few. The ruins which you see bear witness that it was once one of the chief towns of the island. The harbour is of no manner of use to large vessels, but is well enough for smaller craft. We were told that of the other ports of the island there was only the port of Larnaca, otherwise called Salines, which gave a fitting anchorage to vessels of all kinds, and thither all the merchantmen went for cargo. The name Salines was given to it on account of the great quantity of salt made there and sent to the nearest towns.

In the middle of the island is a pretty large town called Nicosia, the circuit of which we heard might be reckoned at three long miles. It stands in a vast plain which the natives called Messarée, and is encompassed by twelve fine bastions, but the Turks allow them to fall into decay by their carelessness about repairing the walls, and by allowing the fosses to get filled up. But for this, you may visit many places without seeing such well-ordered bastions and defences. We entered by the gate of Cerines, and with three Greeks went to see the church of S. Sophia, all built with cut stone: it is a large and very fine building. No Christian is allowed to enter it, and we had to content ourselves with seeing the outside, for the Turks use it as their principal mosque. It stands just as the Venetians left it. Above the portal are carved some arms, said to be those of Lusignan, Jerusalem and Cyprus, and even those of the Republic of Venice, with an inscription graven on the stone "Pax tibi Marce Evangelista" on a scroll issuing from the mouth of the lion which S. Mark has by his

side. There is a palace too to be seen where the Pasha has his residence; it stands opposite to a large square, wherein is a pyramid, and every Friday the Turks learn horsemanship. We were told that the kings of Cyprus lived in this palace: in size and height it is a fine structure. Above the entrance are the arms of the House of Lusignan, and those of Savoy, set in many fine devices. The other houses in the city inhabited by the Turks are generally of good cut stone, built, we were told, by the Venetians, and the streets are wide and handsome. The houses are set in beautiful gardens, well planted, chiefly with the palms which bear dates. There is a French Consul who lives at Larnica, to clear the vessels which come from Marseille and other French ports. We had not the honour of paying our respects to him, as he had gone to Famagusta, and on this account we were unable to see what else was curious in the island.

As to the circuit of Cyprus, it is very difficult to arrive at the truth, because of the eccentric way its many headlands thrust themselves out into the sea. Its length is about that of Crete, but it is at least three times as long as it is broad: and seamen tell me it may measure about 440 miles round. If you reckoned the capes and bays it would be 630.

The Greeks and other Christian inhabitants cannot be but poor on account of the ill-treatment and tyranny which they suffer from the Turks in their persons and property. Three Greeks who were of our company when we went to see the church of S. Sophia at Nicosia told us that they paid, each of them, as their annual tribute eight piastres, or twenty-four florins of our French money. Besides this payment they are obliged still to give to their Governor, whom they call Espais [Sipahi?] the fifth part of what income they have; and yet again if it is known that they have anything over at the end of the year, it is taken from them by force. No wonder that they are very poor, and have scarcely bread to eat the whole year through. Very many of them, unable to bear any longer this cruel tyranny, wish to turn Turk; but many are rejected, because (say their lords) in receiving them into the Moslem faith their tribute would be so much diminished.

Now having seen a part of the things most worthy of notice in the island, and having noted its rareties, we returned from Nicosia to Cerines, thanking these three civil Greeks, and making each of them a small gift of money.

[They sail from Cerines on Sept. 2, and are chased by a corsair who drives them into the port of] Limassan, a town built on the seashore, where there is a fort with cannon to prevent the corsairs, whether Turk or Christian, carrying off the merchantmen. We stayed here six hours. No vessel is allowed to stay more than twelve without paying the port dues of 122 piastres. It cannot even take a barrel of water, or ship any goods, unless it has paid this sum, which is the ordinary tax exacted from ships which anchor there.

RICAUT.

A small volume, entitled *The present state of the Greek and Armenian Churches, Anno Christi 1678*, was "written, at the command of his Majesty" Charles II., by Paul Ricaut, Esquire, late Consul at Smyrna, and Fellow of the Royal Society, and printed at London, in 12mo, 1679.

I transcribe from pp. 89—95 an account of the church in Cyprus; and from pp. 212—215 a note on the longevity of the monks of Kykkou.

The Island of Cyprus was in its ecclesiastical government subjected once to the Patriarch of Antioch, but afterwards by the Council of Ephesus as canon the eighth, and the same again confirmed by the grace and favour of Justinian the Emperour (whose mother was a Cypriot by birth) this church was made absolute and independent of any other, and a privilege given to Anthemius, the Archbishop in that age, to subscribe his name to all publick acts in red letters, which was an honour above that of any Patriarch, who writes his name or firm in black characters, the which was afterwards confirmed by the authority of Zeno the Emperour: this favour and indulgence was granted in honour to the apostle Barnaby, who primarily governed this diocess, where now his sepulcher remains. The Archbishoprick, during the time that it was under the Duke of Savoy and the Republick of Venice, was the mother of 32 Bishopricks, but now by the oppression and violence of the Turks hath been reduced to one Archbishoprick and three Bishopricks. The first hath its cathedral church at Nicosia, and receives its revenue from Famagosta, Carpasi and Tamasea, which are immediately subject thereunto. The Bishopricks are first, that of Pafo, and Arsenoia or Arsinoe. The second that of Cyti, and Amathunta anciently Cetium or Citium and Amathusia. The third that of Cerinia and Solea....

This island before it was taken by the Turks contained 14 thousand villages: but after a rebellion they made against the Turk, anno 1580 and 1593, the greatest part of the inhabitants were either killed or exterminated: to which the grievous pestilence which succeeded in the year 1624 added so irreparable a desolation that of the 14 thousand villages there remain not 700 at this present time.

The Archbishop of this Island in this year 1678 is named Hilarion, and sirnamed Cicala, created and promoted to this dignity in the year 1674, a learned man and well skilled in the Greek and Latine tongues. His revenue or maintenance arises from the churches of Famagosta, Carpasi and Tamasea, according to the ecclesiastical endowments: but from the villages he receives nothing, unless at the visits which he makes twice a year. Some collection is made of corn, oyl, wine and other fruits in the nature of tythes, but rather by way of presents and free will offerings than of duties. From the Monasteries he receives a certain annual income or rent, according to the abilities and possessions thereof and from every papa or priest a dollar yearly per head. All which will scarce maintain a Patriarch, or yield him other than a poor livelihood. For when a Patriarch is first constituted a purse of money or 500 dollars is exacted and paid to the Pasha, and as much more to the Janisaries, besides the ordinary growing charges, which are yearly about 2500 dollars. For to the Pasha every three months are paid 166 dollars; and to the Janisary, which is set for a guard to the Patriarch, 20 or 25 dollars, as he thinks fit to agree: also upon the coming of

a new Kadi there is always a new expence, who commands what he pleases in money or presents; so that with these taxes and exactions the church is always harassed and made poor.

The Bishop of Pafo, named at present Leontius, who hath the city of Arsinoia under his jurisdiction, gathers his maintenance after the manner of the Archbishop. Pafo was anciently a port of good fame and renown and is so at present; from whence is yearly shipped off a considerable quantity of cottons, silks and other merchandise: but by the oppression and hard usage of the Turks, and the covetousness of the officers, is reduced to poverty and want of people.

The second diocess governed by the Bishop is that of Cetium, or after the vulgar Cyti, hath under its government the city of Limesou, Cilau, Amathunta and another city anciently a diocess adjoined to it, called Cyriou: of which place one Cosma was Bishop some few years past, a person of good ingenuity and learning, born at Tunis in Africa, his father of Thessalonica, and his mother of Cyprus, with whom having some acquaintance, I had the opportunity to make these collections relating to the state and condition of that place.

The third diocess is of Cerinia, the Bishop's name at present Leontius, having three cities under it, viz. Solea, Pantesia and Marathusa, the which is governed and maintained in the same manner as the other diocesses.

(Pp. 212—214.) Many of this sort of people (*Kaloiros*) are longlived in regard they are temperate in eating and drinking, and ever unacquainted with women. I once knew one of them who was an ἀπαιδότης of a monastery in Cyprus called Παναγία τοῦ Κύκκου Μαπαθίας τῆς Λεύκας, whereunto belonged 200 Kaloiros, he told me that he was 119 years of age; and the better to assure me that he was not mistaken in his calculate he confidently affirmed that he remembered the taking of Cyprus by the Turk, when the channels of his town ran with blood, which according to history may be about the space of 107 years past, and at that time he conceived that he might have been about 12 years of age, when he remembers that the cruel soldiers bloodily massacring all persons which met them in their fury his mother defended him from violence; for having the fortune to meet with a soldier more flexible then the rest she fell on the body of this her son, and by her prayers and tears prevailed to rescue him from death: in commemoration of which deliverance she afterwards dedicated him to the service of God speedily entering him into the order of Kaloiros; he never remembers to have eaten flesh; his father lived but to 80 years of age, but his grandfather to 158.

VAN BRUYN.

Cornelis van Bruyn, a Dutchman, native of the Hague, left that city on October 1, 1674. His travels covered many parts of Asia Minor, the islands and cities of the Levant, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine.

On April 19, 1683, he arrived at Larnaca from Alexandretta, and wandered about Cyprus until May 26, when he left for Smyrna and Venice. There he resided nearly eight years, returning to the Hague on March 10, 1693. His voyages, in Dutch, were published at Delft in 1698, translated into French, and "done into English by W. T.," London, 1702. The extracts, here translated afresh, are from pp. 373—388 of the fine folio edition printed by G. Cavelier, Paris, 1714.

On the morning of Easter Day, April 18, 1683, we saw the island of Cyprus. After mid-day the wind freshened, and in the evening we were abreast of Cape S. André. The 19th we saw Famagusta, and sailing briskly past Cape della Greca or S. Nappa, about three in the afternoon we anchored before Salina. I landed and went to Larnica or Larnacho, about a mile inland. There we went straight to the house of Balthasar Sovan, the French Consul, charged also with the Consulates of England and Holland. I made ready at once to see the island, and hiring two mules, with a man who knew the country, left Larnica at daybreak, April 22. Two hours later we arrived at the town of Piela, where we found the remains of a large building, and four small churches in the old style; a stream runs from the neighbouring mountains and supplies the town perennially with water. Beyond Piela we passed several other towns and villages, and some small churches of no importance, and about noon we reached a village Spiglotissa, where I was to stay, close to Famagusta. In the afternoon I went with two Greeks to see the outside of Famagusta, but as I got too near the Turks shouted to me from the walls to retire. I had to obey, and turning down to the seashore sat down on a little eminence to sketch the city as carefully as possible.

The next morning I returned to the city, which I had been unable to examine from the landside on the previous day. Nearly a third of it faces the sea, and the circuit must be quite half a league. It has two gates, one on the landside, another looking seawards. The ramparts, which are nearly perfect, are surrounded by a dry ditch, of considerable depth and cut in the rock. They are said to have been built after the fashion of those of Rhodes, but are very far behind them in beauty and magnificence. The mosque called S. Sophia seems very fine: it must indeed be as grand as its reputation. The pointed tower which crowns the building is highly ornamental. On the left of it is another mosque whose dome makes it very conspicuous. One can see the holes left by the cannon balls: half the church was destroyed in the siege.

The harbour lies along the walls of the fort. Its entrance is so narrow that vessels are obliged to take in their anchors, and galleys their oars. The Turks guard the city so jealously that no stranger is allowed to set foot in it, except perhaps when his Consul comes to salute the Pasha, who visits it occasionally with his galleys. Even the Greek inhabitants of the island dare not approach the ramparts, or if caught they run the risk of being forced to become Musalmans.

There are five villages round the city, some of them pleasantly situated among trees. There is much silk, and the trees are chiefly the white mulberry which give food to the silkworms. The yield is about eight thousand okes, or twenty thousand Dutch pounds.

On returning to Spiglotissa I was taken to see a subterranean church of the same name.

One enters it by twenty-four steps. These, and the church itself, are cut in the rock. There is a well, and a chamber with traces of ancient paintings.

Soon after mid-day we started again, passed a little village and saw presently a bridge of eleven arches called Jestery de Trapese, and passing several other villages we arrived at nightfall at Cytheria, called perhaps after the goddess of love. There too is the Fountain of Venus. We left the next day, taking with us some villagers chosen specially to show us a certain place in the mountain where are seen bones of men and animals incorporated in the rock, which hold there together in a state of petrification.

While I was at Larnaca the Consul had strongly recommended me to go to see this place, and as I expected to find something important I had brought with us hammers and scissors. I partly accomplished my purpose, for I extracted some of these bones from the rock. The chief was a bone which I took to be the radius of a man's arm. It was imbedded so firmly in the rock that it took us two hours to get it out, and despite all our efforts to preserve it whole, the rock itself broke and the bone with it. This after all was an advantage, for the fracture allowed us to see the marrow plainly defined. I carried it off carefully wrapped in cotton. On the same spot I found plenty of fragments just hidden by the earth; some were human bones, others those of beasts, and some teeth of surprising size. All round the rock were candle-ends. I guessed the place was held in veneration, and found indeed that the Greeks came there occasionally to pray, believing perhaps that some of their saints may be buried there. I carried off my spoils, and noticed that the pieces which had been covered with soil were not so much petrified as the bone I had extracted from the rock. It was late before we left the place, and we were obliged to pass the night in a village close at hand. I may mention that from a hill a few miles from Nicosia I brought away some petrified oysters, full of sand (as a live oyster might be of water). The shells are fitted close together, and on opening them you see the oyster as clearly defined on each shell as though it were graven on it. The shells themselves are petrified.

Soon after leaving Cytheria we came to a fountain called Cefalofriso (spring-head). It lies under a hill and disperses itself in several directions. The water falls first into an oval basin, and with such swiftness that it eddies round and round.

At noon we reached the convent of S. Chrysostom, and saw on a mountain near it the remains of a very large building. I started with three others to examine it. But we were not yet half way when the Greek whom I had taken from Larnica was too tired to go on—the hill is very steep—but the other two, one was from the village where we had slept, the other from the convent, remained with me. But we were obliged to rest and take breath a dozen times. The ascent is as difficult and dangerous as I have ever made. The greater part of the time we had to climb with our hands as well as our feet, and whichever way we turned our gaze we saw only what made our hair stand on end. We took an hour and a half to reach the top. There one sees only the live rock, a number of ruined chambers, and large stone-built reservoirs. It must have been a huge building, with many rooms built at different levels. The sea is visible on all sides but one, and most of the island. The view of Nicosia, with many villages scattered over the plain, is very striking.

We returned to the convent, which I drew as well as the mountain and its buildings. The former is fairly large, surrounded by a good wall, and contains some few rooms of modern style, rebuilt after the destruction, not long ago, of a great part of the edifice by fire. The church is in two parts, 48 feet long and 28 wide. Under a little dome is a large half-length painting of Christ, and all round other figures, nearly all faded. Eight columns built into the wall support the dome. The altar is adorned with much foliage and gilding,

done five years ago. A princess is buried in the church, the same, they say, who built the edifice whose ruins we saw on the top of the mountain. Two of her slaves are buried with her, one on either side. Fourteen steps take one to the top of the church, and to a grotto in which it is said that the Turks found a large coffer full of gold. In the cloister is a small ruined chapel. The room used as a kitchen is thirty-six feet long and eighteen broad. The convent is ruled by a Father-Guardian, who has under him three priests and eleven monks. Within the cloister is a small garden with a few orange trees. I must not forget to say why the convent was built. The princess who is buried in it lived in the building on the summit of the mountain for better protection against the violence of the Templars who at that time strove to be lords everywhere. Besides this source of disquiet it was her misfortune to be afflicted with a kind of ulcer or mange. A little dog, which she loved passionately, and which never left her, caught it, but as soon as it felt itself attacked by the disease, it went every day down the hill and remained away for an hour or two, and while so doing it got visibly better. It was watched and seen to bathe in a spring close by. The princess, seeing the effect on her little dog, resolved to try the remedy for herself, and with such success that in a few days she was freed from the disease and restored to her former health. To show her gratitude to God she caused this convent to be built for Greek monks, and called it after S. Chrysostom, under whose protection she placed it. It still keeps the name and the fountain its virtue, for every day several persons come to bathe there, and, they say, find a cure.

About two hours before nightfall we resumed our journey, and passing in front of the mountain where I had found the petrified bones arrived at dark at a village called Vœnos, or S. Romanus from a church of that name. I went to the house of a Greek priest and slept there. Our supper was very frugal, for Greek clerics are generally so poor that they have scarcely the wherewithal to live.

The next morning we journeyed towards the convent called De la Paix, said to have been built by the Templars. The road is carried with great difficulty across the mountain: at last one sees close to one the convent pleasantly situated in a wood, orange trees, olives, palms and other fruit trees surround it, and above them all towers a very tall cypress. In the distance is seen the village of Sternia, and close by it, on the shore, a fine old castle. Some mountains lie in the background.

The entrance gate is remarkably high, quite the height of eight men, and nine palms thick. It is a kind of fortress in itself, and is pretty well entire. Passing this gate you turn to the left, and about twenty paces further on pass a second gate. On its cornices are carved in marble three different coats of arms.

To the right of this gate you mount twenty-seven steps, nearly all ruinous. Descending again, you go to the left, and see the remains of rooms. Next you cross a large open space where are a few trees, and twenty-eight paces further on come to a building composed of four great arcades, to the left of which is a fine square apartment, now unroofed; again you pass through another room and enter the cloister, a quadrangle of great beauty and dignity, and as fair and whole as if it were but just finished. Between the two first columns at the entrance of the garden there is a fine marble cistern. It is in the form of a tomb and carved around it is a wreath which a little child on either side holds up with both hands, one of the children is somewhat injured, and the other is headless, and in other parts the tomb is mutilated. Round it are six lions' heads, two on each of the longer sides, and one on the narrower. At each of the corners is the head of a young ox, all in low relief, and of fair execution. The passage in which the stone stands is 112 feet long, and 48 wide. The vault

on the garden side is upheld by eighteen pillars set in order in the middle, each of them is 32 palms thick. The capitals are Corinthian: the columns themselves of fair height. They make a kind of arcade, leaving wide spaces, through which you enter the garden, between one column and the next. The ornaments of the arcades are all broken, but you can see their style. The inner side is an unbroken wall, and there are full sixteen feet between it and the columns. A door on the left leads into a fine room, which looks newly built, with six large windows giving a pleasant view of the sea. It is ninety feet long by thirty-two wide. It has a fine arched vault supported by fourteen pillars, seven on each of the longer sides, and is closed at each end by an unbroken wall. Notice the pulpit. Two rooms beyond are in ruins. Then one can mount thirty-six steps to a great passage full of wild plants, and seventeen more to reach the roof of the great hall, and again twenty to the top of the convent walls. One sees other rooms, mostly ruined: the view both towards the sea and landwards is very fine. I came down to the vestibule of the convent, and then descending on the left a flight of twenty-one steps came to a room 32 feet broad and 66 long, with a well built vault upheld in the middle by two pillars, three times the height of a man. One might fancy it all built five or six years ago. Beyond is another room of the same style, and outside a little court through which you pass to the door of the church. It has a fine entrance gate, with walls adorned with mosaic, fatally damaged. I noticed also a large stone with letters of so strange a form that I could make out neither words nor sense. The church, excluding the choir, is about 60 feet long and 46 broad. In the middle are four pillars of ordinary stone and of fair height. The walls are adorned with six or seven ancient paintings. Beyond the choir is another room. It is indeed a pity that this convent is not inhabited, for it is rich in conveniences, and the site is as pleasant a one as could be found. The village, which consists of very few houses, is called Casafani. Sternia, with the castle of which I spoke, is but three Italian miles from the convent.

About three o'clock we remounted, and following nearly the same track over the hill, we reached the plain, and in the evening Nicosia, after passing several villages.

In the morning, the sixth day of our excursion, I went to see the city. I found many fine buildings, palaces almost, but little inhabited and worse cared for. Four ancient churches, used by the Turks as mosques, are in good condition. S. Sophia, the principal, is large, larger than the church of the same name at Famagusta, and architecturally very beautiful. It has three doors, a fine portal marks the chief entrance. The vault and its arches rest on sixteen columns. There are the remains of one ancient tower, and another recently built or at least of a modern style. No Christian may enter the building, but they may approach it and examine it from outside as much as they will. Close by is another fine building, almost entire, with a vault resting on two columns. I think it was formerly a church: now it is a bazar or market. There are other ancient remains, but the city is of no importance, and the houses generally commonplace. The wall is low, but nearly entire, the ramparts insignificant, with three gates. There are cannons lying about, dismounted and unused. The Greeks have their own quarters. Outside the city are many palm trees. Silk stuffs and very good dimities are made there.

Soon after noon we left Nicosia. The mountain in which are the petrified oysters is near Nicosia, but at some distance from the high-road. Our road lay through hills and several villages, and we passed a large square building the circuit of whose walls is yet visible. At last we came to a small church and reached Larnica at sunset.

After a rest we went to Chiti. This once famous place now consists of a few wretched houses. Some people pretend that it was the first home of the goddess Venus: others say the

same of Baffa, anciently called Paphos; when rising from the sea which gave her birth she touched land, that land was Cyprus; hence her name Cypris.

Chiti long held the rank of a Barony. There still remains part of some great ancient building, and near it a well, very old and very deep: there is water in it now. Its beauty gives one an idea of the grandeur of the edifice to which it belonged. The surroundings are pleasant, thickly planted with orange and lemon trees; but the land is uncultivated and overgrown. Anyone who took a little interest in the place and made his home there could easily create an earthly Paradise. The shade and scent of the trees allured us to stay and dine there. Then we rode back over a pleasant plain a league and a half to Larnica, passing the Salines or Saltpans. The collection was in hand, and we saw little water and several heaps of salt, daily won from the lake.

Near the Salines is a mosque which the Turks state to be the grave of Mina, mother of their prophet Mahomet. The sepulchre is enclosed by three huge stones, two of them upright, and the third resting on them above. The first two are thirteen palms broad, and at least as high again. But the stone is covered with lime, and can no longer be seen. Nothing else occurs worthy of note till we get to Larnica, of which we must say something.

It is just an ordinary village with an old church and tower, and some remains of an ancient town. The European merchants, all of them Frenchmen, live there. Now and then you might find a stranger among them: an Englishman came to settle during my stay. They have their stores near the Salines or Saltpans by the seaside, just where vessels anchor. There too is a small church dedicated to S. Lazarus. The saint's tomb is shown underground, but the sepulchre itself has been long since broken up by visitors who wished to carry away some relic. The monks on the spot say that after S. Lazarus was delivered from the hands of the Jews he came to Cyprus, where he was made a bishop by the apostles who came there later, and that after the zealous labours of thirty years, he died and was buried here, but that his body was transported later to Constantinople and then to Marseille, where it is said still to rest.

I could not make the tour of the island, nor visit every part of it, but I must not fail to set down what Cypriots and others who have resided long in it told me. Let antiquaries judge if their accounts agree or no with the teachings of geography.

It is clear that if we consult the ancient geographers, as Strabo, Scylax, Ptolemæus, touching the ancient cities of Cyprus we shall find that their names and number differ widely from those given by the present inhabitants. But we must allow for what often happens, that with the change in the language of the people the names of cities and places change too, or at least receive a termination which is in itself a disguise, as for instance, Sarignia, Baffa, Lapida, Chiti are the names borne to-day by the ancient cities of Ceraunia, Paphos, Lapathus and Citium.

Cyprus, it is said, had formerly thirteen walled cities, Nicosia, Famagusta, Agianappa, Larnica, Chiti, Lemisco, Bisschopia, Abduna, Coughia, Baffa, Lefcara, Lapida and Sarignia. Two only remain, Nicosia and Famagusta, which we have described above.

Agianappa, or S. Nappa, is near Cape della Greca: there is nothing to see but a church made in a grotto, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In the surrounding country are caught every year a large number of the little birds called "Becquefigues," which are preserved in vinegar to send abroad. They are taken with bird-lime just as we catch small birds at home.

Larnica is, as I have said, just a moderate-sized village.

Chiti too is only a ruined village.

Bisschopia is a fine level plain with many ancient ruins. It is watered by a river, and

is said to have produced formerly sugar-canes in abundance. Now it is planted with cotton. There is a fairly large fishpond in the neighbourhood, about a thousand paces from *Cape la gata abdima*, and two hundred more from the sea. There are some clumps of olive trees.

Cougilia is but little distant from the sea. There is nothing to see there. Silk and cotton are produced in abundance.

Baffa is nothing but a ruined village on the seashore.

Lefkara is at the foot of Mount Olympus quite close to the sea. The mountain begins from this point to rise gently, and stretching always inland attains at last a great height. There is nothing to see at Lefkara except a river which rises in the mountain, and waters in its course several pleasant villages. It is here that is collected the famous *Ladanum*, which is produced by a dew falling on the leaves of a little plant about half a foot high, not unlike the smaller sage. To gather the *Ladanum* the peasants drive their goats to the fields before sunrise that they may browse on this herb, and as the *Ladanum* is soft and sticky it adheres to their beards, which are cut once a year and the gum is extracted by the use of fire. This is the best, or virgin *Ladanum*. There is a second kind which is caught on a little tuft of hair on the goat's shanks. A third way of gathering it is with a coarse rope made of cow's hair which two men drag across the plants. There is yet a fourth way, to tie several little cords to a short stick and to rub them about the plants every morning as long as there is any gum on them. But the last two methods only give a coarser and inferior quality, because sand gets mixed with it and spoils it. *Ladanum* is black, has a strong odour, and is of great service in time of plague, and has other uses in medicine.

Nor is there anything to see at Lapida, except a convent of Greek monks near the sea, and a church which the apostles, it is said, caused to be built. One sees from the remains of old buildings that several houses had their fishponds which were refilled by the tide.

All that remains of Sarignia or Cerines, anciently called Ceraunia, is a harbour for galleys and a strongish fort. This is the point of starting for Carmania and Natolia. At an hour's distance is the magnificent building called de la Paix, or from the Templars.

About five miles from Larnica, on a lofty mountain which serves as a landmark to sailors entering the bay of Salines, there is a convent called S. Croce, or the convent of the Cross, inhabited by some twenty Caloyers, a kind of Greek monk. These good folk pretend to have there a piece of the wood of the Cross of our Saviour, about the thickness of a ducat and nearly a foot in length, which was brought there by S. Helena. They say it is suspended between heaven and earth, without support, or connection with anything. A perpetual miracle holds it in the air. All the world flocks there every year on September 14, which the Greeks keep as the feast of the Holy Cross. It is a great holiday, and people go to kiss this miraculous fragment, a privilege accorded to all, and of which all, the short as well as the tall, avail themselves with equal ease, though they do not see it moving downwards or upwards. But I have been told by those who have seen it—I had not an opportunity of doing so myself—that the wood is enclosed in a little shrine of silver gilt, where it can be seen at all times, but that on Holy Cross day a small cover is slipped to the right of an opening as large as a ducat just where the wood is, and then everyone can kiss it. Under this convent is a grotto in which is a spring with the scent of roses. Sick persons, whatever be their disease or infirmity, drink of it and bathe therein, with such success, if one may believe the Greeks, that without further treatment they are healed.

In the year 1668 throughout the island, but especially in the country round Famagusta, there was such a vast quantity of locusts that when they were on the wing they were like a dark cloud through which the sun's rays could scarcely pierce. This lasted about a month,

and the Pasha ordered all the country people to bring a certain measure full of the insects to his palace at Nicosia, and afterwards he had holes dug outside the city where they were thrown, and covered with earth lest their corruption should infect the air. For ten days together the Greeks made processions and prayers to be delivered from a curse so ruinous to the land. They carried too in procession a certain picture of the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus in her arms said to be the work of S. Luka. This picture is generally kept in a convent called Chicho, to which belong some four hundred Caloyers, part of whom are sent to Muscovy and elsewhere on various duties. This convent is built on Mount Olympus, the highest mountain in the island. In times of drought the picture is brought with great ceremony out of the convent, and placed on a stage about twenty steps high, with the face turned to the quarter from which they may expect rain. Now it happened that the same ceremony had been observed on account of the locusts, and as soon as the picture had been set on the stage there appeared forthwith certain birds not unlike plovers, which swooped upon the locusts and devoured a great quantity. Moreover the next day, when the heat of the sun forced the insects to rise from the ground, there arose a mighty land wind which swept them before it, and towards evening, when the sun had lost its power, they all fell into the sea, and were drowned. Which was made plain some time afterwards when a sea breeze drove them in heaps to the shore, and thus was the island delivered from this terrible plague. The birds which ate the locusts, the story adds, had never been seen before, nor were ever seen again. But the Pasha had forbidden them to be killed, under pain of death.

I saw myself in the neighbourhood of Nicosia a great quantity of these insects, and remarked that the fields they had cropped were burnt as though by fire; my horse too at every step crushed ten or twelve. Several persons assured me that from time to time certain birds, natives of Egypt and called in Arabic *Gor*, visit the island. They are not unlike ducks, but have a pointed beak. They eat the locusts and thus lessen their ravages. The same thing is said of storks.

The mention of storks reminds me that so far no one has been able to say with certainty where they go when they leave us (Dutch). I do not set it down here as an indisputable truth, but I am assured that the place of their retreat is a long way the other side of Jordan. It is called by the Greeks *Erimo*, or the desert, is unvisited by man, full of brushwood, and exceedingly hot. The storks go there in October, and return here in March. Some are said to go to Egypt.

It is in this island of Cyprus that is found the stone *amianthus*. Men of old knew the way to make from it thread and cloth, as well as the bags in which they wrapped the dead before burning them, so as to preserve the ashes. For as the fire could not consume this cloth, but only cleaned and whitened it, the ashes could be very well preserved, to be placed afterwards in vessels of stone called urns. Paper too was made of it, with this property that to efface the writing on it, it was thrown into the fire and withdrawn quite clean. But the art of making this cloth and paper is lost. The colour of the stone is dark green, slightly shining. When drawn out into threads it is like cotton, and thrown into the fire it is not consumed, but suffers no hurt nor loses anything of its substance.

Among the products of Cyprus are first its wines. They are excellent, and when drunk on the spot are very different from the same wines after export to other countries. For though they may come straight from the island, and they bear transport well, yet on the journey they acquire a certain taste of pitch which partly helps to preserve them. I have drunk wine here over thirty years old: it had a very pleasant taste, and a beautiful colour,

and was so oily that it adhered to the glass just like *eau de vie*. You may find wine of even a hundred years old, for when a father marries his child he presents him with a vessel of the best wine he has, and whenever this is tapped it is refilled with a like quantity of wine of the same kind, so that it always keeps its first goodness, and the older it is the better it is. There are red wines and white wines, both excellent, but so strong that for ordinary use you need to put twice as much water as wine. I do not remember ever meeting with stronger wine. There is also a very good muscat wine. The wheat of Cyprus is very good, and as to game, its abundance passes that of every other country.

To these advantages you may add that of being able to travel where you will in the island without fear, and in as great security as you might at home. The Greeks of the country are naturally polite and good-natured. They are nearly all occupied in agriculture. Their gardens show nothing but a quantity of mulberry trees, whose leaves serve for nourishment for their silkworms. These are found in every house. A great deal of cotton is produced, which grows on shrubs, four, five and even six feet high: the fruit or pod is like a nut, and one is close to another as in chestnuts, and the shell or rind is about the same thickness. Turpentine and colocynth are plentiful.

The head-dress of the women is just a handkerchief tied round the head, brown or grey striped with black, gold or silver, and sometimes embroidered. They dress in all manners of silk stuffs. Their chemise has a kind of fringe round the neck and on the sleeves, but this is only the stuff itself worked into a kind of lace. The rest of their dress is like that of women in Turkey.

The peasants have generally very short hair and very long beards, a fashion which I thought remarkable, but not without its beauty. In the country they wear high hats with a broad brim, such as were worn in Holland forty years ago. They are not made in Cyprus, and it would be difficult to say whether they come from Holland or elsewhere. The whole circuit of the island is reckoned at about six hundred Italian miles.

The unwholesome air which prevails during the three or four hottest months of the year is extremely irksome to strangers, and disagrees entirely with their constitution. The least serious consequence is a livid colour which lasts them for life, but some die, and others have had illnesses. But for the fear of such I was well inclined to stay some months for the sake of sport, but everyone advised me against it, and I resumed my travels.

[*The author embarks on May 15 in a little vessel laden with salt for Adalia, and on the morning of the 19th sees*] Lumisso or Lymso, a village with a small fort. The ruined walls of the ancient city are still visible. All around it are many mines, chiefly of copper. Formerly many vessels came to fetch it, and the island was called the *Island of copper*. But the Turks will not allow the mines to be worked. Near this place, which is well situated among trees at the edge of a plain, is produced the best wine in the island, and abundance of capers. We intended to land some goods in a boat, and to go on without dropping anchor, but when we learned that there were seven corsairs at Baffa we anchored.

[*On the 25th they reach Paphos.*] Opposite the entrance of the harbour there are two little rocks. In the afternoon I landed to see the place, which is close to the sea: the houses as usual standing in gardens full of mulberry trees. There are the remains of several churches, and one tolerably perfect, with a few paintings. It is dedicated to S. George, and used by the Greeks for divine service. Near it are three large columns still standing, but I could not make out if they had belonged to a church or other building. On the shore is a fort, under which vessels moor, to get the protection of its guns. The old castle is on a hill close by, a mere ruin. Somewhere here, they say, was the prison of S. Paul.

In the mountains round are found the stones called Baffa diamonds, some of which are very beautiful.

On May 26 at daybreak we sailed with a slight but favourable wind, passed Cape S. Epiphanio at night, and on the morning of the 27th saw the coast of Asia Minor.

HEYMAN.

The Honourable J. Ægidius van Egmont (Van der Nijenburg), Envoy Extraordinary from the United Provinces to the Court of Naples, and John Heyman, Professor of the Oriental languages in the University of Leyden, are the names which appear on the title-page of two volumes of *Travels through part of Europe, Asia Minor, the Islands of the Archipelago, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Mount Sinai, etc.*, translated from the Low Dutch, and printed at London, 1759.

The Dutch original, published at Leiden in two vols. 4to, 1757, 1758, bears the title: Egmond Van der Nyenburg, J. Æg. and J. Heyman, *Reizen door een gedeelte van Europa, Klein Asien, Verscheide Eilanden van de Archipel, Syrien...briefsgewyse samengesteld door Joh. Wilh. Heyman*. In the Dutch Preface the editor, Dr J. W. Heyman, explains that he has combined, and arranged in the form of letters, the notes of travel left by his uncle, Professor J. Heyman, who visited the East in the years 1700 to 1709, and by Mynheer v. Egmond v. der Nyenburg, who traversed much the same ground between 1720 and 1723.

We transcribe from vol. II. chapter XVIII. pp. 281—295 (in the Dutch, I. 290—304), correcting here and there the anonymous translation to bring it nearer to the original.

VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THAT ISLAND.

We left Rhodes with a fair wind, which soon brought us in sight of a rocky island, called Castro Rosso, situated near the continent, and inhabited by Greeks and Turks. Soon after we found ourselves opposite to the gulph of Satalia; and on the sixth day after our departure from Rhodes we made the island of Cyprus, and sailed near cape San Pifani, and Fonte Amoroso, anciently called Acamas. Not far to the Eastward lies the city of Arsinoë, now known by the name of Lescari, and famous for the cavern of Jupiter.

About noon we had sight of Baffe, one of the principal towns in the island of Cyprus, and not far from the site of the ancient Paphos. But at night we stood off to sea for fear of running too near Cape de Gat, where a shoal stretches some leagues into the sea.

The next morning we came to an anchor in the bay of Salina, which is capacious enough to contain a whole fleet, and situated between two promontories, of which that on the west is called Chiti, and that on the east Pila. The ships lie at anchor about a league from the shore, that in case of a storm, especially at south, they may be in no danger of being stranded.

A boat belonging to the island landed us at Salina, a small village, called by the Turks Dousla, and fortified with a kind of ravelin, planted with eight pieces of cannon for defending the road against the corsairs. Hence we travelled to Lernica, the place where most of the Franks reside.

The island of Cyprus was by the Greeks called Makaria, afterwards Cyprus, either from the great quantity of copper dug there, or a fragrant shrub, called by the Greeks and Latins Cyprus, and by the Arabians Alhanna, or Henne, which grew in great plenty here, and to this day is greatly valued in every part of the east.

This island is above two hundred and fifty hours in circuit; the length being about one hundred, and the breadth sixty-five leagues. But the parts towards the south-west are much broader than those towards the north; and its distance from the continent is computed at about twenty hours. Some ancient writers say it was a peninsula; but that it has been separated from the continent by earthquakes, tempests, and inundations.

Eratosthenes says that this island was, at first, so overgrown with trees, that there was no room for culture; but the inhabitants, at last, cleared the ground and cultivated it; and their labour was richly rewarded, for the island from a wilderness became one of the most fertile and delightful countries upon earth.

This island has on all sides a multitude of sharp promontories, whence the ancients compared it to a sheep-skin stretched out; and as they called those promontories horns, the island was called Cerastia, and the inhabitants Cerastæ. And this probably gave rise to the fable that the Cyprians had formerly horns on their foreheads, according to Ovid, *Met.* X, 222.

*gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu
Frons erat, unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastæ.*

This island has been governed by several states. Its first inhabitants were the sons of Japhet; and its first government, mentioned by historians, by kings, of which one is called Evagoras, who out of regard to the politeness and learning of the Athenians zealously espoused their cause on all occasions; but was assassinated by one of their own courtiers. Afterwards the Ptolemies made themselves masters of the island, and kept possession of it 'till Marcus Cato reduced it under the Roman government, making a splendid entrance into Rome, with the immense treasures he found in the island. The last king is said to have laid violent hands on himself, being unable to bear the thought of having his kingdom taken from him by the private person of a Commonwealth.

In the time of Pliny this island was divided into nine kingdoms. And in more modern times the inhabitants are said to have consisted of four classes, the nobility, the people, the *francomes*tes or freedmen, and the *paresii*, or slaves.

The nobility, and people, lived in the city, and kept the freedmen and slaves in subjection. The slaves cultivated the fields, and performed all the other laborious works of husbandry. The freedmen formed the army, and were above all others detested by the slaves, as oppressing and abusing them more than either the nobility or the people. In process of time the island fell under the Greek Emperors, till Isaac Comnenus, a terrible tyrant, revolted against his master, and took possession of it for himself.

His usurpation, however, was of no long continuance, being driven from the island in 1191 by Richard I., King of England, in revenge for the barbarous treatment some of his subjects had met with from Comnenus, after their being shipwrecked on this island.

Some time after Richard sold Cyprus to the Knights Templars, an order at that time very powerful. But either the Cyprians appeared to be a fickle people, or the knights' government was not agreeable to them, every place being filled with tumults and opposition; so that the knights transferred their purchase to a French nobleman, called Lusignan, whose family, by their mild conduct, enjoyed a long and quiet possession of it, 'till it came by marriage to the house of Savoy, who did not possess it long, though it still reserves the title of King of Cyprus.

The Dukes of Savoy were deposed by a natural son of the last king of Cyprus, who was betrothed to a daughter of the Cornaro family at Venice; on which the Venetians, after the decease of him and his son, who died very young, took possession of the island, and held it

'till the year 1571, when the Turks took it, in the reign of Sultan Selim II. This emperor is said to have set his heart so fully on the conquest of this island, from his remarkable fondness for the wine; but others say he was animated to it by a Portuguese Jew.

This Jew, called Jean Miches, had embraced Christianity, but for several vile practices was banished his country, and retired to Venice. But he did not long reside there before he became known, and on a well-grounded suspicion of his having formed a design of setting fire to the arsenal, on the night of the 13th of September, 1569, he was banished from the Venetian territories. Revenge carried him to Constantinople, where he married the daughter of a Jew with an immense fortune. His riches giving him an opportunity of obtaining an audience of the Emperor Selim, and his artful discourse having introduced himself into the favour of that prince, he suggested to him the design of besieging Cyprus.

It is said, that Selim being once merry with drinking, gently struck Miches on the shoulder, saying to him, "If heaven prospers my design, thou shalt be king of Cyprus." Soon after, namely in the year 1570, the Turks landed in the island, and laid siege to Nicosia, which sustained a siege of forty-eight days. In the following year they took Famagusta, but not before firing fifteen thousand cannon shot against it; tho' the governor, after so brave a defence, was, contrary to a particular promise, and the articles of capitulation, put to a cruel death by the Turkish Pasha; after which the whole island soon came into their hands.

The number of inhabitants in the island of Cyprus cannot be determined with any exactness, many removing every year, on account of the prodigious taxes. Some years since the number was said to exceed two hundred thousand; and during the reign of the Emperor Trajan this island must have been very populous; for Dion Cassius relates, that the Jews, in order to free themselves from the Roman yoke, massacred twenty-four thousand natives in one day; but at present hardly a Jew is to be seen, the Franks generally making use of Greeks in their commerce.

It is supposed to be owing to the warmth of the climate that the Cyprians do not exceed a middle stature, are rather lean than fat, and rather brisk than strong. They are of a brown complexion, like the rest of the Greeks; and both their eyes and hair black. They are also of a quick and piercing genius.

In former times the inhabitants of Cyprus were famous for voluptuousness and magnificence. The most common utensils among all people of fashion were silver; and not a peasant's cottage to be seen without several pieces of plate. The rich even grew tired of their horses, and both in country and town would use only mules; but the sovereign, fearing that their noble breed of horses would by this means degenerate, issued a proclamation against the use of mules; but the horses are not now so highly valued as formerly.

The women here, especially at Lernica, are not the most beautiful I have seen; but allowance must be made for the climate, and manner of living. They dress in the same manner as those of Rhodes, except that in Cyprus they wear no veils. Their hair is covered before, but hangs down behind in curls. They also wear those large wide plaited gowns I have already mentioned at Scio.

It is known by experience that the inhabitants of this island seldom attain to any great age, owing possibly to the badness of the air; malignant fevers being common here, especially towards the end of summer; and during our stay in the island, though it was in the spring, a contagious distemper was raging at Nicosia. But the air is most noxious at Famagusta and Lernica, owing to the vapours rising from the fens and saltpans in the neighbourhood. And at Lernica the air is most unhealthy when the sun is above the horizon.

The whole island does not afford one single river; but several ponds, lakes, and fens;

and to these may, in a great measure, be imputed the heaviness and moisture of the air, of which strangers generally feel the effects.

In the winter, after heavy rains, several rivulets are seen pouring down from the mountains; but soon become dry on the return of fair weather. Sometimes no rain falls for a long time; and it appears from history that the inhabitants were once obliged to quit it, no rain falling in the space of seventeen years. And in the time of Constantine the Great it was visited with a drought of six and thirty years. It does not indeed want fountains, and wells, but the water in all is thick and turbid. These, however, frequently fail, so that in the heats of summer no verdure is to be seen in the whole country, which seems parched and arid.

Notwithstanding all these inconveniences, the island is very fruitful in corn, oil, honey, wax, saffron, and wool, and it is computed that one-third more is produced than is consumed in the island. This renders everything cheap here, so that vessels frequently put in at Cyprus to take in provisions for their voyage. But this fertility depends, in a great measure, on a favourable season for rain, when they have a prodigious plenty of corn. But the Turks knew not how to make a proper advantage of this particular, namely, to lay it up against a time of scarcity, 'till the Franks taught them the method, and directed them how to build proper granaries for this purpose.

The corn is ground by water-mills in the island, so that in a time of drought there is not only a want of water, but also of bread. In an exigency of this kind the English once saved the people from famine, having in a time of plenty laid up a sufficiency to support the inhabitants.

Formerly, and even under the dominion of the Venetians, sugar-canes were produced here in great plenty, particularly in a part called Episcopia; and the sugar was, at that time, exported to all parts; but at present that manufacture is wholly laid aside, and the Greeks are entirely ignorant of the process.

In most parts of the island is a tree producing a horn-shaped fruit, generally called St John's bread, from an opinion that the Baptist, while he continued in the desert, lived on this fruit. It is of a very agreeable taste, and from it is expressed a kind of juice or honey, used as a sauce in several favourite dishes.

Salt is still made here in great quantities, and the duty on it, what was sold to foreigners, used to amount to thirty thousand ducats per annum, while the Venetians were masters of the island. This salt, it must be owned, has a very agreeable pungency.

The wine of Cyprus is also famous in every part of the Levant, as well as Europe. But I must own I should like it better were it free from the tarry taste which it derives from the manner of keeping it; for the new wine is first put into large earthen vessels, tarred within, where it continues a considerable time. If the wine proves good it is taken from these vessels and put into casks in which it is exported. A great deal of this wine is sent to Venice and England, and it has this in common with many other wines, that it improves by being at sea. Accordingly an epicure of an Englishman who lived here, used to send his Cyprus wine to England, whence it was sent back again to him at Cyprus.

The island also abounds in turpentine and saltpetre; here are likewise made cheeses of goats' milk, which after being laid in oil, are in great request all over the Levant. The delicious birds called *beccafigno's* are caught in the latter end of August; these are pickled in salt and vinegar, pressed down in casks, and carefully secured, and thus sent to Venice and England. They have a manner of dressing them here with Cyprus wine, than which I think few things can better please a dainty palate. Hunting is very delightful all over the

island, as it everywhere affords plenty of snipes, partridges, hares, wild goats, but it has no deer.

Early in the morning the shepherds find on the goats' beards a viscid substance, which looks and smells pretty much like pitch; and this smell, which is far from being disagreeable, is said to be good against the pestilence. Some Franks call it laudanum, others give it the name of *stirax*.

Near Baffe are mines of rock crystal, and a French merchant there showed me a most beautiful stone, which might pass for a diamond, and such stones being found in the mines here are commonly called Baffe diamonds. Ancient historians and geographers speak of various mines in Cyprus both of gold and silver, and gems, but the present proprietors do not concern themselves about mines, and the Greeks must not work them, indeed the ore, after all their pains and charges, would be of little advantage to them, for they know nothing of separation, or any other branch of metallurgy: under the Venetian government, however, Cyprus exported a great deal of very good vitriol.

In some of the mountains is found a kind of blueish stone, by the ancients called *amianthus*, and out of it is spun a kind of cotton, of which formerly sheets were made, and cleaned by being put into the fire. They were also used in the burning of substances into ashes, according to the custom of those times. The ancients also made bags of it, in which they put bodies that were to be burnt, in order thus to preserve the ashes, which were deposited in an urn. The Indians are said to have burnt their dead bodies in sacks of this kind. Some will have this stone to be a kind of asbestos, or alumen schiston, or fissile alum. But the difference is very great; that consumes in the fire, but the *amianthus* withstands the most intense fire.

This stone is also found in China, in the island of Corsica, and is said likewise to be met with in the Riviera di Genua, near Sestri di Ponente, in the Pyrenean mountains, and in those of Volaterra in Tuscany.

The chief trade of the island at present is in flowered silks and cottons little inferior to those of the Indies. A kind of flax for making cordage is likewise no inconsiderable article.

Amidst all these advantages of nature and industry, the inhabitants, by reason of their enormous taxes, are far from being wealthy. A poor Cypriot pays every year, in the whole, thirteen piastres for head money: and those who have houses or lands pay also eight piastres of *nozul*, besides the tenths of the produce of their land.

This island was formerly governed by a Pasha, residing in Nicosia; but at present the governor is only a Musellim or Stadhouder, and far from being a person of great dignity, which has the conveniency that he is not obliged to live in the splendour of a Pasha; yet he must remit three hundred and sixty purses to the Grand Vizir's lady, to whom the Grand Signor, as being his sister, granted the revenues of this island. Besides such a considerable sum, he is obliged at least to reserve forty purses for other demands and himself.

The towns inhabited at present are only nine, Nicosia, Famagusta, Baffe, Lernica, Cherines, Lumesol, Sirori, Mazulo and Lescara; but the other smaller towns or villages, I was told, amount to eight hundred. The Turks have made a military division of this island into eleven departments, each furnishing a regiment.

Nicosia, the capital and residence of the governor, is a pretty handsome and fortified town, about three miles in circuit, and in the middle of the island; but as for the walls and fortifications, the Turks suffer them to go to ruin without any repair. In this city are three or four Greek churches, but the cathedral called Saint Sophia is turned into a mosque. There

is also a convent of five or six Franciscans of the Holy Land; and Nicosia is also the seat of an Archbishop.

Anciently a very great contest happened in this island about jurisdiction: the Archbishop pretended to be independent of any patriarch, whereas the Patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria no less violently insisted that this church was subordinate to them. The pretensions of the three contending parties were laid before the Grecian Emperor at Constantinople for his decision. In the meantime an affair happened which occasioned a great deal of talk. The monks of a certain convent, whether in building or repairing it, by accident found a coffin, and in it a body with a leaden plate on it, signifying that in this coffin was deposited the body of the apostle St Barnabas. About the neck of the Saint was also a chain fastened to a leaden box, which was found to contain an Arabic copy of St Matthew's Gospel, written by St Barnabas himself on parchment. The clergy of Cyprus very dexterously availed themselves of this discovery, sending to the Emperor Zeno both the sacred relicks and the manuscript; with which present that devout prince was so pleased that he gave a charter to the church of Cyprus, declaring it independent of any patriarch.

Famagusta, the ancient Salamis, afterwards called Constantia, is the only good harbour in all the island: it is spacious and semicircular, the air, however, is unhealthy. The town which lies at the north end of the bay, is not very large, and chiefly inhabited by Turkish soldiery. Its fortifications the Turks keep in no manner of repair, as if the bravery of their soldiers would supply every other defect. Under the Emperor Trajan this town was entirely destroyed by the Jews, and another time under Heraclius.

The Greeks here, as at Rhodes, are not permitted to live in the town, and the shops which they have in it must be all locked up at sun-set, and everyone retires to their dwellings. Here are no suburbs but the houses lie about half a mile from the town, in the open country, with everyone it's garden, which here makes a very luxurious appearance. No Frank or Greek is allowed to come into the town on horseback, which is one of the chief reasons which induced the Franks not to settle here.

The Christians had a very beautiful church, but it is now turned into a mosque. The neighbouring country is very low, and everywhere one sees large open plains, on which grows a root yielding a very beautiful red dye. The greatest naval resort to it is of French tartans putting in here to refit.

Baffe, thought to stand near the ancient Paphos, if not that very place, is at present a small town, or rather village, on the declivity of a mountain, some miles from the sea; at the shore is a castle for defending the road, and round it one observes several ruins. The Baffe plain is of a considerable extent, stretching itself along the sea, nearly to the white cliff so called on account of it's colour, which discovers itself at a considerable distance at sea.

Cerines anciently Ceraunia, lying opposite to the country of Caramania, is a bishoprick, but the harbour fit only for small craft, and without any defence, the walls, and other works, lying in ruins; and without any prospect of being put in a state of defence, unless a great change should happen in the maxims of the Turkish government.

Larnica, the fourth bishoprick of the island, lies in a large plain, about a mile from the sea; this is properly the trading town of the Franks, who have settled here preferably to Famagusta, the air being a little more healthy; yet it has the appearance rather of a village than a city, the houses being very low, and only of dried clay, except those of the Franks, which are something higher, and of more convenience within.

The ruins and foundations of the walls of this ancient city, as likewise the remains of the moats, sufficiently show it to have been formerly of very great extent, the walls reaching

near to the sea-side, and begin at the present town of Lernica, the site which at that time lay without the city, and it is said served for a churchyard; and some pretend that the word Lernica has some analogy with a burial place, as under ground one frequently meets with coffins, grave stones, and other sepulchral remains.

The ships here anchor in a large bay, called the harbour of *Salines*, and by the Turks *Dousla*. Here also are the salt-houses, and the ground everywhere is so full of saline particles that for seven miles round about one sees not a single vineyard. Near these salt-houses is a small lake, on one side of which is a house for the collector of the salt-duty, who at the time of selling the salt repairs thither; and on the other side stands the sepulchre of a certain canonized Turkish princess, to which the Mahometans perform pilgrimages. Near it is also a Greek chapel dedicated to St George. In this neighbourhood are found a great variety of petrifications.

At Lernica, not far from the sea-shore, is one of the largest Greek churches on the whole island; it is likewise of a solid strong architecture, but void of any embellishments. Here we were shewn the grave of St Lazarus, who was restored to life by Christ. His body was carried to Venice, but, if I mistake not, I heard at Marseilles that Lazarus removed thither, and being at his second death buried there, is worshipped as the patron of that city. Not far from hence is likewise a small convent, with a church served by four Greek regulars. Near the place is the burial-place of the English merchants.

Besides the private merchants living at Lernica, there are also consuls of several nations, as English, Dutch, French, and Venetian. The consuls here, I observed, do not affect anything of that state and ceremony in their visits and conversation, as at Smyrna; for I once saw the English consul very readily offer his hand to the wife of the first dragoman of the French consul, and led her upstairs; a civility to which a Smyrna consul would by no means have condescended.

The English consul's house here is the best on the whole island, though the outside of it is only of clay, but nothing can be more neat, or elegantly ornamented than the inside. It has also the largest hall I saw in any part of the Levant; but, what is of much more importance, the English consul is highly respected all over the island, as jointly with his company he advances money to the inhabitants, for getting in their several harvests, in which otherwise they would be at a great loss.

In this both parties find their advantage, for the English do not advance their money under twenty per cent. and receive the interest in silk, wine, cotton, corn and other products of the country, on all which they set their own price; whence, without wronging those gentlemen, it may be supposed that thirty per cent. is the least they make of their money, and on failure of payment at the time appointed, they may immediately seize on the debtor's effects. The French are well aware of this lucrative manner of gaining the people's affections, and would be glad to supplant the English, but have not sufficient funds, most of them being only factors to merchants at Marseilles.

Besides this company of the English, and that of the consul, another particular English company not long ago settled at Lernica, where they built a very stately and beautiful house. But the governor animated by the people, who were continually murmuring and complaining, that the house looked more like a fort than a private house, and that they did not know what bad designs might be on foot, ordered it to be pulled down to the very ground; which, as there was a manifest jealousy between the two houses, occasioned a surmise that the people had first been bribed by the consul to make that uproar, and afterwards the governor to comply with it. Each house, however, sent an agent to Constantinople, one to make it's

complaint, and another to justify itself; but by the prudence of the English ambassador they were reconciled.

When the Musellim comes to Lernica for taking a view of the state of the town, which is once a year, all his expenses, and that of his retinue, are defrayed by the Greeks, which amount to betwixt three or four hundred piasters; and whilst the English were building their vast house, which gave such umbrage, the Musellim came four times to Lernica, without the least abatement to the Greeks, several of whom were reduced extremely low by this additional expense.

Having seen everything remarkable in the island, we provided ourselves with letters of recommendation, and agreed with a master of an English vessel, bound for Joppa; who among other passengers, had twenty Greek pilgrims, and the bishop of Cerines, all going to Jerusalem.

POCOCKE.

Richard Pococke, LL.D., F.R.S., left Tripoli for Cyprus on October 24, 1738, and anchored at Limassol, on October 28. He left the island, sailing from Limassol, on December 25, 1738. His *Description of the East and some other Countries* was published in two volumes folio, London, 1743–45, and translated into German, 1771–73, and French, 1772. He gives a map of Cyprus, plans of Citium and Salamis, and a plate of Phœnician inscriptions discovered in the foundations of ancient Citium. These we are obliged to omit, as well as the references to them in the text. Our transcription, which preserves throughout the author's spelling, is from pp. 209–235 of volume II. Part I.

With Pococke's estimate of the natives cf. Dietrich von Niem (1340–1418), *In Nemore Unionis*, Tract. VI. Cap. 32 (apud Meursium), "In Cypro, in quâ fastus Gallicus, Syra mollities, Græcæ blanditiæ, ac fraudes: quæ unam videlicet in insulam convenere."

On the twenty fourth of October, 1738, about ten of the clock, we set sail from Tripoli for Cyprus, on board an English ship which was obliged to touch at *Bayreut* in the way. On the twenty fifth we had little wind all day, and only came up with a small bay called *Cabouch*, about twenty miles to the north of Tripoli. On the twenty sixth we came up with *Eshèle*, and sailed close along the shoar under the Castravan mountains; I saw almost all the places we had visited on those hills, and in the evening we arrived in the road of *Bayreut*, where the super cargo went ashoar; and on his return, we immediately set sail again. On the twenty eighth we came up with Cyprus, anchored in the evening in the road of *Limesol*; and on the twenty ninth went ashoar at that town.

BOOK THE THIRD.

OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

Chap. I.

OF CYPRUS IN GENERAL, OF LIMASSOL, AMATHUS, LARNACA, AND THE ANCIENT CITIUM.

The north part of the island of Cyprus is fifty miles from the Cilician shoar, which agrees with the account of the antients, who making a computation by measuring round the bays of the island, say that it is about four hundred twenty eight miles in circumference; but those who computed, probably by travelling round the island by land, make it only three hundred seventy five miles. Some say, that it was a hundred and seventy five miles long, others two

hundred; but the modern sea-carts make it only one hundred and thirty five in length, and sixty two miles broad in the widest part.

Cyprus was antiently divided into many Kingdoms, and was conquered successively by the Ægyptians, Phœnicians, Cyrus King of Persia, and Alexander the great; it fell to the lot of the successors to the Kings of Ægypt, afterwards was subdued by the Romans, became subject to the Greek Emperors, and, whilst it was under them, was laid waste by the Arabs. In one thousand, one hundred ninety one, Richard the first, King of England, conquered it, and gave it to Guy Lusignan, King of Jerusalem; and his family continued to govern it until the year fourteen hundred twenty three, when it was taken by a Sultan of Ægypt, who permitted their own King to reign over them, on his paying him a certain tribute. In one thousand four hundred seventy three, one of the Kings left this island to the Republick of Venice, who enjoyed it, paying the tribute to Ægypt, until it was taken from them in one thousand five hundred and seventy under Sultan Selim, and it has ever since remained in subjection to the Ottoman port.

There are two chains of mountains that run along the island, one of which begins at the eastern point of it, and extends about three quarters of the length of the Island, to the bay which is west of Gerines. The other chain of mountains begins at Cape Pyla, which is to the east of Lernica, and stretches away to the north-west corner of the island. Pliny mentions fifteen cities in this island, and probably in antient times there were as many Kingdoms; but at the time of Alexander it was under nine Kings, and it is not difficult to discover what cities with their territories, composed these Kingdoms, as I shall have occasion to observe in the journey which I made round the island.

Limesol, where we landed, is a small town, built of unburnt brick; there are a great number of mulberry gardens about it, with houses in them, which makes the place appear very beautiful at a distance; the country also abounds in vineyards and the rich Cyprus wine is made only about this place; the ordinary wine of the country being exceedingly bad. It is one of the cheapest places in the island, which is the reason why ships bound to Ægypt, and other parts put in here to victual. I was told that a small heifer sells sometimes for two dollars, or five shillings: they have built a castle and platform here, to defend themselves against the Maltese. The Greeks have two churches one of which is a very handsome new built fabric.

We were entertained in a house of the English Viceconsul who was a Greek, and on the same day that we landed we hired mules, and set out to the east. We travelled through a narrow plain on the sea side and going about two miles came to the river Char where they keep a guard against the corsairs. When rivers are mentioned in Cyprus, they must be understood only as beds of winter torrents; for I could find but one in all the island that has always water in it. At the end of the plain there are ruins of a low hill, which are called old Limesol; it is about two leagues from the town. This is generally agreed to be Amathus, which is said to have had its name from Amathus, who built a temple here to Venus called on this account, Venus Amathusia; it is said to have been sacred both to Venus and Adonis. This was probably the capital of one of the nine Kingdoms of Cyprus. It is said, that Richard the first of England, being hindered by the inhabitants from taking in water on the island when he was going to the holy war, came to this place on his return, and took Isaac, King of Cyprus, prisoner, and sent him in silver chains to Tripoli in Syria. There are remains of the walls, which are fifteen feet thick, and cased with hewn stone.

On the west side there is a building like an old castle, probably on the site of the antient city, which might extend to the east as far as that part, where there are great heaps of ruins,

and among them a handsome ruinous church which may be on the spot where the temple was built to Venus and Adonis, in which the Feasts of the latter were annually celebrated. There seems also to have been a suburb to the east extending to the river *Antigonía*.

About seven leagues to the east north east of this place, is a mountain called by the Greeks *Oros Staveros*, and by Europeans *Monte Croce*, it was called by the antients Mount *Olympus*, and was compared by them to the human breast; it has the Greek name from a convent on the top of it, dedicated to the holy cross. We went about an hour and a half further, and lay at a christian village called *Menie*. On the thirtieth we crossed the hills that make the point which is to the east of Limesol, and having travelled some time we came to Cape *Malzoto*; to the west of it there is a narrow vale, which is a morassy ground; there are many trees and very high reeds growing in it, and I saw some ruins here. Soon after we passed about half a mile to the South of the village *Malzoto*, which is computed to be nine hours from Limesol, and is directly South of the summit of Mount *Croce*. *Palava* which is mentioned as between *Amathus* and *Citium*, might be about this place. We came in an hour to the river *Bouzy*, where there was a small stream, and in about an hour more to cape *Chedé*; there are several hamlets about it that go by that name. A rivulet rises out of Mount *Croce*, which is called *Creiz Simeone*, and falls into the sea near this head; it is probably the river *Tetius*, mentioned between *Citium* and *Amathus*. I saw to the north a village called *Der Stephané*; in about an hour we came to a large village called *Bromlaka*, and in half an hour passed over the bed of a torrent, and came to the large lakes, from which they collect every year great quantities of salt; they are filled by rain water, and the soil being full of nitre, produces the salt, when the water is evaporated in summer; but in case there is too much water, occasioned by extraordinary rains, it is not salt enough to harden into cakes, and for this reason the Venetians had drains to carry off the water, which are now neglected. To the west of these lakes there is a small Turkish convent, in which there is only one Dervish; they have a sepulchre there, which is held in great veneration by the *Mahometans*, it being, as they say, the place where the foster sister of *Fatimah*, the sister of Mahomet was buried: These salt lakes extend almost to *Larnica*, and make it the most unhealthy place in the island. When we arrived at *Larnica*, where the Franks reside, I went to the house of the English Consul, to whom I was recommended.

Larnica is situated a small mile from the sea: At the port which belongs to it there is a little town called the *Marine*; the harbour is naturally well sheltered, but the ships lie off at some distance, and the boats come ashore on an open beach, and are drawn up to land. Tho' this place is very unhealthy, yet the *Franks* are settled here, as it is very convenient on account of its situation with regard to *Nicosia*, where the government resides, it being only six leagues from it.

There is a large antient church at the port, dedicated to Saint *Lazarus*, where they shew his sepulchre; it is a small grot cut out of the rock; they say, that this saint being put into a boat at *Joppa*, and committed to the mercy of the sea, he was drove to this place, and became bishop of it, and that his body was stolen away by the *French* and carried to *Marseilles*; but the *French* say, that he was drove on their coasts. The ruins of the antient city of *Kitium* are between the town of *Larnica* and the *Marine*, which was a capital of a second Kingdom in *Cyprus*. It was famous for the birth of the great philosopher *Zeno*, and for the death of the renowned *Athenian* general *Cimon*, who expired at the siege of it. *Ptolemy* the son of *Lagus*, destroyed this city, and removed its inhabitants to new *Paphos*; it was about three miles in circumference. There is reason to think that in very antient times the sea washed the south walls of it, though it is now a quarter of a mile distant. To the east of the old

town there was a large bason now almost filled up; it served for the security of the shipping, and was defended by a strong castle, as appears by the foundations of it; this must be the inclosed port mentioned by the antients; the walls seem to have been very strong, and in the foundations there have been found many stones, with inscriptions on them, in an unintelligible character, which, I suppose, is the antient *Phœnician*; and if the city was ever rebuilt, after it was destroyed by *Ptolemy*, these stones might be put into the walls when they were repaired. They have discovered a great number of antient sepulchres in and about the city of *Larnica*; I saw some built of hewn stone; in one of them I observed the stones were laid along at top like large beams, and others laid over them like a floor; there is another which ends at an angle, and both are of excellent workmanship, and finished in the most perfect manner. The fathers of the *Terra Santa* have a large convent in this town; the Capuchins also have a monastery here; and the *Greeks* four or five very good churches. The republick of *Ragusa* have a consul residing in this place, as well as the French and English.

Chap. II.

OF FAMAGUSTA AND THE ANTIENT SALAMIS.

On the tenth of November we set out from *Larnica* on mules, under the protection of the consul's janizari, in order to make the tour round the island. We travelled eastward and came to the bed of a torrent, called *Camborounula*, which had water in it; I saw mounds near it, which might be the remains of some antient work. In three quarters of an hour we came to the hills that stretch to cape Pyla: That head must be the antient *Promontory of Dades*; I observed an old tower on it. We came to the vale of Ormilía, where there are several houses and silk gardens belonging to the people of *Larnica*. We afterwards had a sight of cape *Grega*, probably the same as that which the writers of the *Turkish* history call cape Græcia, and was probably cape *Throni* of the antients, where there was a city of the same name. Going on I was told that we passed within four miles of *Trapeza*, which, if I mistake not, is to the right, though *Blaeu's* map puts a place of that name near *Famagusta*; this probably is a village near the high hill, that was compared by the antients to a table, and was sacred to *Venus*; I had a view of it on this head of land. This hill was over cape *Pedalium*, which may be the same as *Ammochostus*, and I suppose it to be the northern point of that broad head of land, which is now called cape *Grega*. *Pedalium* is thought to be a corruption of the antient name *Idalium*, there having been a town of that name in *Cyprus*, which was sacred to *Venus*; the Idalian wood was near it, in which, according to antient fables, *Adonis*, a favourite of *Venus*, was killed by a boar, and they feign that she turned him into a flower. There are two ports mentioned between this and *Salamis*, which are *Leucola* and *Arsinoe*; a city also is mentioned with the latter, which might be where *Famagusta* is at present situated.

We came to a village called *Merash*, which is half a mile south of *Famagusta*, where the *Christians* live who are not permitted to dwell within the city. I was here recommended to a *Christian*, who assigned me a room, which he had built in his garden, where I was entirely alone, and sent to the town for whatever I wanted. The next day I went with the janizari to the city; for though I had a letter to the Governor, yet I was advised not to send it, as I had no present for him. I went with all freedom wherever I pleased about the town. The Governor however was afterwards informed, that I had viewed the town very exactly, and wrote everything down, tho' I had only copied a short *Greek* inscription. Upon this he sent

orders to the muleteer not to go any further with me, and that they should not permit any *Franks* to come into the city, on which I sent the janizari with the letter to the Governor, who was very satisfied, and said he should be glad to see me.

The city of *Famagusta* is about two miles in circumference, and well fortified by the *Venetians*; it is of an oblong square figure; the bastions are all semicircular; on the west side of the town, a rising ground runs along from north to south, on which they took the advantage to build the rampart, which makes it exceedingly strong this way, a fosse being cut into the rock on the three sides to the land; and in that to the west there are covered ways to sally out. This high ground, which is the strength of the west side, exposed the south part of the town to the enemy, for it was from this part that the Turkish general battered the south gate, which is the only entrance from the land; and it is probable, that from the high ground on the north side they planted their batteries against the north east corner to the sea, where there is a strong castle also fortified within. There is a gate from the city to the port, which is well sheltered by several rocks, and the entrance to it, which is at the north east corner, is defended by a chain drawn across to the castle; it was here that the stuffed skin of the brave unfortunate *Brigandine* was hung up at the yard of a galley, after he had been most inhumanly flay'd alive by the treacherous *Turks*, against whom he had bravely defended the city. I observed on the ramparts the names of several of the *Venetian* Governors of Cyprus; and near the gate there are two statues of lions, one of which is very large, they were probably set up on some pillars in the principal parts of the city after the *Venetian* manner. The antient piazza seems to have been very beautiful; the house of the Governor with a portico before it, is on one side, and the western front of the church of saint *Sophia* on the other; it is a most beautiful *Gothic* building, now converted into a mosque, but about three years ago two thirds of it was thrown down by an earthquake, together with the greatest part of the city. Before it there is a Greek inscription on a black stone, which might be part of a pedestal for a statue: near the north west corner of the church there are two pillars, which probably had on them the *Venetian* ensigns; near these is a coffin of white marble adorned with lions heads, and festoons held by cupids. It is surprising to see what a great number of churches there are in this city; St George's, one of the most magnificent, was thrown down by the earthquake; another large one, which, if I mistake not, was dedicated to saint Catherine, is now the principal mosque.

There is very little trade at the place, which is the reason why all provisions are cheap here, the price of a fat sheep being only half a crown. No Christian is suffered to live within the walls, unless it be in confinement, in which condition I saw a Greek patriarch of *Constantinople*, who being deposed, and intriguing in order to supplant his successor, was banished to this place a few months before; I saw him afterwards in one of the *Princes Islands* near *Constantinople* returned from banishment. They will not suffer a *Christian* to go in or out of the city, otherwise than on foot; and a *European* having obtained a firman from the Grand Signor to enter the city in his chaise, when he sent it to the Governor, received this answer in a very cool manner: "That in obedience to the firman he might enter in his carriage, but that he would not permit him to go out of the city in it."

The present buildings do not take up above half the space within the walls, and a great part even of those are not inhabited. They have very good water brought three or four miles by an aqueduct, which is carried for the most part in a channel on the ground.

Between the two chains of mountains that stretch along the island, there is a large plain seven or eight miles wide, and between thirty and forty long, beginning about *Famagusta*; as it is one of the best parts of Cyprus, and most secure from the privateers, so it is chiefly

inhabited by Turks, the Christians living more upon the mountains, and near the sea, as they are exempted from that slavery which falls to the lot of the Turks when they come into the hands of these privateers: this plain seems to have been the antient kingdom of Salamis founded by Teucer; the capital of it, which bore the same name, was at the end of the plain on the sea. The Jews destroyed the old city of Salamis in the time of Trajan; it was afterwards called Constantia, probably from the Emperor Constantius; it was again destroyed by the Saracens under Heraclius, and probably it was not afterwards rebuilt. We set out to see the old city on the twelfth, and in half an hour came to a large bason, which is filled by rain water, and in half an hour more to a stream, over which there is a bridge; this must be the antient Pedius. On the north side of it are the remains of Salamis. There are still large heaps of ruins on the spot of the antient city, and great remains of the foundations of the walls, which seem to have been between three and four miles in circumference. The port is to the south; it seems to have been made by art, and is almost filled up; the small river Pedius empties itself into the sea at this place. Antient geographers mention two islands of *Salamis* which are not now seen. On examining the ground I imagine the sea might have left these islands, and I saw near the port some rising grounds with channels near them, which might formerly be filled by the sea. There appears to have been a more modern city here than that antient one built by Teucer, and there are great remains of the foundations of the wall of the new town, which was about half as big as the old city. The inner walls are supposed to be those of the new town, and the outer ones those of the old city. On that side of the town, which is next to the port, there are ruins of a large church, and also of a small one; and to the north of the town there are some very thick walls, which are also probably the ruins of a church. There is likewise a square plain spot, which might be either a piazza, or a bason for water. On the north of the new town, just within the gate, there are several grey granite pillars lying on the ground, and two or three Corinthian capitals of grey marble cut in a very beautiful and particular manner. These pillars seem to have belonged to a temple. This place is now called old *Famagusta*, and is about four miles distant from the modern town. There are remains of an aqueduct to this city; all the arches which I saw of it were Gothic, and there is an inscription on it in Greek, which makes mention of an archbishop: the antient aqueduct being probably repaired when the new city was built, after the establishment of Christianity in these parts. I saw the arches all along the plain, extending towards the mountains to the north west; on the site of which mountains the water was conveyed from a plentiful source which I saw at *Cherkes*, thought by some to have had its name from the old *Cythera*, though that place must have been farther to the south. The Tables place *Citari* in the road from *Salamis* to *Tremitus* now called *Nicosia*. *Cherkes* is six or seven leagues to the west north west in a valley between the hills; it is beautifully improved with mulberry gardens for the silkworms; the plentiful sources of water which supplied this aqueduct are a considerable way in between the hills.

To the west of *Salamis* there is a small ruined church, and near it a very little church, built and arched over with very large stones, half of it is now underground; it is dedicated to St Catherine, who as they say, was daughter of King Costa, the founder of the present *Famagusta*, and that the city had its name from him. In this church there is a well, and on one side a chapel built of three stones, the four sides consisting only of two stones, and it is covered with a third, which is angular at top. If I mistake not, they say, this Saint was buried in this chapel, and there seems to have been a tomb in it. A mile to the west there is a monastery and a large church dedicated to St Barnabas, which seems to have been a fine building; the church has been ruined and rebuilt; the foundations of the east end of the old

church remain in three semicircles. About half a furlong east of this church there is a descent by several steps to a sepulchral grot cut in the rock, with niches for bodies on three sides of it: here, they say, the body of St Barnabas was deposited, who was a native of this island, and suffered martyrdom at *Salamis* in the time of Nero. At the entrance of the grot there is a well of water that is a little salt, and a small chapel is built over the grotto, which does not seem to be of any great antiquity.

Chap. III.

OF CARPASY AND SOME OTHER PLACES IN THE EASTERN PART OF CYPRUS.

From *Salamis* we went on northward, and having travelled about five miles came to the river *Deraie*, over which there is a long bridge like a causeway, and a high ground to the south of it, which might be the situation of some antient town. In half an hour we came to the river *Chour*; we then turned to the east, passed over some hills of cape *Chaulebernon*, and crossing a river, we approached high hills, on which there is a castle called the hundred and one chambers. These mountains take up almost all that narrow tract, which seems to have been called the *Olympian* promontory, and probably this highest part of the mountains was called mount *Olympus*, on which there was a temple to *Venus*, probably *Venus Urania*, or the chaste *Venus*; for there was a city in this part called *Urania*, which was destroyed by *Diogenes Poliorceles*, and it was not lawful for any woman to enter this temple, or so much as look on it; all this promontory seems to have been the kingdom of *Carpasia*. I observed in this part a great quantity of tale in the hills. We arrived at a village called *Patrick*, where we were well received by the *Greek* priest. On the thirteenth we proceeded on our journey, and began to cross the hill towards the north side of the island, and came to a village called *Galadia*, finely situated on a high ground. We travelled on through a very fine country abounding in wood, and passed through *Ai-Androniko*, where there is a small stream, the sources of which never fail; this village on the south side is inhabited by *Turks*, and on the north by *Christians*. All these places are much infested by the *Maltese* corsairs. We lay in the house of the priest of *Yalousee* or *Jalousa* on the north side of the island, where there is an antient *Greek* church; we saw the coast of *Cilicia* very plainly from this place. On the fourteenth we came to a ruined village, called *Mashargona*, where they have a tradition that some king antiently resided, soon after we came to a small cape, on which there are ruins of a church dedicated to *St Marina*; it is built of fine hewn stone, and the place is called *Selenia*. Having travelled about four hours, we went to the left of the antient convent of *Jalousa*; there is also a bay here of the same name, and as there is a place so called near *Scanderoon*, which is the bay that had the antient name of *Sinus Issicus* in *Cilicia*; this, without doubt, must be *Sinus Issicus* of *Cyprus*, which was in this part of the island. This is probably the shoar of the *Acheans* where *Teucer* first landed. We arrived at *Carpas*, and went about two miles northwards to the plain and to old *Carpasy*, called by the antients *Carpasia*, the capital city of the kingdom of that name, which is now given to all the country. The island here is only three miles and three quarters broad. There are some ruins at old *Carpas*, especially the remains of a wall near half a mile in circumference, with a pier from it into the sea, at the end of which there are some signs of a tower. The whole seems to have been only a castle for the defence of the port. To the east of it there is a very good church in the *Greek* style, which belonged to a monastery near called *Ainsphilose*; they call this place also *Salamina*, and I was told that this name was given it by some religious persons,

who began to improve the place not a great many years ago, but were obliged to leave it on account of the *Maltese* privateers. About the village of *Carpas* there are a great number of small ruined churches or chapels, which might formerly be built for the use of wealthy families, who might retire to this place. It was on the *Carpasian* shoars that *Diogenes Poliorcetes* landed his army.

On the fifteenth we travelled eastward to the village of *Asphronisy*, where there are ruins of four churches, and it seems to have been some antient town; for I saw on both sides of it ruins of a wall extending towards the sea. We came to the most eastern point of the island, called by the antients the ox's tail, probably from some imaginary resemblance; it is now called the cape of *St Andrew*, from a monastery which is cut out of the rock, and dedicated to that saint. Opposite to the north east corner are the isles called *Clides* by the antients; the largest of which is not a mile in circumference; authors differ about the number of them; those who name but two, probably took notice only of the two largest; there are two more that appear only as rocks, the furthest of which is not a mile from the land; there is another which has some herbage on it, and may be the second as to its dimensions; it is so very near to the land that it may have been separated from it since those authors wrote. At the north east corner there is a grot cut out of the rock, which seems to have been a sepulchre; there are some signs of a large enclosure round it, and higher are several sorts of oblong square buildings of hewn stone, which appear but a very little above the ground, and seem to have had covers over them; I conjecture that they were sepulchres of very great antiquity; one, which is built in a more magnificent manner than the rest, made me conclude that they might be the sepulchres of the antient kings of this part of *Cyprus*; it consists of three enclosures; there are but two tiers of stone above ground; the outermost building is one and thirty feet square, and the walls are one foot nine inches thick; within it, at the distance of two feet six inches, there is a second, and, at the same distance within that, a third; the top of which is cut with a ledge within to receive a cover. It is possible the two outer walls might be built up higher, and there might have been entrances through them to the sepulchre. The whole is a very particular sort of work, and of such a kind as I never saw in any other place. There are signs of foundations of a building on a little mount, which is a rock of marble of different colours stretching into the sea, and it is a very good situation for a light house, tho' there are some remains on a little point very near it, that have more the appearance of such a building. All this country to the east of *Carpas* for about twelve miles is almost uninhabited, except that there are a few Turkish herdsmen on the south side, where there is a fine narrow plain. The desolate condition of this part of the island is occasioned by the constant depredations of the *Maltese* privateers, who land more frequently here than in any other part. From the eastern point I saw very plainly mount *Cassius* near *Antioch*, and the mountain of *Rhossus*, now called cape *Hog*, which is between *Kepsé* and *Scanderoon*.

We travelled on southward from this point, and in less than an hour arrived at the uninhabited convent of saint *Andrea*, in which there formerly lived two or three monks. We went to the south side of the island, crossed the hills, and came to a very large village which is called *Mairou*, which is about half a mile broad; at the west end of it we began to cross the hills to the north, and saw a cape to the south called *Peda*. We arrived again at *Carpas* on the sixteenth, and went to the convent of *Jalousa*, we passed by *Selina*, where I saw remains of pillars four feet in diameter, and came to *Jalousa*. On the seventeenth we went about two leagues to the south east of *Jalousa*, near a place called *Aimana*, and came to a large grot cut into a mountain, being very difficult of access; and there is another grot of

the same kind two leagues to the east of it, near a village called *Galliporno*, it is a gallery with four apartments on each side, in most of which there are holes cut down like sepulchres, which are now filled up. On the hills above it, are some small ruins of an antient place, which might be *Urania*, taken by *Diogenes Poliorcetes*, and I saw near the grot a great number of sepulchres cut into the rock, many of them being in the manner of graves, which seem to have had stone covers over them. Towards the west end of this promontory the mountains are very high, and the foot of them stretches out in such a manner towards the north sea, that there is no passage on the north side of them; and, I suppose, that these hills were the bounds of the kingdom of *Carpasia* on the north west side; those to the south west being probably the low mountains, by which there is a narrow pass to the sea. *Aphrodisium* was situated near the west part of the promontory, and probably on the shoar to the north; it was about nine miles from the territory of *Salamis*. From this grotto we returned again to *Jalousa*. On the eighteenth we travelled to the north west and came to *Andronica*, where part of the village are *Turks*, who are sometimes under such apprehensions of the *Corsairs*, that for security they go and lie on the mountains, and they told me, that some of them have even perished with cold in those retreats. We afterwards came to a village of *Turks*, where one of them holds his lands on the condition of entertaining strangers, and his people came and drew water for our mules; this was in the road from the northern parts to *Famagusta*. From this place we went out of the road northwards, near an hour to the mountains called *Eshberere*; on the highest summit of which is the strong castle of the hundred chambers before mentioned, which is almost entire. We lay at a Christian village on the north side of the hill.

Chap. IV.

OF NICOSIA, GERINES, LAPTA, AND SOLL.

On the nineteenth we travelled westward on the north side of the island, and came to a very pleasant village called *Agathon*, situated at the beginning of the plain on the sea: there are a great number of cypress and orange trees about it, and it is probable that *Macaria* was situated near this place. The plain is a very narrow strip of land not above a mile broad, but extends westward for about thirty miles, almost to the bay where these mountains end: I take this to have been the kingdom of *Lapithia*, and shall have occasion to make some observations on the supposed capital of it. On the 20th we pursued our journey, and ascending the hills to the south, visited two small convents, and afterwards the monastery of *Antiphonesc*; it is famous for the *Lignum Cyprinum*, of which there are seven trees, there being no others of that kind in the island. It is the oriental plane tree, and is engraved in this volume among the plants which I brought from the east. We crossed over the hill to the south, and came into the great plain between *Famagusta* and *Nicosia*, and lay at a Christian village *Marashoulou*. On the twenty-first we travelled northwest to a village called *Chytorea* by the Franks, of which I have already given an account, and of the river there, which supplied the aqueduct at *Salamis*.

From this place we travelled to the south west to *Nicosia*. I went to the house of the consul's broker, and was also recommended to the dragoman of the mosolem; both of them assisted me in seeing that city, which is towards the west end of the plain, and is supposed to be the old *Tremitus*; it is the capital of Cyprus, where the mosolem or governor resides; it is fortified with very large ramparts, but has no fosse, and consequently is a very indifferent fortification; the ramparts are faced with the hewn stone of the old walls; the circumference

of them is about two miles. The walls of the antient city, which were built with semicircular towers, may be traced all round, and they seem not to have been much less than four miles in compass. There are still remaining in the city several very magnificent houses, which are of the times of the kings of Cyprus; some of them have been repaired by the Venetians, according to the rules of modern architecture; and there is a most beautiful Corinthian door-case of a house which, they say, belonged to the Venetian general. The cathedral church, now a mosque, is a large building, and exceeds that of Famagusta in the front, as much as it falls short of it in other respects; there was also a church here dedicated to the holy cross, and another of the Augustinians, which are now mosques. The Greeks have several new built churches in the city, and the Latin fathers of the convent of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem have a small convent. Though there are very few Armenians, yet they have possession of an antient church here. There is a great manufacture of cotton stuffs, particularly of very fine dimities, and also half sattins of a very coarse sort: they have here the best water in Cyprus, brought by an aqueduct from the mountains.

Two leagues to the north east of Nicosia, on the side of the mountains, is the rich convent of *Chrysostom*, to which we went on the twenty third; it belongs to the Greek convent of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Over it, towards the top of the mountain, there is a place called the hundred and one chambers, which consists of several buildings, one over another; the highest is very difficult of access; they have a tradition that a queen of Cyprus, who had the leprosy, chose to live here for the benefit of the air, and that saint John Chrysostom advising her to build the convent below, she followed his counsel, and was cured of her leprosy; others add that she bathed in a water there, which is still resorted to by persons in that distemper, who find benefit by it. This monastery has been a very large building, though great part of it is ruined; there are two churches, one of which, called Saint Helena, is ruinous, the other is covered with a dome, and painted all over within; it is dedicated to Saint John Chrysostom. Before it is a handsome portico, from which there are three doors with fine marble door-cases, that do not seem to be very antient; two scepters were formerly deposited behind the folding doors, the figures of which are painted on the wall, and at the bottom there is a place where the crown was kept. All the account they can give is, that they belonged to some queen, and that they were taken away by a pasha of Cyprus. It is possible that the regalia of Cyprus were kept here. This convent is near the road which leads to *Gerines*.

We crossed the hills again to the north, and lay at a village called *Chilta*. On the twenty fourth we went to a most magnificent uninhabited convent, which is almost entire, called *Telabaise* it consists of a very beautiful cloister; on one side of it there is a magnificent refectory, on the other a fine room up one flight of stairs, which might be a library, and under it there are two very handsome apartments, one of which might be a common refectory, and the other probably served to receive strangers; on a third side, is a church of a more antient and heavy building; all the rest is of a very fine Gothic architecture, and in the cloister they have made a cistern of a beautiful coffin of white marble adorned with bulls heads, cupids, and festoons of exquisite workmanship.

We went about three miles to a ruined port called *Gerines*, which is the antient *Cerynia*; the ruined walls are about half a mile in circumference, and seem to be on the foundation of the antient walls, for I observed on the west side, a large fosse cut out of the rock, and the old town might extend further east beyond the present square fort, which is about a quarter of a mile in circumference. Though this place is esteemed to be very strong, yet the Venetian governor, when the Turks were marching towards it, (after they had taken Nicosia) shame-

fully surrendered the fort, before the enemy laid siege to it. To the west of the town there are a great number of sepulchral grots, and I saw some pillars standing, and remains of the foundations of an antient building.

There is one church in the town, which is entire, and two or three in ruins; the priest resides in a convent of *Solea*, there being not above five or six Christian families in the place. The chief trade here is with *Selefki* in Caramania, which is the antient *Seleucia* in Cilicia; the commerce is carried on by two small French vessels, which export rice and coffee to that part, which is brought to Cyprus from *Ægypt*; and they bring back storax, and a great number of passengers. They also sometimes go over to *Satalia*, the antient *Attalia* in Pamphylia; but *Selefki* is the nearest place to this part of the island, being only thirty leagues off.

We set forward towards the west, and travelled about two leagues to the ruins of antient *Lapithos*, which I suppose to be the capital of another kingdom. Here I saw several walls that were cut out of the rock, and one entire room over the sea; there are also remains of some towers and walls, but the old name is translated to a village near called *Lapta*, where there are some sources of very fine water, which seem to be those of the antient river *Lapithos*. I lay here at the rich convent called *Acropede*.

On the twenty fifth we went on to a bay, and saw a cape beyond it called in Blaeu's map *Cormachiti*, which seems to be the old Cape *Crommuon*. We crossed the hills to the south and came into the western part of the plain in which Nicosia stands; for this plain is bounded to the west by some low hills, which stretch from the end of the northern mountains to the southern ones: on the north side is the bay where I suppose the antient city of *Soli* stood.

When we had crossed the hills, having travelled about six hours, we came to *Morpho*; they told me this place was eight leagues from Nicosia, probably the city of *Linconia* might be situated here. We went to the magnificent convent of Saint Mamma at this place, which appears to have been built on a very grand design; it consists of two courts, the buildings of which are unfinished; they are separated by a very magnificent church, built of hewn stone, and dedicated to Saint Mamma, whose sepulchre they show in it. She is held in great veneration in Cyprus, and they have some legend concerning her riding on a lion, in which manner they always paint her. Though the building is not of modern architecture, yet it does not appear to be very antient; I conclude that it might have been built a little before the Venetians had possession of the island; being founded by some noble family of Cyprus: they have a water near which they say is miraculous.

On the twenty sixth we went four hours to the north west to a large bay, where, I suppose, the kingdom of *Egea* begins, in which the famous Solon took refuge when he was banished out of Greece. It is said that he advised the king of this country to leave the city of *Egea*, which was situated between the mountains; and to inhabit a plainer country. I was told that there was a place now called *Ege*, situated on the hills, at the northwest corner of the before-mentioned bay, where the southern hills come to the sea, there are ruins of a very considerable city, which I suppose to be *Soli*; on the west and south sides it was bounded by those hills; and to the north and east by the sea, a wall being drawn from the hills to the sea, some remains of which are still seen, as well as of a bason for the shipping to lye in. The most remarkable ruins of this place are a little way up the side of the hills to the west, where I saw the ruins of a semicircular wall, but could not judge whether it was the remains of a church, or of an antient temple or theatre; lower on the plain are three piers remaining, which are ten feet wide, eight thick, and fifteen feet apart; I could discern that arches had

been turned on them; they were adorned on the outside with Corinthian pilasters, the capitals of which were very well executed; it seems to have been a portico to some very grand building. The front is to the north, and on every pier within there is a nich about eight feet high and four feet broad; these niches doubtless were designed for statues: probably this was the temple of Venus and Isis that was in the city, which had its name from that wise lawgiver Solon: the place is now called *Aligora*, that is, the sea mart. There is a river falls into the sea at this place, and as the channel of it is not kept open, it makes a morass. This doubtless is the river mentioned by the antients at this place. Some modern writers have placed *Soli* at *Lefca*, a village about a league north of this place. The antient cape *Calimusa* seems to be that point which is to the west of this bay.

Returning southwards to the road, we pursued our journey to the west, and in about an hour and a half came to *Lefca*; it is a long village built up the side of those hills, which we crossed into the delightful country of *Solea*, which is a vale about a mile wide, and winds between the hills for seven or eight miles: it is much improved with gardens and buildings, and is very well watered with springs and rivulets. We went to a convent where the bishop of *Gerines* commonly resides; it is situated on the side of the hills, where there are very rich iron mines which are not now worked.

On the twenty seventh we went along the vale, and crossing the hills came to the small convent of St Nicholas situated between the hills, where there is such an agreeable variety of fields, wood, water and cascades, that it is one of the most delightful solitudes I ever saw; two streams come rushing down the hills, and are carried all through the country of *Solea* in many rivulets. The asbestus of Cyprus is found in the hills about two leagues to the south east of that place.

We travelled in a very difficult road along the sides of the hills to the convent of St John. I observed a great number of pine trees, which they destroy by cutting them at the bottom, in order to extract tar. On the twenty eighth we travelled over several hills, and ascended the highest of them, where it is very cold, to the convent called *Panaia Cheque*, or the *Madonna of Cheque*, where they have a miraculous picture of the blessed Virgin and our Saviour, painted as they say, by St Luke, and brought from Constantinople by a king of Cyprus, whom they call *Isage*. This place is as much resorted to by the Greeks, as *Loretto* is by the Latins, and they come to it even from Muscovy. The convent belongs to the Archbishop of Nicosia, and has about seventy monks in it. I was received here with great civility by the superior, who met me without the gate, conducted me to the church, and then to their apartments, where I was served with marmalade, a dram, and coffee, and about an hour after with a light collation, and in the evening with a grand entertainment at supper.

Chap. V.

OF ARSINOE, PAPHOS, AND CURIUM.

On the twenty ninth we travelled over the mountains, and passed by some old ironworks; they showed us a village called *Sarama* to the east, where they said a part of the mountain had been thrown by an earthquake. We arrived the same evening at the convent of *Aiamone*. I had a view of the bay of *St Nicholas* to the north west, in which *Arsinoe* seems to have been situated, where there was a grove sacred to Jupiter. They talk much of the fountain of lovers, but they informed me that there are no ruins about it. They mention also the port of *Agama* in this part, and some ruins near it, which probably are the remains

of the antient *Arsinoe*, and the present name of it may be derived from *Acamas* which was the most western point of the island, opposite to the bay is a small island called *St Nicholas*, from which the bay has its name. I was told by the monks, if I do not mistake, that the old name of this island (probably that of the middle ages) was *Stiria*. Towards the sea to the north there is a village called *Bole*, where I was informed there were iron mines and hot mineral waters.

On the thirtieth we passed the hills which are on the west side of the island, and went to the south west into a plain, which is about fifteen miles long and three wide: the city of new Paphos, and the port of old Paphos were on this plain.

This country probably made another kingdom, of which Paphos might be the capital. We arrived at *Baffa*, which is situated near the place where new Paphos stood; it is on a rocky eminence in a narrow plain on the sea, which is separated from the great plain by some low rocky cliffs, which might antiently be washed by the sea before new Paphos was built. These cliffs are now full of sepulchral grots, which doubtless were made for the use of the city. To the west of the town there is a point of land, and the old port was to the south east of it, in an angle made by a small promontory, and was sheltered by piers built out into the sea, some remains of which are still to be seen. The city seems to have been to the east and north of the port; and I observed a very large fosse cut out of the rock to the north of the old town, where probably they dug their stones for buildings. There are several lofty rooms hewn out of the rock, and many small apartments; one of them seems to have served for a large cistern, there being a hole in the top to draw up the water, and stairs down to it cut out of the rock; it is probable this was filled in winter by an aqueduct from the mountains, of which there are some remains near the town; by this means the city might be supplied with good water in the summer time, of which there is a great scarcity in the island. To the north of the port there are some signs of an antient temple on a ground raised by art. From the manner in which the grey granite pillars lie, and by the disposition of the ground, I judged there was a colonade round it, and a portico to the west with a double colonade; the pillars are about two feet in diameter. Half a furlong to the east of this there are foundations of a smaller building of hewn stone near the corner of the port, which might be either a temple or some other public building. Farther to the east are the remains of a large church, which probably was the cathedral, and seems to have been built on the foundations of a great temple, for there are some very large pillars of grey granite now standing near it; they are about three feet in diameter, and finely polished; it is needless to say that both these temples were without doubt dedicated to Venus, for whose worship the city was famous. This place probably began to be considerable when Ptolemy the son of Lagus demolished Citium, and removed the inhabitants to this city; it was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake, but was rebuilt by Augustus, and called Augusta, in honour of him. Near the cistern before-mentioned there is a church underground cut out of the rock, dedicated to the seven sleepers; and in the town there are ruins of several churches, and houses, most of which are uninhabited. This city is famous in sacred history for being honoured with the presence of Saint Paul, and on account of his having here converted Sergius the governor of the island to Christianity. About a mile to the north there is a rocky ground near the sea-shoar, cut out into sepulchral grots; many of them seem to have been designed for rooms, and some of them are very large. I saw five or six which probably were inhabited by families of a superior rank, having a court in the middle, and a colonade of two Doric pillars in front, and three on each side, with an entablature over them, all cut in the rock, and some of the pillars are fluted; one side of these courts is open in front; in

each of the other three sides there is a room cut out of the rock, and the door-cases are executed in a beautiful manner.

Half a mile to the east of this place is the new town of *Baffa*, where the governor resides, new Paphos being now called old *Baffa*, and is inhabited only by a few Christians and by a small garrison in a castle at the port. There was antiently at new Paphos a celebrated meeting once a year for the worship of Venus, from which place they went sixty stadia in procession to the temple of Venus at the port of old Paphos, where, according to the fables of the antients, that goddess, who is said to have been born of the froth of the sea, came ashore on a shell. The ruins of the city, called by the antients new Paphos, are now known by the name of old *Baffa*, where there is a small village of the same name about a mile to the south of *Baffa*. There is an aga and some janizaries who live at the fort in this place. I was recommended to a brother of the bishop of *Baffa*, who at that time was imprisoned by the Turks at Famagusta, by the instigation of the archbishop of Nicosia, with whom he had some difference; and I afterwards saw him at Rosetto, when he fled from this place into Ægypt. When I was in my lodgings some janizaries came to me, on which I took occasion to talk of my design to wait on the great aga at *Baffa*, with a letter I had to him. On the first of December I waited on the aga with my letter, and a small present of sugar, which I found was necessary, and could be of no ill consequence, as it was the only present I should have occasion to make on the island. He entertained me with coffee, and sent his falconer along with me, who attended me with his hawk wherever I had an inclination to go.

When I had seen everything there, we proceeded on our journey; going at some distance from the sea along the plain, in an hour we came to a running water, and saw some ruins of the aqueduct to the right, which here crosses the river on an arch: in half an hour more we came to *Borgo Ashedieh* where there are remains of a high Gothic aqueduct. Opposite to this place is the first small cape to the south east of *Baffa*, which might be the old promontory *Zephyrium*. In half an hour we passed by *Ideme*, and about the same distance we were opposite to another cape, which might be that of *Arsinoe*; the port of *Arsinoe* might be on one side of it, and the port of old *Paphos* on the other, which was a mile and a quarter from that city; for though I went in search of it, at the cape opposite to *Coucleh*, where old *Paphos* stood, and observed the ruins of several aqueducts that way, yet I could see no signs of the port. We ascended to the village of *Coucleh*, which is situated on a narrow hill extending to the south into the plain. Old *Paphos* was doubtless here, and there are great heaps of ruins about the place, and remains of the foundations of thick walls; the ruins extend about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and half a mile in length. Some say that this city was built by Paphos, son of Pigmalion, others that it was founded by Cynarus king of Crete, and father of Adonis.

These hills extend quite across the island, and are much lower in this part than they are towards the north; they end here in high white cliffs; and where they make a great head of land to the south they are known to mariners by the name of Cape *Bianco*, part of which might be the promontory called *Drepanum* by the antients. We travelled over these hills to the east, and in about two hours from *Coucleh* came to a Turkish village called *Alefcora*, where we got a place to lodge in with great difficulty. On the second we went near a large Turkish village called *Afdim*, which is the same as *Audimo* or *Aitimo*. We went on to the other side of Cape *Bianco*, and came to two delightful villages which are contiguous; they are called *Episcopi* and *Colosse*. These villages are finely watered, and most beautifully improved with mulberry trees for the silkworms, and also with a great

number of orange and lemon gardens. At the south end of *Colosse* there is an antient preceptory of the knights of St John of Jerusalem, which is now in ruins; there are likewise the remains of a very high aqueduct that conveyed water to it, and I saw an epitaph of one of the priors of this place, who died in one thousand four hundred and fifty three. It is the opinion of some that the antient city of *Curium* was here, but I could not see the least signs of any ruins; but on the hill to the west I observed the foundations of a thick wall, which seemed to have encompassed some antient town, which probably was the city of *Curium*: and it is not unlikely that the grove, sacred to Apollo near *Curium*, was where the village of *Episcopi* now stands, which is a place abounding in water. They think also that the low promontory called Cape *Gatto* was the promontory *Curias*, from which they threw anyone into the sea who presumed to touch the altar of Apollo; but as this is very low land, it is probable that it was from some point to the west of *Curium*, where there are very high cliffs, and might possibly be a part of what is now called Cape *Bianco*. To the east of *Episcopi* there is a small river, which I should have thought to have been the *Lycus* of the antients, if that river had not been mentioned as between the town and the promontory. Cape *Phrurium* is mentioned near *Curium* which might be the south east part of this great head of land, as *Drepanum* was probably that to the north west. The head of land called Cape *Gatto* is to the south of *Episcopi*; it is a low land, the north and west part of it is a morass, and there is a large salt lake on each side, which is filled by the winter rains, and is almost dry in summer. The south part of this promontory is a barren rocky soil, and there is a ruinous uninhabited convent on it called *St Nicholas*. They have a ridiculous story that the monks of this convent kept cats in order to hunt and kill the serpents, of which there are great numbers here; this they say gave rise to the name of the cape; and they add withal, that on ringing a bell the cats used to leave off their diversion, and return home.

To the east of this cape there is a bay, and at the west corner of it *Limesol* is situated, where I first landed in the island. As I did not meet with any ship there bound to *Ægypt*, I returned to *Larnica*, where I found a French ship sailing for *Damiata*. We were obliged by contrary winds to put in at *Limesol*, where we were detained six days, and I landed a second time in *Ægypt* at *Damiata*, on the 25th of December, one thousand seven hundred and thirty eight.

Chap. XI.

OF THE NATURAL HISTORY, NATIVES, CUSTOM, TRADE, AND GOVERNMENT OF CYPRUS.

The climate of Cyprus is not so temperate as that of many other parts in the same latitude; the winds, which blow from the high mountains of *Cilicia* in the winter, make the island very cold, especially the northern parts, and some of the high hills of the island being covered with snow all the winter, make fires very necessary during the cold season, though they are seldom used in any other parts of the Levant, the clouds also breaking on these hills often fall down in heavy rains for many days together, insomuch that I was informed it had sometimes rained there for forty days almost incessantly.

These mountains and the shallow soil, which is mostly on a white free stone, make it excessively hot in summer, and the island is very unhealthy, especially to strangers, who often get fevers here, which either carry them off, or at least continue for a considerable time, the disorder lurking in the blood, and occasioning frequent relapses.

The soil of Cyprus is for the most part rocky; there are in it many entire hills of tale or gypse, some running in plates, and another sort in shoots, like crystal; the latter is used in many parts, especially at *Larnica* as stone for building. They have also in the mountains

near that city a very thin marble paving stone, that cuts like chalk with a common saw, and much of it seems to have been laid in the walls in order to bind the stones. Near *Nicosia* they have a yellowish marble, which, they say, when burnt produces a small quantity of sulphur. At a mountain towards *Solea*, the Asbestus or Amianthus, called by some cotton stone, is found in great plenty; it is a blackish green colour, but runs in veins in such a manner, that the staple of it is not above half an inch long: It is much to be questioned whether they could ever spin it to a thread, but by some experiments tried with it, I have reason to think that an incombustible paper might easily be made of it, like that which they make of the Asbestus of Muscovy. Near *Baffa* there is a hill that produces a stone called the *Baffa* diamond; it is very hard, and seems rather to exceed the Bristol and Kerry stones. Cyprus has also been very famous for its minerals, and for many sorts of precious stones, which were probably found in the mines. In going round the island I saw only two iron mines which are not now worked, because in Cyprus they want hands to cultivate the ground; nor is it agreeable to the inclination of the people to be employed in these mines, because they would not be well paid by the officers of the Grand Signor. One of those iron mines is about half a day's journey east north east of *Baffa*: the other is at *Solea*, where there is a large hill that seems entirely to consist of this ore, which is very fine and light, being porous and crumbling, and of a red colour. They have here also the several sorts of earth used by painters, called Terra Umbra, Vérede, Rossa, and Jalla, and I was assured, that not long ago a traveller found a very fine azure earth, which is uncommon, and either is not much known, or is found in small quantities, otherwise it would without doubt be exported.

The antients mention three rivers in Cyprus, the *Lycus*, *Tetius* and *Pedius*, though at the best they deserve only the name of rivulets, and I suppose the water seldom fails in these, though it is generally said that there are no rivers in Cyprus. It is certain they have no fresh water fish, except small crabs, which are in most of the rivers in Asia. All round the island there are beds of winter torrents, which run from the mountains after rains, but during the summer months, when it never rains in these southern parts, they are entirely dry excepting some few springs which have been rarely known to fail. The water, which is drawn out of wells, is almost all brackish, occasioned by the great quantity of nitre in the soil, which produces the salt in the lakes before-mentioned; at *Larnica* they send above a league for all the good water they drink. The water of the island seems to depend almost entirely on the rain; and when clouds have been wanting either to fall down in rain, or to seed the springs, by lying on the mountains, a great drought has always ensued; and historians relate, that there having been no rain for thirty-six years, the island was abandoned in the time of Constantine, for want of water.

It is said that this island received its name from the cypress trees which it is certain grow on it in very great abundance, especially on the eastern promontory, and in the northern parts of the island. There is a sort of tree which grows in most parts of Cyprus, which is called by some the cedar, and much resembles it in every thing but its seed, which is like the juniper; it is called in Greek *Avorados*, and I have been since informed that it is a sort of juniper, and is much like the tree that they call cedar, which is brought from the West Indies, and possibly may be the same, but here it grows rather like a large shrub than a tree. They have also the common juniper on the mountains and pine trees in great numbers, with which they make tar; they have likewise the caroub, called in Greek, *Keraka*, which is supposed to be the locust tree, the fruit of which in this island exceeds that of any other country, growing like a flat bean, and is exported both to Syria and Ægypt. Most of the trees in the island are evergreen, but it is most famous for the tree called by the natives,

Xylon Effendi (The wood of our Lord), and by naturalists *Lignum Cyprinum*, and *Lignum Rhodium*, because it grows in these two islands; it is called also the rose wood, by reason of its smell; some say it is in other parts of the Levant, and also in the isle of Martinico. It grows like the platanus or plane tree, and bears a seed or mast like that, only the leaf and fruit are rather smaller; the botanists call it the oriental plane tree; the leaves being rubbed have a fine balsamic smell, with an orange flavour; it produces an excellent white turpentine, especially when any incisions are made in the bark. I suppose it is from this that they extract a very fine perfumed oil, which, they say, as well as the wood, has the virtue of fortifying the heart and brain. The common people here cut off the bark and wood together, toast it in the fire, and suck it, which they esteem a specific remedy in a fever, and seem to think it has a miraculous operation. They make here Labdanum or Ladanum of a very small balsamic aromatic shrub called Ladany, and by botanists *Cistus Ladon*, or *Cistus ladanifera*; it is said that the goats feeding on it in the month of May, a juice sticks to their beards, and makes a sort of a cake, which being taken off they purify it, and make the Labdanum. This is in some measure true but that sort requires much labour in order to clean it, and it is never perfectly sweet, so that in Cyprus they use the same method as in the other islands, and make an instrument which they call Staveros, because it is like a cross; it exactly resembles a crossbow, and they tie pieces of yarn to it about three feet long. In the month of May they draw this yarn over the leaves, and the balmy substance sticking to the yarn, they hang it in the sun, and when it is hot draw it off from the yarn. The common people mix it up with sand in order to make it weigh the heavier, which is what the druggists call Labdanum *in tortis*, and in this manner it is commonly sold; but being purified from the sand, it is of the nature of soft beeswax, which is what they call Liquid Labdanum. It is esteemed as a great remedy against many disorders, taken either inwardly or outwardly, and the smoak is good for the eyes, but it is mostly used against the infection of the plague, by carrying it in the hand, and smelling to it. The island produces also cotton and coloquintida and a root called Fuy, which is a sort of madder; it abounds also in vineyards, but the common wine is very bad. The rich Cyprus wine, which is so much esteemed in all parts, is very dear, and produced only about *Limesol*. In some few places indeed they make good red wine.

They plough with their cows, which, as I was informed, they do not milk, looking on it as cruel to milk and work the same beast; but perhaps they may rather have regard to the young that are to be nourished by them. This loss is made up by their goats, which are spotted in a more beautiful manner than any I have ever seen. Indeed a great part of the soil of Cyprus is more fit for goats than for large cattle; they make cheese of their milk, which is famous all over the Levant, and is the only good cheese to be met with in these parts; they are small and thick, much in the shape of the antient weights, and are kept in oil, otherwise when they are new they would breed a worm, and when old soon grow dry. The Turks have such an aversion to swine, that the Christians dare not keep them where they have less power than they have in Cyprus; but from this place the Christians in all parts are supplied with excellent hams, which they cure in a particular manner by salting them, pouring the rich wine on them, and when they have pressed them very dry they hang them up. They have very few horses in Cyprus; they use mules both for burthen and the saddle, of which they have a good breed; the poorer sort of people make use of asses. They have few wild beasts or game, except foxes, hares and wild goats; and among their birds the chief are a very beautiful partridge, which I believe is the same as the red partridge in France, and a beautiful bird called in Italian *Francolino*, and in Greek *Aftokinara*, which

I have mentioned before. There are a surprising number of snakes here, but few of them venomous, except a small kind; a species, which is generally thought to be the asp, supplies the place of the viper, and is said to have the same virtues; it is called kouphi (blind). The largest of them are near two inches thick, and are bigger in proportion than snakes, the head being rather small with regard to their bodies, and it is positively affirmed that they have been known to swallow a hare whole, which, if true, must be understood of a young one; their bite is exceedingly venomous, but it has been cured by medicines, and by the serpent stone. I have been informed that there is an asp in Italy which is not deaf. It is possible the Psalmist might mean this reptile, when he made mention of the deaf adder, which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer. They have an exceedingly large broad spider, somewhat resembling a small crab; the Franks call it the Tarantula, but I believe it is not the same which is found in Apulia. There is here a brown house lizard called a Taranta, and if it walks over any part of the body it causes a very great itching, which continues for some time with much pain. I do not find that they have scorpions, which are so common in Syria; but the locusts when they come, ravage the country in a most terrible manner, destroy whole fields of corn where they alight, and eat the leaves of the mulberry trees, on which their silk depends.

The Cypriotes are the most subtle and artful people in all the Levant, nor have they more veracity than their neighbours, so that their words are not to be depended upon, as they make use of all means that way to deceive. The women are little superior to their ancestors with regard to their virtue; and as they go unveiled, so they expose themselves in a manner that in these parts is looked on as very indecent. They go every Whit Sunday in procession to the sea in remembrance of Venus's coming out of it, which was antiently attended with some other circumstances. They retain here the barbarous custom of the other Eastern nations of treating their wives as servants; they wait on them at table, and never sit down with them, unless in such families as are civilized by much conversation by the Franks; for having been under the Greek emperors, and the Venetians, they have come very much into the European customs. They make use of chairs and tables, and lie on oblong square tables, probably to be more free from the noxious animals in the summer, and from the damps occasioned by the great rains in the winter. They make use of carriages with two wheels drawn by oxen. The common people here dress much in the same manner as they do in the other islands of the Levant; but those who value themselves on being somewhat above the vulgar, dress like the Turks, but wear a red cap turned up with fur, which is the proper Greek dress, and used by those of the islands in whatever parts of the Levant they live.

Cyprus on account of its situation, and the cheapness of all sorts of provisions in the island, is the place where almost all ships touch on their voyages in these parts; and by this way a correspondence is carried on between all the places in the Levant and Christendom. So that furnishing ships with provisions is one of the principal branches of the trade of this island, and they sometimes export corn to Christendom, though it is contrary to their laws. They send their cottons to Holland, England, Venice and Leghorn, and wood to Italy and France. They have a root of an herb called in Arabic Fuah, in Greek Lizare, and in Latin Rubia Tinctorum, which they send to Scanderoon, and by Aleppo to Diarbeck and Persia, with which they dye red, but it serves only for cottons, for which it is also used here; it is called by the English Madder, but it is doubted whether it is the Madder so well known in Holland; they export a red dye for woollen stuffs, which is falsley called by the English Vermilion, though that is known to be made of Cinnabar; whereas this is the produce of the

seed of Alkermes, called by botanists *Ilex coccifer*; there is a small hole in the seed, out of which there comes a very fine powder, called the powder of Alkermes, of which the syrup of Alkermes is made and the seeds afterwards serve for dying, and both are exported to Venice and Marseilles. Coloquintida is cultivated here, and esteemed better than that of Ægypt, which being larger does not dry so well; it grows like the calabash. The seed is sent into England, and to Germany, being much used in the latter for embalming bodies: In Ægypt they fill the shell with milk, and let it stand some time, and take it as an emetic. They prepare a great quantity of yellow, red, and black Turkey leather, which they send to Constantinople; and they export yearly near a hundred thousand pound weight of raw silk, to London and Marseilles; for as it is a hard weighty silk, it is much used in making gold and silver laces, and also for sewing. At *Nicosia* they make fine plain cotton dimities. In a word it is a surprising thing to see Cyprus maintain its own people in such great plenty, and export so many things abroad, when one considers the extent of the island, and that half of it at least is mountainous, and much of it near the sea lies uncultivated by reason of Corsairs, nor is the island well peopled, eighty thousand souls being the most that are computed in it; whereas historians say, that in Trajan's time the Jews massacred here in one day two hundred and forty thousand persons, and since that time they have never permitted any Jews to live in the island; so that when this island was well inhabited and cultivated, the produce of it must have been very great.

Two thirds of the inhabitants are Christians, and there are twelve thousand that pay the tribute as such, exclusive of the women and children. They are mostly Greeks; there are indeed near *Nicosia* some few villages of Maronites, and in the city of *Nicosia* a small number of Armenians, who are very poor, though they have an archbishop, and a convent in the country; the Mahometan men very often marry with the Christian women, and keep the fasts with their wives. Many of them are thought to be not averse to Christianity; nevertheless the Turks are so jealous of the power of the Christians here, that they will not suffer them to buy any black slaves or others that are Mahometans, which former are frequently brought to Ægypt, and sold to the Turks. The Greeks have an archbishop of *Nicosia*, and three bishops of *Larnica*, *Gerines* and *Baffa*; the Greeks are everywhere in possession of their churches, but cannot repair any that are ruined without a licence; they are built in the style of the Syrian churches, but are generally covered with cupolas; they had formerly a custom here, as they have in many other parts, of hanging out flags at the west end of their churches on Sundays and holidays, and I saw some of the stones which had holes in them for that purpose. There are a great number of monasteries in the island; they are to be looked on as religious societies, who go out to labour on the lands that belong to them, with their superior to oversee them; this is their employment all day, and half the night is spent in performing their services. They may be also looked on as places of education, where the youth who labour by day learn to read and chant their offices at night. The lay servants, who are distinguished only by a cap, answer to the brothers in the Roman church; but they never take the vow, and may leave the convent and marry; in these respects the eastern churches pretty much agree. There is no nunnery in Cyprus, and I saw only one of the Greek church throughout all Syria, nunneries being very uncommon in these parts, except among the Maronites of mount Libanon. They take only the vow of chastity and obedience, and every monk generally buys his own clothes, and pays his tribute to the Grand Signor out of his own purse, which chiefly depends on the charity of those who come to the convents, either for devotion, retirement, or diversion. Where a convent is well situated, the Turks often come and stay in it, and put the convent to some expense, and never make any return:

they also serve as inns to which all people resort; but the Christians always leave something at their departure. What a monk is worth when he dies, goes to the bishop of the diocese. The priests here are very ignorant as most of them are in the eastern churches; and though Greek is their mother tongue, they do not so much as understand the antient Greek of the New Testament, tho' the modern Greek differs very little from it; but in Cyprus the Greek is more corrupted than in many other islands, as they have taken some words from the Venetians whilst they were among them; it is notwithstanding a sweet language, but they speak it very fast.

Till within thirty years past Cyprus was governed by a pasha, but now it is under a more inferior officer, called a mosolem. The late Grand Signor gave this island as a dowry to his daughter who was married to the grand Vizier Ibrahim Pasha, and since that time the island has belonged to the grand Vizier. He legally makes of it about seventy five purses a year each purse being about seventy pounds sterling, but then he has only a share of the harach, and of a tax called the nozoul; and I have been informed that the whole island brings in five hundred purses a year. There are also fees for offences, and upon account of any unnatural death; in the latter case the village pays one purse. The original property of all the lands is in the Grand Signor, who sells them to the inhabitants and their male heirs, and in default of male heirs, the lands revert to the Grand Signor, who disposes of them in like manner. The tythe of the land, which doubtless belonged to the church, is granted to two sorts of military bodies; one of them are called zaims, of which there are eighteen chiefs, who have the tythes of the lands of a certain district, and are obliged to send a number of men to the war; the others are called timariotes; under the name of Timars lands are granted all over the Turkish empire on the same condition. There is also a poll tax called the nozoul; it is about six dollars a year paid by all those who are not obliged to go to war; both Christians and Turks, pay a tribute called the harach, which is universal over the Turkish empire. It is from ten to fifteen dollars a head; there is also a small duty of twenty-two timeens or forty-four medeens a-head, which is about three shillings English, paid yearly to the village where every one is born. The salt and customs belong to the janizaries, who are about a thousand, and have generally an aga sent to govern them once a year from Constantinople. The Cypriotes having their lands at so easy a rate, any one would imagine that they must live very happily; but the mosolem is almost continually harassing the Christians, who often leave the island, and go to the coasts of Cilicia, and very frequently return again, out of that natural love which every one has for his own country. Many of them notwithstanding settle in the seaport towns of Syria, which dispeoples the island very much. Cyprus is now divided into sixteen cadelisks, each having its aga or governor, and cadi or minister of justice; they consist of sixteen towns; and it is probable that among them may be found the capitals of the fifteen kingdoms, into which, some say, the island of Cyprus was at first divided. The names of these towns are *Cherkes, Nicosia, Gerines, Morfo, Lefca, Solea, Baffa, Arsinoe, Aitimo, or Afdim, Chrusofou, Limesol, Episcopi, Larnica, Messaria, Famagusta, and Carpass.*

DRUMMOND.

Alexander Drummond, Esquire, His Majesty's Consul at Aleppo, published in London, in folio, in 1754, under the title of *Travels through different cities of Germany, Italy, Greece and several parts of Asia*, a series of familiar letters addressed to his brother and other friends. He started from London May 11, 1744, and reached Larnaca March 6, 1745, leaving Cyprus again on May 15 for Alexandretta and Aleppo. He returned to make a second short tour in the island in April, 1750.

In transcribing from Letters VI., VII., VIII. and XIII. I have excised somewhat freely paragraphs which interrupted the flow of the writer's narrative, and otherwise seemed prolix and dull. Generally indeed his industry is more noteworthy than his taste.

The *piastre* of 1750 may be taken as an eighth of the pound sterling.

We sailed from Tripoli on the fourth of March, in the evening; and though we kept a sharp look-out for the French, against whom our minds were embittered with resentment, we reaped no advantage from our vigilance; and, without having met with any adventure or accident in the passage, we arrived in Salines road on the sixth, before noon, when I went up to the town of Larnica, to dine with Mr Consul Wakeman.

It is by many supposed that this island was a peninsula, joined to Syria, somewhere between Antioch and Alexandretta; and that it was separated from the continent, when the Euxine forced its way through the Thracian Bosphorus, overflowed the Archipelago, and made dreadful havock on the circumjacent coasts.

This, however, is a doubtful fact, which the geographers must settle among themselves: at present, I am sure it is an island; and if ever it was otherwise, it must have been a violent flood indeed, that could sweep away from twenty-five to thirty leagues of land: for the north-east point of Cyprus, nearest to Syria, is at that distance from the continent, and there is an immense depth of water between them.

Upon the west, north, east, and south of this island, are the Mediterranean, Syrian and Ægyptian seas; the length of it is from sixty to seventy leagues, the breadth about eighteen to twenty leagues, at a medium; but, as above one third of the length to the north-east from hence, is no more than a tongue of land, if I may be allowed the expression, the circumference of the whole will not amount to one hundred and sixty leagues, unless the bays are surrounded, for the figure of it is conical.

Though the natives were always remarkably effeminate and lazy, certain it is, they cultivated the island so as to be enriched by its produce: indeed much industry and labour was not required (though water is greatly wanted) for the soil in general is incomparably fertile; not a chalk, as I was formerly made to believe, but an excellent clay, which hardens in summer; yet by the wretched culture which it now receives from the miserable inhabitants, the earth, where any moisture is left, produces everything that is sown; and, though there is not (properly speaking) a river in the whole island, I am fully persuaded, that, if it were in the hands of the English, or Dutch, they would make such advantageous use of the springs, rivulets, and winter rains, that it would in a little time, become the garden of the east, and exhibit beautiful plantations for the shelter of the cattle and ground.

Cyprus, we are told, was for a considerable time divided into nine districts, and governed by as many princes; then it fell under the Egyptian yoke, and continued subject to the sovereigns of that country, until Publius Clodius, famous for his amour with Caesar's wife, as well as for his enmity to Cicero, and his profligate life, conceived a grudge against

Ptolomey, for having refused to pay his ransom to a pyrate, by whom he had been taken. In consequence of his resentment, while he was a tribune, he moved the senate for a decree, declaring Cyprus a Roman province. They did not at all doubt of their being able to reduce an island, the inhabitants of which were enfeebled by luxury and immersed in pleasure; and they well knew, that could they once obtain possession of it, Ptolomey would neither be able, nor would he attempt to wrest it out of their hands. They therefore, without ceremony, sent Marcus Cato to take possession of it; and he, by stripping individuals of their superfluities, sent immense treasures to Rome.

After the division of the empire, it naturally became subject to the eastern emperor, and so continued until the end of the twelfth century, when Richard the first of England, in his expedition to the Holy Land, deprived Isaac Comnenus of the crown, for his want of hospitality to those sanctified warriors, and gave it to the knights Templars, who afterwards sold it to Guy de Lusignan, when he lost his kingdom of Jerusalem: after his death, it passed through a variety of masters, until it was inherited by Charlotta, whose bastard-brother James dethroned her and her husband Lewis of Savoy, usurped the throne, and married Catherine a Venetian lady, of the Cornara family. He died soon after his marriage, and left the kingdom to her, although she was then pregnant. Some historians affirm that he was poisoned; and that his posthumous son met with the same fate, from the barbarous politics of the queen's brother, George Cornara, who prevailed upon her to resign the Sovereignty in favour of the republic of Venice. After this resignation, which took place about the latter end of the fifteenth century, she lived retired in a country house not far from the city, upon a very moderate income.

If the Venetians obtained this island by such horrid crimes, they shamefully lost it by the negligence, jealousy, and cursed pride of those to whom the preservation of it was intrusted; especially of Dandoli; who had assumed the supreme command; and Count Rocas, who was a brave but empty madman.

About the year 1570, the Turks made themselves masters of all Cyprus, except Famagosta, which did not surrender until the year following; when the infidels committed unheard-of barbarities. Twenty thousand were butchered in Nicosia, after the town was taken; the old of both sexes, with the ugly women and children unfit for service, were built up within one funeral pile, in the market-place, and there burned alive: an action which, in horror, transcends anything I have seen upon record. All the rest were loaded with chains, about five and twenty thousand were carried off the island and sold to slavery, and two of the largest vessels were filled with jewels, plate and furniture of prodigious value.

On board of one of these ships Mustapha Pasha, who commanded in chief, put the noblesse and most beautiful of the women, to grace his own triumph, and to enrich the seraglio of his Sovereign: but one of the ladies, having procured a lighted match, crept down into the powder-room, and blew up the ship: the fire was immediately communicated to the other vessel: so that both were instantly destroyed, with every person and thing which they contained, except two or three individuals, who escaped with their lives. I shall give you another instance, from which you may judge what dependence is to be placed upon Turkish faith or humanity.

Famagosta was gloriously defended by Bragadino and Baglione, who inspired not only the soldiers, but all the inhabitants, and even the women, with so much heroism, that whatever their leaders could contrive or command, the others had intrepidity enough to execute; together with a resolution to bear up against all extremities, even such as are almost incredible.

Before they surrendered, there was neither cow, horse, mule, ass, dog, cat, or even mouse within their walls; while the small succours, sent from Venice, loitered four months in Crete, at a time when they knew their fellow-citizens, whose name will never die so long as the records of honour survive, were suffering all imaginable calamities, and struggling with inexpressible difficulties, which they only could have rendered surmountable; for what might not have been expected from the valour of such defenders, had they been seasonably supplied with provisions, arms, ammunition and a proper reinforcement of the garrison?

Being at length reduced with famine and fatigue to such a degree that they could scarce stagger under the weight of their arms, they were fain to capitulate on these conditions: that the inhabitants should not be plundered, and that they should have liberty to worship God in their own way; that the garrison should march out with all the military honours, and be supplied with proper vessels to transport them to Crete.

Everything being ready for their departure, Mustapha sent for Bragadino, who went to wait upon him with Baglione, accompanied by several officers of the first distinction, and such a number of guards as were proper to attend a general upon such an occasion. They were at first treated with great ceremony; and just as they were going away, Mustapha asked for the prisoners. Bragadino, being surprised at this demand, answered, that he never had any from the beginning of the siege: "What! (cried the barbarian) have you murdered the faithful?" So saying, he ordered the whole company, Bragadino excepted, to immediate and excruciating death: the general he reserved, in order to lengthen out and diversify his tortures; which he bore with the most exalted heroism. His nose and ears being cut off, he was rolled together like a ball, and crammed into a hole, scarce wide enough to hold him in that painful attitude; then he was taken out that he might not expire too soon, and forced to kiss the ground upon which the ruffian Pasha trod: they afterwards tied him naked to the yard's arm of one of their gallies, that he might be exposed to the scoffs and ridicule of the spectators; and at last when they found that he could not live much longer, he was hung up by one heel and flead alive. During the whole progress of these torments, he was never once seen to shrink: a circumstance which stung the brutal mussulman to the soul. His skin was salted, stuffed, dried, and placed in the arsenal at Constantinople: but the family of this more than mortal man, whose name will ever be revered by all lovers of gallantry and virtue, had the address to convey it from thence; and I am told it is now in their possession. Cyprus is ruled by a mussalem, or governor, who is also a muhasil, or collector of the grand Signior's revenues, and resides at Nicosia, which is the capital of the island, and stands in a pretty central situation. This city, where all the ultimate courts of judicature are held, together with five sea-port towns, where the trade is carried on, constitutes, in effect, all the considerable places in Cyprus.

These are Larnaca, called, by way of eminence, Cyprus with its port of Salines, Famagosta, Chirinia, Lemissol, and Baffo; the other towns, though, perhaps they give names to different districts, are of no note or consequence; indeed there is more business transacted at Larnaca, where I reside, than in all the others I have mentioned.

The names given to these places, by the Greek inhabitants, I shall for the sake of pronunciation write in the Greek Characters, and are Λευκωσια, Λαρινηχα, Αλιχες, Φαμογονοσα, Χερνινια, Νεμεσον, and Παφον. Famagusta, Salines and this town of Larnaca, which is generally called *Κυπρο* by the Turks and Greeks, and Cyprus by the Europeans, are the only places of the island which I have yet seen; and, from all I can learn, I believe I shall not stretch my curiosity much further: for nothing curious or amusing is to be seen, and their method of travelling is not at all inviting. When I went to Famagosta, formerly Salamis, afterwards

Constantia, at least the situations seemed to agree, I rode upon a mule furnished with a ragged patched packsaddle, so baggy that I straggled like a beggar upon a woolpack; in lieu of a whip, I was provided with a sharp pointed stick about a foot long, with which I was directed to prick the lazy animal's shoulders, when I wanted to quicken his pace; spurs would have been as useless as a whip, for my legs were so expanded, that I could not bring one heel within half a yard of the creature's side. All these circumstances rendered my feet so uneasy, that I was obliged to shift five hundred ways before I finished my journey; which though no more than twenty four miles fatigued me as much as ever I was by riding above one hundred miles a day. As the Turks permit no Christian to ride into the town, I was obliged to dismount and walk along the bridge. This was no inpolitic precaution with regard to me, who by the splendor of my equipage, might have made the conquest of some peeping Sultana.

We enter the town by a stone-bridge and a draw-bridge laid across a broad and deep fossée; the last is covered with the skull-caps of those who were slain in the siege, and the other is partly paved with grenado-shells. The fortifications have been pretty strong for those times in which military-architecture was not brought to perfection; but the chief strength of the place consisted in the intrepidity, valour and fortitude of those who defended it. The whole is now in very bad order, and all the fine brass cannon are carried off, except a few, of which not above six or eight are mounted.

In the year 1735, the town was greatly damaged by an earthquake: the Cathedral church of Sancta Sophia, which had been converted into a mosque, fell in and buried in its ruins above two hundred Turks who were at worship when the shock happened. By what remains of this church, St George, and some others, I can perceive they were built in the worst Gothic taste; the very stones are so bad that almost every one is blown or mouldered by the weather. It is the more surprising that these materials are used, as there are many rocks of marble in the neighbourhood: perhaps this choice was owing to the frugality of the people, though that is very little consulted in a religious building, upon which a great deal of work is proposed to be bestowed.

Over the gate of the governor's palace, which has been great but not noble, are the arms of Venice, with an inscription which I could not read, because it was overgrown with shrubs and moss; and these the Turks would not suffer to be cleared away, for they are jealous of they know not what; this, however, was no great disappointment: for, by the few words which I could trace, the purport of it was to signify at what time, and by whom the palace was built. I likewise saw another inscription in Gothic characters upon St Sophia, but it was at such a distance that I could not distinguish the letters. In the front of this church, upon the right, are two granite pillars, detached from it, with capitals and bases of white marble; and between them stands a sarcophagus, adorned with festoons, but altogether uninscribed; which is a very extraordinary circumstance. Why should such expence be laid out on a burying place, when nobody knows to whom it belongs? The gateway that leads to the harbour is under a bastion, over the gate is S. Mark, or the winged Venetian lion, inscribed Nicolao Priolo Prefecto, MCCCCLXXXVI. It served for a guardroom, and is finely vaulted in form of a cupola. The harbour is good and safe by nature, for no art has been bestowed upon it; from hence into the town there has been a floodgate, through which they occasionally hauled their gallies into a dock behind the walls, that they might be secure from the efforts of the enemy.

From the inlet of the fossé at one end of the town to the angle of a bastion at the other a ridge of rocks stretches around, and forms a kind of oval bason, that may be about a mile

one way, and the eighth part of a mile the other; it has no entry but one, which is from forty to fifty feet wide, between the rocks and the angle of a bastion, and across this channel is a chain.

As this is all I have to say about Famagosta, you will readily own it was not worth the fatigue I underwent in going to see it; and as I am well informed, there is not the least vestige of antiquity in the island, in all probability I shall not make many excursions: though I would willingly see Paphos, on account of the character it bore in former times.

Larnica is pleasantly situated at the distance of a little mile from a spacious bay, and very likely occupied part of the same ground upon which the ancient Citium stood: be that as it will, there is not one object in it, at present, worth seeing; all the houses here as well as in other places of the island, are built of mud cut into the shape of large bricks and dried in the sun; these are neat enough. They never build higher than one floor, in order to avoid some part of the dreadful effects of earthquakes, and these houses last longer than one could imagine, though the architects, joiners and carpenters are the most bungling artificers that ever were seen. It is equally astonishing and lamentable to see the ignorance that prevails in those countries, where arts and sciences once flourished to such perfection; and from whence the seeds of learning were scattered through the European world. I believe I may venture to affirm that there is not one ingenious artist, or one person who can be deemed a man of learning, in the whole Ottoman Empire.

Here the Greeks have three mean churches, as generally all their places of worship are. One convent belongs to the Franciscans, and another to the Capuchins of Terra Santa, but neither of them is worth notice.

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At the distance of a short mile from hence is the port of Salines, where the Turks have a despicable garrison. This port probably derives both the Greek and modern name from a very extensive lake, or rather a cluster of lakes in its neighbourhood, where an immense quantity of salt was annually made, before and after the Venetians were in possession of the island. So sensible were they of the value of this commodity that notwithstanding the vast extent of the lake, they or their predecessors surrounded it with a stone or mud wall, the remains of which are still to be seen in some few places. And well they might bestow such pains upon it; for according to accounts of the best authority, it yielded 1,000,000 Piastres, amounting to about £125,000 per annum; whereas now it is farmed at the yearly rental of 1600 P. or about £200. You will think it very strange that there should be such a prodigious difference between its former and present produce; and indeed it can be accounted for no other way but from the innate indolence and laziness of the people, the insecurity of the property, and the supine negligence of the ministers of the Porte, whose whole care is employed in keeping their wives from the eyes of other men, and in extorting money in the most oppressive manner from those who groan under their despotic sway. No care is taken to prevent the salt being trod upon by man and beast, when it begins to cake, or even when it is fully crystallized, so that it is mixed with dirt and clay, which renders a great part of it unfit for use. Probably the Venetians who had vast territories in these seas, and were a very frugal polite people, obliged all their subjects to take their salt from this magazine of nature; whereas the stupid Turks know not how to make a reasonable advantage of the bounteous gifts of heaven; for other places are now otherwise supplied.

With regard to this lake, various are the opinions of the learned. Some confidently affirm that the salt is produced from the rain water which centers here in the winter; and that the exhalations are so sudden, continued, and excessive in summer, during which there

is not one shower, that all the saline particles are left in the cake or crust which we see. But I am not at all satisfied with this theory. Rain water cannot be supposed to be impregnated with such a proportion of salt; and I once observed that the water of the lake had risen since my last visit, although no rain had fallen during that interval. Others imagine there is a subterranean conduit, or communication with the sea: this hypothesis, however, seems to be contradicted by the simplest hydrostatical principle; for if this was the case the lake or bason would, in spite of the exhalation, be kept as full and high as the surface of the Egyptian sea. It would therefore be more reasonable to suppose that the banks of the sea in this place are of such a porous quality as gently to imbibe the salt water, which may penetrate into the bason; the water of which, at its greatest height in winter, being nearly equal to the surface of the sea, this water may be distilled through these pores so slowly as not to supply the effect of the exhalation when the rays of the sun are most intense, so that what remains grows more and more salt. The difference of height in the water in the lake may be owing to clouds or a thickness in the medium, which impede the operation of the sun. The rain water which falls after the middle of March may wash down from the surrounding lands those saline particles which have been left by the sea water which overflowed it in the winter. Nay, I have reason to believe the earth itself is impregnated with that mineral, the efflorescences of which appear in this spot, as well as in a great many other places. After all, this lake may be formed by a vast collection of salt springs, like those that are found in Cheshire, and other parts of England.

A little further than this salt lake is a mosque called *Hala Sultan Tekiye*, whither the Moslem repair with great devotion, to offer up their prayers at the grave of Mohammad's grandmother, who, they believe, is here interred: though in what manner the good old lady was transported hither from Arabia, I have not yet been able to learn. Nor are the Greeks destitute of such another pious imposture. At Salines is a church dedicated to S. Lazarus, who was raised from the dead by our Saviour, and afterwards interred in this place. The architecture is such as I never saw before; and now they can only show the precious hole in which his body was deposited.

This island abounds with a variety of noxious creatures. Tarantulas and serpents are common: of the last species the most deadly is the asp, the venom of which is said to be so deadly as to kill in less than an hour if the part is not instantly cut out: in order to frighten away these, and other kinds of poisonous reptiles, the reapers, who are obliged to wear boots, always fix bells to their sickles. One serpent I saw in the fields was about two yards in length, of a blackish hue, with a sort of coronet upon its head, which it carried in a majestic manner, above a foot high, as it waved along. Locusts, which I have seen in incredible swarms, are so prejudicial to the farmers, as to destroy one third of the grain. I am now employed in making a collection of these exotic animals: but I am afraid I shall not be able to oblige my friends with any extraordinary trees, shrubs, plants, or flowers; for though I have made diligent enquiry I can hear of none worth preserving.

My female friends will undoubtedly expect that I should say something of the modern Cyprian ladies, as the ancient dames of this island were so remarkably distinguished. I shall only observe that even the Franc, or European, ladies dress in the Grecian mode, which is wantonly superb, though, in my opinion, not so agreeable as our own. Yet the ornaments of the head are graceful and noble; and when I have seen some pretty women of condition sitting upon a divan, this part of their dress hath struck my imagination with the ideas of Helen, Andromache, and other beauties of antiquity, inspiring me with a distant awe, while the rest of their attire invited me to a nearer approach.

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I have already told you that this island is governed by a person who is both *Mussellim* and *Muhassil*, that is governor and collector of the revenue for the Grand Signor, though formerly it constituted part of the *Valide Sultan's* jointure, and, with other places appropriated for that purpose, enjoyed great privileges. Then Cyprus was ruled by a viceroy, or what they call a Pasha, until the late Sultan Ahmed III., who was deposed, bestowed it as a jointure upon his daughter, who was the widow of the Vazir Ibrahim Pasha. At present it forms part of the revenue of the prime Vazir, as first minister, and is farmed to the governor for 310,000 piastres, amounting (with the \pounds st. at 8 piastres) to about $\text{\pounds}38,750$, besides presents of considerable value, which he must give to different people in different ways.

The government is annual, so you may well imagine how the wretched people are fleeced. Muhassil Mustafa Bey, according to the best information I could obtain, has this last year extorted as much as will pay his rent, indemnify him for the presents he made, defray the expence of travelling and living, and put in his pocket 500 purses, or $\text{\pounds}31,250$, exclusive of innumerable things of value, with which his favour has been courted.

This method of raising money is called *Mangiare i danari*, that is, to eat, or rather to devour, the coin: and indeed every Turkish officer, from the highest to the lowest degree, resembles a creature in Poland of the hog kind, called in the German language *Vielfrass* or the glutton (*Gulo borealis*) which gormandizes in a voracious manner as long as it can find food, and then getting between two stones squeezes itself so as to disgorge what it had swallowed, that it may have the pleasure of eating it again: with this difference, however, that the squeezing of the *Vielfrass* is voluntary, whereas that of the Turkish governor is compulsive, and performed by the Grand Vazir, who in a moment transfers the burthen to his own maw.

Of the 310,000 piastres for which the whole of this island is farmed 160,000 are paid for the land rent, and 150,000 for the *Kharaj* or capitary tribute.

The number of Turks in the Island of Cyprus may amount to 150,000, and that of the Christians to 50,000: I mean Greeks who are subject to the Grand Signor; for as to the Europeans, who live in Larnica or Salines, and nowhere else, they do not amount to 100. The greater part of the inhabitants live in Nicosia, Larnica, Famagosta, Carpasso, Baffo, Cerigna, Lemisol, and Salines, but I cannot learn the particular number inhabiting each of these places: for they do not know how to make any tolerable exact estimate, nor do they give themselves any trouble about the matter. In the villages there are about 4,000 Turks, who pay contribution, and of the Greek subjects about 12,000. So that these last constitute by far the greatest part of the labourers in this country.

I told you the salt pits are let for 1,600 piastres, though sometimes they fetch 2000, for they are annually put up to sale by the *defterdar* or high treasurer. The money thus raised contributes to the subsistence, or rather, is a perquisite of the janisaries: and the farmers, after paying their rent and charges, may pocket 500 or 1000 piastres, according to the accidents that raise or lower the price of salt. The annual produce must be sold within the year, or never afterwards, unless the annual consumption should exceed the produce—a case that is not likely to happen.

The impositions upon the island are such as you never heard of, namely, the *Kharaj* or poll tax, divided into three classes: the first called *'ala* or great, amounting to 11 piastres, raises $\text{\pounds}38,750$: the second, *vassat* or middle, brings in $\text{\pounds}20,000$; and third, called *edna* or little, produces $\text{\pounds}18,750$. Then there is the *maishet*, or expence of supporting the governor, for which every man pays $5\frac{1}{2}$ piastres; and *nuzul*, according to their condition or station in life. This tax, by agreement, is generally at $7\frac{1}{2}$ p. a man. Those who are rich, of the first

class, pay annually of taxes 24 p. each : people of the second class pay 18 p. and persons of the third rank are taxed at 16 p. besides the other taxes they are obliged to pay for the furniture of the palace or *Serai*, 3 p. For a murder a man pays yearly from one to two piastres ; and in like proportion for other crimes, though the pardon is previously purchased with a round sum. All these articles included a rich man pays for his person about 60 p., one of a middling fortune is not quit for less than 40, from a person of the third class they raise 30 : even the poorest sort are mercifully dealt with if they are not bastinadoed for not paying that which they are not able to raise : and these taxes are exacted from all persons between the age of 15 and 70, that is from all who are capable of labour.

The method of levying these impositions is very strange : no time is fixed for payment, but when the officer empowered shall make his demand, if the unhappy man cannot produce the money, he must undergo imprisonment, the bastinado, or some other torture : if he is possessed of any effects, houses, lands, cattle or other moveables, they are instantly sold at an undervalue, to satisfy those cormorants, who set his wife and children adrift, without remorse or compunction ; nay, they even make a sport of their misery.

* * *

The officers civil and military, who reside in our capital of Nicosia, where the Muselim keeps his Court, are :

The Mufti, supreme judge or Mohammadan patriarch, by whose decision every difficulty or doubt in the law is removed or determined.

The Molla, who is judge ordinary, and sub-governor of the city.

The Naqibu 'l Eshraf, who is chief of the race of Mohammad in the island : a clan who enjoy the honourable distinction of wearing green turbans.

The Muselim's court is composed of a Kiaya, who is his deputy, lieutenant and private secretary.

Divan efendi, high chancellor and secretary of state.

Khaznadar, high treasurer.

Muhurdar, keeper of the seals.

Ich-aghaher, grooms of the bedchamber and pages of honour, who are always near his person.

Imam, chaplain in ordinary.

Embrakhor, master of the horse.

Vekil-Kharj, master of the household.

Qahveji, coffee maker.

Sherbetji, confectioner and sherbet maker.

Bukhurdanji, perfumer, and he who carries the perfume of the wood of aloes.

Bash Chawush, keeper of the prisoners.

Alay Chawush, buffoons, who carry batons tipped with silver, and play a thousand monkey-tricks, fitter for the entertainment of children than of sensible men.

Mu'avinler, officers of an inferior rank, who have no particular department but are fit for many purposes.

The military officers are :

Defterdar, grand treasurer of the army, or paymaster general and high chamberlain.

Alay Bey, general of the horse.

Zaim, captains, or rather officers of horse, for their degrees are such as cannot be distinguished or understood by our designations and commands : they are 32 in number, and, in lieu of pay, rent villages, according to their several degrees of favour or promotion.

Sipahi, horsemen, to the number of 3,000, who are paid from the tythes of the grain, and other produce of the island; but they purchase their sipahiliqs or lands from the Muhassil, and these lands are for life.

Yenicheri Aghasi, lieutenant general of the Janizaries or foot soldiers.

Qolkiayasi, lieutenants of the foot soldiers.

Chorbaji, captains of foot, to the number of 18, who are paid out of the villages.

Yenicheri, infantry, to the number of 1,000, who have no clothing or regular pay, but subsist upon the produce of certain villages assigned to them, the rents of the customs, the salt lakes &c.

Sirdar, high marshal.

Disdar or Qale Aghasi, governor of the castle.

The kingdom of Cyprus, ever since its subjection to the Turks, has been divided into sixteen districts, which derive their names from the most considerable towns or villages in the respective divisions:—Such as Larnica, Limesol, Piscopi, Ghilan, Afdimo, Cuculia, Crusocka, Baffo, Lefka, Morfu, and Penloia, Cerigna, Famagosta, Messaria, Citrea, Orini, and Carpasso. Anybody will at once perceive that these are not the names used by the ancient Grecians, but rather formed by the modern Greeks upon the Italian: but as I have neither ancient geographer or chart, I cannot favour you with the old names; for such is the ignorance of every living creature in the island, that they have never heard of Amathus or Urania, or indeed of any circumstance of antiquity: even a bishop scarce knows any other book than his Bible and Ritual, which perhaps he can read, though without understanding more of them than does the mule he rides.

None of these towns and districts have any other officers or magistrates than a Qazi, or judge ordinary, excepting Larnica, Famagosta, Cerigna, and Baffo, which are provided with an Alai Bey, or general of horse; Sirdar, or Marshal; Disdar, governor of the castle; Dideban, governor of the islands, Vice-inspector, and a Gumrukji, or customer. When any cause of importance falls under the inspection of the Qazi, he gives an *'ilam* or report upon it to the Musalim, who after having considered the circumstances passes a decree; but both the report and decree depend on the offering, and not upon the merits of the cause. No lawyer is retained, no time fixed for hearing and determining suits, and no place set apart for a Court of justice. The divan of the Qazi's house is the bench, and every man is his own attorney.

In this kingdom is one archbishop with three suffragans; he resides at Nicosia, and his see is composed of the districts of Famagosta, Messaria, Citria, Orini, and Carpasso. The bishop of Baffo lives in the town of that name, which together with Piscopo, Afdimo, Cuculia, and Crusocka or Crisofu, is in his diocese. The bishop of Chitty is sometimes in Larnica, sometimes in Limesol, which two places and Ghilan are in his bishopric. The bishop of Cerigna lives in that town, his see comprehending besides Lefka, Morfu and Penloia.

Our bishop joins me in the opinion that Chitty is really the ancient Citium, or very near the place where that city stood; it appears to have been very extensive by the old foundations that are daily dug up all round. In ranging about I found two or three places from whence they dug stones, and as they were below ground my curiosity induced me to peep into them. There I found well squared stones of a prodigious size neatly laid in good cement: the stupid labourers prop the roofs with pillars while they undermine the building; whereas, with the hundredth part of the time, toil and expence, they might have accomplished their aim by uncovering the whole, and clearing away six or eight feet of earth and rubbish. The wall I traced a considerable way and found it of great breadth; though the labourers had wrought in such an irregular manner that I could not measure it: from general appearances however I am

convinced it has been of great strength, and very probable the foundation of the walls of that city: for we read of none of any consequence in that neighbourhood: and it is at a very little distance from that point of land which now bears the name of Chitty.

The revenue of the archbishop, communibus annis, may amount to 10,000 piastres, which are levied from the towns and villages, in wheat, barley, cotton, and other fruits of the earth; though not by the manner of tythes, but by a certain rate fixed to certain lands; and the other bishops draw their revenues from their own sees. That of Baffo is worth from 1500 to 2000 p., amounting to £250. Larnica, or Chitty, from 3000 to 4000, equal to £500; and Cerigna is equal to Baffo. Their value fluctuates in this manner, because nothing is paid for the lands which are uncultivated; and this is frequently the case, owing to the rapine of a governor, or the extortion of a man in power; for when an unhappy peasant is plundered of his all, how can he labour his ground? Nay, those savages often reap what he hath sown with the sweat of his brow.

These stipends are very considerable in a country where living is so cheap, and so many fasts observed; yet all the bishops have other expedients for making sums of money: they move from place to place as traders, without bestowing the least attention upon their charge; and frequently the archbishop raises general contributions, under the deceitful veil of employing them in pious uses, or paying some extraordinary *avanie*, or special assessment of the Turks. For example, in the year 1743, the archbishop for the time being with the countenance of the Musellim, who shared in the robbery, levied from the poor people no less than 40,000 piastres: but they complained so effectually to the Porte, corroborating their complaints with bribery, that he was stripped of his archiepiscopal robes, dignity and emoluments. Indeed, there is no difficulty in obtaining this kind of satisfaction, for nothing is more agreeable to those corrupt ministers than complaints, because both plaintiffs and defendants enforce their arguments with presents, which must be renewed every hearing: and if the plaintiff gains his point so far as to make an empty saddle, the whole profit accrues to these ministers, who not only sell the vacant place to the best bidder, but afterwards share in the plunder of the new purchaser.

The benefices are in the gift of the bishops, who severally receive from each incumbent 100 piastres, when he is invested with his charge: the bishop likewise raises from every church in the towns within his own diocese, 100 p. annually. He exacts from 10 to 15 p. from every priest he ordains, and 1½ p. for every marriage: but the poor priests subsist almost entirely upon the charity of the parishes to which they belong; this, even in Larnica, never amounts to more than 40 or 50 p. so that they are obliged to follow the meanest occupations for bread; yet great numbers are brought up at the altar, that they may be exempted from the weight of Turkish taxes; which, as lay men, they would not be able to bear. This being the case, the ignorance of the clergy is not to be wondered at: the very bishops are so ignorant as to believe that religion consists only in forms, ceremonies, observation of holidays, abstinence from flesh and fasting: in all which they are exceeded by the Armenian church.

The bishops are elected by the general suffrages of the people of the particular dioceses; and as for the archbishop, he is chosen by a majority of the suffrages taken by the bishop of each diocese; but he must be approved and sanctioned by the patent of the Grand Signor, who likewise reserves the power of deposition to himself; neither the archbishop, bishops or caloyers of the order of S. Basil are allowed to marry or eat meat; though behind the curtain, they indulge all their appetites like true voluptuaries: the other priests may marry, but should they become widowers they must never again receive the matrimonial yoke.

The trade and produce of this island do not amount to the tenth part of what they might yield were they in the hands of industrious people, governed by just and equitable laws, and the property so secured as that their children should enjoy the fruits of their ingenuity and labour.

I intended to give you a particular account of the import and export of the island, at a medium of three years, with a view of the yearly produce, and for this purpose made application to some of the custom-house people, who could not afford me the satisfaction I desired: however, I have reason to think that what follows is pretty exact; because it comes from those who have the best opportunity of knowing every particular. And indeed it is scarce worth while to know more than that the island annually produces from 30,000 to 40,000 okes of silk, amounting to about 110,000 lbs. English weight, each oke weighing about $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. 3,000 quintals of cotton, of 180 okes each, which we shall call 750 tons; and about 500 quintals, or 125 tons of sheep's wool: about double the quantity of the dying drug which they call *alizari*, and we term madder, unmanufactured: of the brown fossil, called by us umber, and by them *petra tou Troullous*, which is used as a ground paint, there is an inexhaustible store in the mountains, and about 500 tons may be yearly exported: of the carob bean or *Keratia*, 500 quintals or 125 tons are exported to Damietta and Alexandria, whence it is carried to Grand Cairo, and almost every part of Egypt. All the other merchandizes go to different parts of Europe; viz. Britain, France, Holland and Venice; what goes to other places is inconsiderable. They likewise export wine to the amount of 365,000 *couzai*, or 973,333 gallons, a *couza* being equal to $2\frac{5}{8}$ gallons: the greater part of this article is carried to Venice, for the wines of the countries around that city are very bad, and this can be brewed to advantage.

The whole of the wine harvest or vintage may be reckoned at 800,000 *couzai*, or 2,131,131 gallons, equal to 33,862 hogsheads; as the worst vintage, barring accidents, yields about 750,000 *couzai*, and the best never produces more than 900,000; so that making the computation at one fourth of a piastre per *couza* to the farmer-proprietor, the value of the vintage will amount to P. 200,000, or £25,000 per annum: yet, properly speaking, it yields a great deal more to the island, because the longer the wine is kept upon the gross lees the more valuable it becomes; inasmuch that, although I fix it at the rate of P. $\frac{1}{4}$ per *couza*, yet immense quantities are sold for double that price, and even for P. 3 per *couza*.

The inhabitants moreover export considerable quantities of hams, bacon, goat-milk cheese, biscuits, vermicelli, macaroni &c. which it is impossible to ascertain.

Estimate of the export from Cyprus.

865,000 <i>couzai</i>	of wine	at P.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ per <i>couza</i>	P. 547,500
40,000 okes	„ silk	„ „	7 „ oke	„ 280,000
3,000 quintals	„ cotton	„ „	25 „ quintal	„ 225,030
1,000 „	„ madder	„ „	50 „ „	„ 50,000
500 „	„ sheep's wool	„ „	23 „ „	„ 11,500
500 „	„ carobs	„ „	$2\frac{1}{2}$ „ „	„ 1,250
500 tons	„ Terra umbra	„ „	1 „ ton	„ 500
£139,468. 15. 0.				P. 1,115,750

By the laws all goods ought to pay an import of 3 per centum ad valorem, when imported or exported: so that the duties of the above mentioned commodities should amount to P. 33,372; yet I am well informed that the whole of the customs, free of the charges of

management (which are very small) seldom exceeds P. 16,000 or £2,000: but this is not the only duty levied on these goods, for silk pays at the garden P. $\frac{1}{4}$ per oke, cotton P. $1\frac{3}{4}$ per quintal, and the rest in proportion.

The import consists in broad-cloth, by far the greatest part of which is from France, and some from a new manufactory at Venice; a few bales come from Great Britain, but none, as yet, from Holland; in watches, toys of every kind, cutlery ware, pepper, tin, lead, sugar, all sorts of silk manufactures, and other things of less consequence; but there is no great quantity of any article consumed; for the inhabitants are kept so wretchedly poor, that they cannot indulge their taste for luxury and extravagance, yet they are lazy to an unfortunate degree, and the time which should be employed to some rational purpose, for the benefit of their families, or the common weal, is spent in childish diversions, or in hatching villainous schemes.

They have indeed some manufactures in the island, and do not want capacity, were they willing to be rightly instructed. Of cotton dimities, with a little silk, they make about 10,000 pieces, of ten piks each, the pik being equal to 27 inches: of *qutuni* and *bassma*, coarse kinds of cotton-satin, about 15,000 pieces: of *bitani*, or broad cotton cloth, about 1,000 pieces: of coarse silk handkerchiefs very bad, 20,000 pieces: of skimity, which is a kind of cotton-linen, about 40,000 pieces; and of a thin coarse, cotton shirting a great quantity, though I do not know precisely what.

Estimate of the manufactures in Cyprus, part of which is exported.

40,000	pieces of skimity	at P.	$3\frac{1}{2}$	per piece	P.	140,000
20,000	„ „ coverlets for beds	„ „	$12\frac{1}{2}$	„ „	„	250,000
20,000	„ „ handkerchiefs	„ „	6	„ „	„	120,000
15,000	„ „ qutuni & bassma	„ „	$4\frac{1}{2}$	„ „	„	67,500
10,000	„ „ dimity	„ „	2	„ „	„	20,000
1,000	„ „ bitani	„ „	4	„ „	„	4,000
						£75,187. 10. 0. P. 601,500

exclusive of the shirting.

This country (as I am told) produces a great many medicinal herbs, together with a variety of fossils; but I am so ignorant of these matters that I scarce know under what species to class the asbestos, of which there is a great quantity near Paphos. This extraordinary production of the earth in some places lies in one continued stratum, and sometimes is found here and there in little detached beds, yet nevertheless it is dear. Here likewise is found vermilion of three different kinds.

[Here follows a pre-scientific and wordy description of the Tarantula, called in Cyprus *ρόβα* (ρώγα, ρώξ, ράξ.) της κούφης, which the author believes to be the true *φαλάγγιον*, a poisonous spider with eight legs composed of three joints each. Of the effects of its bite he has nothing to tell of his own observation, but adds “This I will venture to say, with great confidence, that if any kind of mortal stupor attends the bite of the tarantula, the Cypriots have not yet hit upon the melodious knack of expelling it, though there is not a more wanton fiddling set of mortals upon the face of the earth.”]

In the beginning of September I accompanied Mr Consul Wakeman, and Mr Boddington to Mount Croce, which is a pretty high hill, at the distance of about four hours and a quarter, or seventeen miles from Larnica, and so remarkable as to be an excellent land-mark for sea-faring people: for this very reason, it must have had some name from the ancients, though now it is not known.

Upon the summit stands a church dedicated to the Holy Cross, and sanctified by what they imagine part of the wood upon which our Saviour suffered, fixed in a large cross upon the left of the Altar. This piece of wood was given to a papa of the Greek Church, by St Helena, mother of Constantine the great, with liberty to build a church where it now appears.

She likewise endowed it with certain lands, which, at present, maintain thirty persons, who serve at, or about the Altar; five of them being in priest's orders. The church is very small, and built in the mean manner of the modern Greeks; and the painting is so monstrous, that it would even disgrace a paltry alehouse in our country.

About three miles from this odd fabric, is another chapel and convent, upon the same consecrated lands: here we dined, and our horses were taken care of by the reverend father, who is at once farmer, innkeeper, and priest.

The Consul and Mr Boddington, who are extremely obliging, undertook this journey in a good measure for my satisfaction; for though all around the country is quite parched, without a drop of water, except what is drawn from pits, and that is always brackish, I was struck with the appearance of the place, which, at a distance, resembled our highlands, and seemed to promise a variety of delightful prospects. I was, however, greatly disappointed; though some few pleasant bottoms occurred to our view, and appeared the more agreeable as they relieved the eye from the sight of barren wastes, and introduced a succession of objects. A parcel of low pitch firs are scattered up and down the mountains, though none of the size of timber; while the plains produce some olives, and a good many aromatic herbs.

We ranged over many bare hills, and crossed a number of dry channels; so that during the whole excursion, I did not see one pile of grass, or one drop of running-water, except from one sickly, and almost expiring spring. What Briton, of a moderate fortune, would live in such a disagreeable country; where though the necessaries of life are abundant, and the prices reasonable enough, there is nothing animate or inanimate to entertain your mind, delight your eye, or amuse your imagination! The men are worse than beasts, the women more ugly than fancy can conceive human females to be, especially in an island which was once the seat of beauty and of love; and not the least vestige remains of antiquity, or even of those remarkable objects which the Venetians might be expected to have left upon the island. As for the climate, you may judge of it from the thermometrical table which I shall continue until the year is completed, and send over as opportunities may occur.

Although I have already trespassed upon your patience, by this dull letter, I can not help (now that I am talking of the climate) communicating some fresh particulars about the Salines, or inland salt-lakes; though, I am afraid, I have already been too impertinent and prolix upon the subject.

Having often viewed the water in its progression to salt, together with the manner of gathering it, and considered every circumstance with all the attention I am able to bestow, I see no reason for changing my former opinion; but shall add, that the wall built around it, must have been raised with a view to preserve a greater quantity of salt-water than flowed into it by any natural subterranean communication with the sea, between which, and the salt-lake, there is a very distinct canal still to be seen; there the wall has been prodigiously strong, with two sluices to admit or discharge the sea water at pleasure; one of the leaders, or conduits from the sluice, is entire to this day; and what fully refutes that opinion which supposes that the salt is made from the rain-water, the surrounding wall excluded all torrents from the adjacent grounds, for the reception and discharge of which there was a large ditch or canal round the whole; and over this, at different places, were bridges consisting of two

arches, eight or ten feet each, besides the intervening pillar: and there was a good reason for building them of such extent, for all the circumjacent ground declines towards this lake, and there was no level to carry it off; so that as vast quantities fell in the winter, there it lay until it was exhaled by the sun or imbibed by the thirsty soil.

As I walked through the crusted sea, the steam was extremely nauseous, and smelled like putrified fish; the salt for the most part, was concreted into cakes, like white ice when the water leaves it: and immediately below this, is a coagulated, though not absolutely consolidated, water. The surface is taken off with paring shovels, and laid in little heaps, that the watery part may be exhaled or run off; then it is carried on asses to the shore, where it is formed into little mounts: what I call the coagulated water becomes, in a few days, a solid cake; and thus the people work during the whole season, in which the sun has the necessary influence; this may continue to the end of September, and sometimes longer.

The whole may, probably, produce no more than the two thousand piastres I mentioned by way of miri, or farm-rent; yet about 5,000 cart-loads, of 300 okes each, are annually made. Of these, the farmer is allowed to make 2,000, but the janisaries make and dispose of the rest at pleasure, though not without paying hush-money: so that the whole quantity will amount to about 50,000 bushels; whereas it might swell to an infinitely greater proportion. It is, undoubtedly, managed in a very slovenly manner and when I say so to the inhabitants, they answer, that they make as much as they can consume. But if any man could be properly secured in a lease of it for twenty years, he might make fifty times the quantity, export it in his own shipping, and find sale for it in a variety of markets.

These lakes are a blessing in one respect, to the country, but a very great curse to this town of Larnica; for, to their noxious vapours, the unhealthiness of this place is imputed: indeed exclusive of the stench, which must produce foul air from what corner soever the wind blows, the vapours are all impregnated with salt, insomuch that when we went to Mount Croce, in the night (for people cannot travel in the day) the dew upon our whiskers was as salt as the German ocean, though the water of the Salines is, in my opinion, ten times more salt; so that there must be an immense quantity of that mineral in the earth itself. Frequently the milk which is brought for our tea is so excessively salt that we can not use it with any degree of pleasure; and it is more or less impregnated according to the pasture of which the goats have fed, for there is no such thing as cow's milk to be had on the island, because there is no grass during the summer. This disagreeable taste prevails in spite of all the sugar we can use; and, as all the juices of the human body are salt in a certain degree, what is perspired must certainly partake of that quality; but here it is impregnated with such an incredible proportion, that after the sweat had cooled, I have often rubbed a perfect dry powdered salt from my forehead.

Good Heaven! what a country must this be, where a man is pickled alive!

* * *

Well then, our government is changed: and, in lieu of a mussalem, we are ruled by a pacha of three tails; that is, of the highest rank next to the grand vazir, but he is provided with the same officers, though in a greater number; so that the country is now subject to a more powerful tyrant, and to him much greater honour is done than to a mussalem, to whom the consuls only send their annual presents; whereas, this viceregent exacts their personal attendance at Nicosia. Accordingly, Mr Consul Wakeman set out from hence on the sixth of May, to perform this expensive, mean ceremony; which, I think is unworthy of the crowns of Britain and of France.

The Neapolitan and Ragusan consuls made no attempt to appear magnificent in their

retinue and equipage, but the French and Venetians made strong efforts for that purpose, though they excelled us in nothing but number and confusion: our little troop marched with a genteel decency, and every thing was conducted in an elegant manner. The greatest part of the country, until we arrived at the river Peroï, which is about eight miles from Nicosia, is extremely barren; we lodged very agreeably at a village called Margo, from whence we set out next morning, and went to a Greek convent, a little way from town. The pasha had sent his horses very finely caparisoned à la Turquoise, to wait our coming; a very extraordinary compliment: these we mounted, and our little cavalcade began to move in this order. First, the chawush qol-aghasi, of the *ojaq*, or corps, of the janisaries; then the *muzur* of the *ojaq*, or corps, of the *sipahi*; these officers may be understood as majors, adjutants, and sometimes as agents for the respective corps; after them rode the consul's janisaries, the chancellor and first dragoman, Doctor Crutta, the first dragoman's son being a protégé, the dragoman of the seraglio, the consul, with his *choquadars* on each side of his horse; Mr Boddington and your humble servant, together with Mr Golightly, an English gentleman who was occasionally here, and Mr Gibson, who was followed by the servants in their different degrees.

A little while after we halted at our lodgings, the consul sent to know if the Vazir pasha would please to give him audience: and the answer was, when it would be most convenient for the consul. We therefore set out for the palace, before dinner, in the order I have already described, and all of us dismounted at the gate, except the consul, who rode into the court of the seraglio, where ten or a dozen fine horses stood gorgeously caparisoned; indeed their furniture was incredibly extravagant. All the guards and officers of the palace were ranged in the court, stairs, passages, and apartments through which we passed to the presence-chamber, and all was silent and still. There we stood until the entrance of the pasha, who clapped the consul on the shoulder, as a mark of high favour and regard, desired him to sit, and several times bad him welcome: nobody sat but the pasha on his divan, and the consul on an elbow-chair of state: the pasha's not being in the room to receive him, and the consul's standing until the other entered, proceeds from this punctilio. A vazir, a mussalim, and even those of an inferior rank, think it is too great condescension in them to rise from their seats and salute an infidel; and, on the other hand, a consul will not go into the presence of any officer, whatever his distinction may be, unless he is received standing; so that this method was agreed upon as a salvo for the honour of both: and these preliminaries, with several others, are always settled by the intercourse of the dragoman, before the consul goes to audience.

After some common-place speeches, and hollow assurances of friendship, which gold alone can realize, we were entertained with coffee, sweet-meats, and sherbet, and lastly, with perfumes, which always imply a licence to withdraw. When the consul rose to take his leave, he was presented by the vazir with a *kurk*, or robe lined with fur, which was put upon him by one of the officers.

You may imagine this was a distinguishing mark of generosity, but I never heard of that virtue among the subjects of the Grand Signor; and this vestment had been dearly bought by the presents which the consul had made him in the morning. From the presence-chamber we retreated through the same range of officers, and were favoured with an audience of the *kiaya*, or prime minister, conducted in the same manner, though with this difference, the minister is not served upon the knee like his master; thence we returned to our lodgings, with the same order and parade.

The city of Nicosia is situated in the midst of a beautiful plain, between Olympus and another range of mountains, which run from the south-west to the north-west of the island:

some geographers, or rather travellers, have distinguished Mount Croce by the appellation of Mount Olympus, but, I am inclined to believe the first to be Mamilla Montis Olympi, which was several miles to the south-east of Olympus; and thus you see how these two mountains bear to each other, as they appear from the road of Salines, where I went on board a ship in order to make a drawing of the bay. With regard to Nicosia, I can not inform you at what period it was built, or whether it had existence while the ancient Greeks possessed the island: some, indeed, assert it is the same as Tremithus, but I rather believe it was near Idalium; for, in a very old charte, which was shewn to me by the French consul Monsieur le Maire, that town is situated near a river called Pedias, upon the banks of which was the famous Idalian grove: this is very near the spot where the Athalas now runs, and not above three miles from Nicosia: yet this is nothing more than conjecture.

The city was well fortified by the Venetians, according to the manner of those times; but all is gone to ruin through the supine negligence and blind security of the Turks. The place is round, and may be about three miles in circumference, but not well inhabited; a circumstance to which it owes its very pleasant and beautiful appearance; for this want of people affords room for a great number of gardens, planted with orange, lemon, cypress, mulberry, olive, and almond trees, which exhibit a most delightful variety to the eye of one who walks upon the ramparts. All the Venetian nobility on the island resided here; therefore the town has been finely built, as appears by the remains of some edifices patched up for Turkish houses, and from the ruins of others that are quite desolate. St Sophia, now converted to a Turkish mosque, is the only fabric which remains entire, and is of tolerable gothic work; but all the images and figures are defaced by the brutal superstition of the present possessors. One inscription was all I perceived, but I durst not go near enough to read it: no vestige of any thing truly antique is to be seen; for I searched almost every corner, and really I have nothing more to say of this city, but only that its situation is extremely ill judged for a fortified town, there being several hills upon one side of it, from whence the houses might be easily battered down.

The French are a restless people, incessantly employed in working some politic point, to gain which, they use truth and falsehood indiscriminately in their insinuations; and, when their deceit is detected, they are never out of countenance. Here they are in continual agitation to promote their own interest, at the expence of their neighbours; but their unfair endeavours are always foiled by the address and known veracity of Mr Consul Wakeman, whom, notwithstanding their bad success, they still persist in perplexing with their intrigues. It was in order to repair the effects of a dirty mine they had sprung, that I was obliged to set out for Lemisol; a task which I undertook without hesitation. All the country, from Nicosia to that town, is more agreeable than any part of the island which I have yet seen, being diversified with hill and dale, adorned with trees, and refreshed with water, at least, during a certain season; for, in some months, no other than dry channels are to be seen.

Lemisol, though not rich, is a very pleasant place, accommodated with an exceeding good bay for ships; it has a wretched castle, and some small share of trade, yet this small share is greater than that of all the other sea-ports, except Larnica, which being the residence of the Europeans, carries all before it.

About six miles from Limesol, stood the Amathus of the antients, so celebrated for the amours of Venus and Adonis; it stretched down to the sea, from the face of an hill, where there has been a very strong castle, some of the walls of which are immensely thick, and probably were built by some of the Greek emperors: the port has been tolerable: and, from thence to within eight or ten miles of Larnica, the country is neither bad nor disagreeable;

but all around this place is, certainly, the worst spot in the kingdom, on account of the salt air, the want of moisture, and the almost total neglect of cultivation. One man ploughs with two oxen, which, though lean as Pharaoh's kine, are strong enough for this purpose: the ground is cut up with an instrument not so strong as a common garden-scythe; and, in lieu of an harrow, a fellow stands upon a short thick plank drawn by one or two oxen; a method which does not so much break as flatten and press down the earth; yet it produces a better effect than one would at first imagine: for the ground being naturally mellow and tender, is much more easily broke than ours, which is hard and tough; and pressure is necessary to cover the seed, which, otherwise, would be apt to shoot up too soon, with the first shower that falls. I have already observed, that the people of this island reap with sickles furnished with bells to frighten the serpents: their manner of separating the corn from the ear, is this; they nail thick planks together, about three feet square, in which are fastened broken flints or pebbles; upon this stage a clumsy fellow sits, or stands, directing an ox or two that drag him round and round a parcel of the grain as it is brought from the field, which he from time to time draws down, as he finds what is under him sufficiently cut or shaken from the ear.

You have, herewith, a thermometrical table of the weather for one year compleat; by which you will perceive a very considerable difference between the heat of this and last year; this, I am told, is of a more natural temperature: the extremes of the other proceeded from intolerable NE winds, which render the air almost insufferably hot.

[We omit a description of the *chamaeleon*, an animal now sufficiently known, and continue our extracts with Mr Drummond's account of his second visit to Cyprus in April, 1750, pp. 250—281.]

Starting without any other company than that of a janissary, two servants, and a guide, after having provided such stores as are absolutely necessary to one who travels in Turkey, my first stage was to Chitty, a village which took its name from its neighbourhood to the point of land formerly called Dades Promontorium; but in latter times, distinguished by the appellation of Citium Promontorium, or Chitty point, because it formed the bay of Citium, and preserved the shipping from the severity of the westerly winds. But to say that this place derives its name from the antient city of Citium, as some people affirm, from the sole consideration of the affinity of sounds, is altogether absurd; as there is not one reason to support, but many to disprove the supposition: for example, this place is near Dades Promontorium, whereas Citium was not, neither did that city stand upon the banks of the river Tatius, which waters this village of Chitty, and over which there has been a well-built bridge of four arches. Here is no anchorage for the smallest bark, but there was a safe bay for a numerous fleet near Citium, the sea-port of which was called Salines, from the neighbouring salt-works. About this village, not the least vestige of antiquity or grandeur is to be found; at Larnica, are undeniable proofs of its having been the antient Citium; some of these I have already mentioned, and one or two more I found when I was last in that place. Near to the south ruins of the walls, a subterranean vault has been lately discovered; it is nineteen feet in length, above nine feet broad, the walls are near three feet thick; two stones form the roof, which is surrounded with a bold, plain, well wrought cornice. It has two passages at present open, and I call it subterranean, because it plainly appears to have been built into the earth with stones and lime, the walls on the outside being rayled; which could not have been the case had it been accidentally covered in the general ruin. For what purpose this vault was intended, I shall not take upon me to determine: if as a catacomb, one would expect to see some places for repositories to the dead; and if it had been meant as a sacellum, or chapel, there would, in all probability, have been some place for the statue of the

god whose rites were here performed; in either case, niches for lamps would have been necessary, yet none of these circumstances appear: and it could be supplied with no other light than that of portable lamps or candles.

The other piece of antiquity is laid across what seems to have been a fosse round the city wall; it is composed of two stones, the upper being thirteen feet long, near eleven feet broad, and above six feet thick; the lower I could not measure; but they are cut and joined so as that one has a bed at right angles within the other; and a gate way four feet and three quarters broad, and one foot and an half thick, is cut in the middle, as if the gate had been let down from above, like a portcullis, or the iron gates of a garrison. The use of this contrivance foils my conjecture, unless it has been a sluice to retain the water in the fosse.

For the honour of Bekir Pasha I must communicate an instance of the old gentleman's public spirit. While he was Pasha of this island, in the year 1747, he formed the noble design of bringing water from the river at Arpera, and occasional springs on the road about six miles from hence, to supply the people of Larnica, Salines and the shipping. A work worthy of a great and good man, which might have cost him above fifty thousand piastres, or six thousand two hundred pounds.

Accordingly he set down sumpts, or pits, and carried drifts from one to another, to lead the water through the high grounds, and conveyed it in aqueducts over the hollows: the first of which from Arpera, is an arcade, of fifty arches; two of these are small, the others nine feet wide, the highest twelve feet in height, while the others diminish as the ground rises: the pillars, or piers of the arches, are eight feet broad and three feet thick; and here he has planted fine silk-gardens, with a vineyard, and built a mill, in which grain is ground by the fall of water. The second arcade has twelve arches, each being twelve feet wide, the pillars being five feet broad, and three feet thick, and the highest about eighteen feet in height. The third arcade, which is near Larnica, consists of thirty-one arches, four feet and an half wide, the height of the highest being about sixteen feet, each pillar is four feet thick and twelve feet broad.

Here the work stood when he was removed from his pashaliq, and though he left a considerable sum of money in the hands of Christofacco, dragoman of the Seraglio, who was murdered when I was last in Cyprus, the villain did not carry on the work as it ought to have been executed, and the pasha, his successor in office, who knew nothing but the sordid passions of a ravenous Turk, gave himself no trouble about the matter. So that the whole was at a stand until last July, when he sent a person to set it a going, and by this time I hope it is completed.

From Chitty, which is beautified with a number of silk-gardens, to Maroni, the roads are very pleasant, the view being bounded on one side by the hills, and on the other by the sea, and regaled with a great variety of trees, though the greatest part of those upon the plain are carobs, or what we call locust-trees: these together with olives, adorn an extensive plain, that the eye commands from the village of Maroni, which is delightfully situated upon a rising ground.

We often meet with the channels of rivers which are not mentioned by the antient geographers, with a number of rivulets and brooks that flow plentifully during the rainy season; but, as I performed my tour of nine and twenty days in the months of May and June, those in the plains were generally quite dry; and the rest among the hills had little water, having been almost exhausted for the use of the gardens that are near their courses. This to be sure, is the best way of disposing them, though they might be used to much better purpose, if the wretched people had any encouragement to be industrious.

Some few miles on this side of Amathus, the country is open and destitute of trees; and to the northward of it, are the Montes Orini, famous for the wines they produce, which are reckoned the best that grow upon the Island. From their two high pointed tops, which are very distinct and nearly equal, I should rather choose to distinguish them by the name of Mamillæ Montis Olympi, than Monte Croce, were not they almost as high as Mount Olympus, and too much to the westward.

I dismounted at Amathus, and revisited the ruins, together with those of what is called old Limesol by the moderns; and I assure you these are the same; though some make them distinct places. I wish their foolish prince, Isaac Comnenus, had been wiser; or Richard the first of England more cool in his resentment; for to the one and the other, we owe the utter destruction of Amathus; though, after that period, some mean houses remained, for it was inhabited until of late. I could find nothing upon this my second examination, in which I was so eager and diligent, that I should certainly have found the temple of Venus or Adonis, had the smallest vestiges of any such fabric remained. All therefore, that I can say upon this subject, is, that St John the Almoner, son of Epiphanius, Governor of Cyprus, first saw the light in this place: in the beginning of the seventh century, he was made patriarch of Ægypt; but he had such attachment to his native spot, that he chose to die in Amathus: and so grateful were the dead for this instance of his regard, that when he resigned his soul to heaven, and his body to the earth, two bishops, who had been, for some time, in peaceable possession of a magnificent tomb, rose up at his approach, and made way for his more sanctified carcase.

Fatigued and disappointed, I proceeded to Limesol, which was given by Henry, King of Cyprus, to the Knights Hospitallers, when they left Palestine; and this, I humbly conceive to be the antient Curium, Carium, or Cundium: for the geographers of former days bring the river Lycus from two different sources in the Montes Orini, unite them some leagues to the northward of this place, then separate them again into different branches, one of which empties itself into the bosom of the bay, while the other is discharged to the westward of the neck of land hard by the walls of the town. Whereas, I affirm it is one river, issuing from one fountain, and falling into nearly the middle of the bay on the north side; but then I find another river emptying itself into the bottom of the bay, by the south-west side of the town, and coming from the nearest range of hills northwards. I know not how to reconcile these differences, yet I conclude myself right because my account proceeds from an actual survey, and, I believe, most of my predecessors depended upon hear-say; for almost every one of them is extremely erroneous in laying down the bay of this place: they represent it as a mill-pond, whereas it is a full, open bay, as you see in the chart which I have transmitted. I took the bearings and distances of every thing there inserted, and after having chequed in different ways, I found I had not erred one league in laying down the whole of my circuit.

Upon the neck of land which joins Curium Promontorium to the main, is the village of Agrodiri, which, as well as Mount Olympus, was given to the priests of St Basil, and the reddendo of their charter was, that they should keep a sufficient number of cats to destroy the serpents, which in great numbers infested the neighbouring grounds; from which circumstance, the Italians bestowed upon the promontory, the appellation of Cape de Gato, which it retains to this day. In all the charts I have seen, this appears as a very long-necked peninsula; an error, I suppose, owing to the deception occasioned by the salt-lake which you perceive to the westward; and which one is very apt to mistake for the sea. I myself was deceived when I first saw it; but now the lake being almost crusted, I passed so near as to distinguish it perfectly. From hence the country is open and pleasant to Colos, which is a

fine village, where there was formerly a commanderie of the Knights Hospitallers. Lewis de Magnac, grand commander in Cyprus, built, in this place, a plain, square, and strong tower, which still remains; the front exhibiting this appearance. It is about seventy feet high, and fifty-four feet broad, adorned with coats of arms; but the great gate is buried in some vile house, so that I could not see it: yet part of the convent, which has been large, is still to be seen.

This place I take to be the Treta of the ancients, because a river runs between it and Piscopi, and Treta was situated east of a fine river. But I find it impossible to reconcile the ancient geography with what I saw, and what I may reasonably suppose from appearances and the traditions of the country. Piscopi is a beautiful large village, resembling those of Great Britain; the adjacent grounds are watered by an aquæduct from the river; broken fusts lie scattered around, and some grand ruins are still visible. Here, or in the neighbourhood, was a nemus sacred to Apollo; and one of those ruins somewhat resembles a temple: the people say it was the palace of one who taught music; and, from this tradition, we may conjecture it was dedicated to Apollo; though, to me, it seems to have been the palace of the superior, or lord of the manor: for it evidently appears, that the buildings around it have been intended for the sugar works which were carried on in this place; and I could find neither figure nor inscription which might have ascertained the nature of the whole.

Having proceeded some miles beyond this village, I entered the hilly country, exhibiting, for some way, nothing but bare rocks towards the shore, which is bold; but afterwards I found the ground covered with woods. In one place I saw the effects of an earthquake which happened a considerable time ago, and was seized with horror at the sight. Vast profound chasms opened to my view; and, into these, huge, split rocks had been hurled:—Mountains, which were rent, seemed to gape to the very centre; while others, still more frightful, hung menacing, as in the very act of tumbling, with such an enormous weight as (one would think) might shake the earth to its foundation.

Having viewed these wrecks of nature with astonishment, I went forward to Livathi; which stands upon the river Aphdiem, not far from what is at present called Capo Bianco; and here I find Arsinoe about two leagues north from this shore; yet we see it always laid down west of Paphos Antiqua: perhaps another of the same name may have stood in that situation, but now no vestige of it remains. This cape I suppose to be Phrurium; because it is the first we meet with to the westward of Curium, which has any considerable projection, and the rest are rather points than capes.

Through cursed rocky roads, I passed the mountains about Pisouri, and then obtained a better view of a bluff head, which, according to my geographical system, ought to be Zephyria, though there is no Paphos nor river to the eastward, but Chapatomi to the west. Couclia I substitute in the place of Arsinoe upon the ancient charts, partly for the above reason, and partly because it is, at this day, known, and sometimes called by the name Palikythera. It is a charming place, and, from some fragments of antiquity, appears to have been of note; or, according to the language of the country, a favourite of queen Aphrodite. If this is granted, then Lesata, or Mandraka, or both, must be Hierocepia, Xero will answer exactly to the river on which that town was built.

Let us now consider the celebrated Paphos, which, we are told, was built by Cinyras, King of Assyria, who had Adonis and others by Metherme, daughter of Pygmalion, King of Cyprus. Some say the founder was Paphos, son of Pygmalion, by the statue which Venus animated; and thence the island derived its name.

“*Illa Paphum genuit, de quo tenet insula nomen.*” Ovid, *Met.* X. 297.

But this is a question of no great importance at present, we shall only mention the temple which is said to have stood upon the spot where the goddess landed, when she was wafted on shore by the gentle waves from which she sprung, and to have been dedicated by Cinyras. It was one of the three sanctuaries belonging to the island, and noted for divination, which was introduced by Tameras of Cilicia, who agreed that the rites should be performed equally by his descendants, and those of Cinyras; but, at length, that honour was entirely ceded to the Paphian royal race. Here the votary had the choice of the victim, which was always male, as being most acceptable to the goddess, whose figure was round, broad at bottom, and terminating in a point: a form, the reason of which nobody has been able satisfactorily to explain. The greatest faith was given to the entrails of kids; the altars were never stained with blood; nothing but pure fire was offered upon them; and though they stood in the open air, and the rites were performed in all seasons, no rain extinguished, or even approached, the sacred flames. This miracle may be easily accounted for: in a place where it rains so seldom, they might easily defer the sacrifice until the clouds were drained; for, in a little time after they appear, down they pour in a deluge, and then all is over.

This place is likewise remarkable for an horrid scene acted by the royal family, when, Ptolomey reduced Cyprus. Nicocles at that time reigned in Paphos, and, hoping to shake off the yoke, made an offensive and defensive alliance with Antigonus, King of Syria; but Ptolomey was informed of their scheme, and defeated it before it could be brought to maturity: he pronounced sentence of death upon Nicocles; but that prince prevented the execution by making away with himself. Axithea, his unhappy queen, followed his example, after she had, in despair, slain her own daughters: the same frenzy seized the royal sisters, who likewise put an end to their lives; and their husbands added to the funeral pile, by setting fire to the palace, and perishing upon the bodies of their beloved wives.

Old Paphos or Erythra I, in my map, removed from Zephyria; Arsinoe I found, and still set down, near that place, for the reasons I have already advanced, and because Ptolomey Philadelphus consecrated a temple on the Zephyrion Promontorium, to his wife Arsinoe, under the name of the Zephyrion Venus; but of this nothing now remains. I fix old Paphos at the port of Baffo; Cythera I have already left behind me, and in its place I take the liberty to put Paphos Nova, or Baffo, as you will see they exactly answer to each other, when you compare the old chart I sent home with this which I now transmit: but that you may not think I am too dogmatical in my assertions, I shall communicate my reasons for alterations I have made.

No place in this island ever bore the name of Old Paphos, except the sea-port, which nature has formed into an harbour; and the town of Baffo is handed down, from father to son, as a place that was built long after the town, at the port, which is capable of receiving small vessels; yet these were esteemed large, when navigation was in its infancy. At or about Zephyria there is no place for the reception of any boat whatever; let us therefore lay aside fable and appeal to truth. Venus is said to have risen from the sea, and landed in Cyprus near Cythera: true it is, the island Cythera, now Cerigo, contended for that honour, though the greatest probability is in favour of Cyprus; for that goddess was first worshipped in Phœnicia, and this worship was communicated to the different nations with which they had commerce: the vessels they first used consisted of small pieces of wood, bended across each other, bound with wickers, and covered with hides: consequently their navigation could not be very distant; so that we may more naturally suppose Cyprus to have been their first discovery, than that they launched out into a wide sea, in order to find trade in Peloponnesus, or any of the adjacent islands. Cyprus they could see from their hills, and this prospect

probably invited them to venture from their shore; and though the west end was the most distant, their landing in that part might be owing to the accident of contrary winds. When they approached the coast, it is to be supposed, they crept along it until they found a place of safety for their vessel; and if they missed Limesol Bay, they could find no other convenient shelter until they arrived at the place which I imagine to have been the ancient Paphos; and indeed to me it appears very improbable that Paphos should be built at either of the capes which I make Phrurium and Zephyria, and there is not another until we reach Drepanum.

In Baffo or Paphos Nova, which is now a large, agreeable town, there are no remains of antiquity; but many ruins of christian houses are built upon by the Turks: the churches have been very numerous, not only here, but also through the whole island: insomuch, that though I intended to mark them singly on my chart, they swelled so fast that I was fain to drop my project, otherwise it would have been a map of churches. The port, or Paphos Antiqua, according to my conjecture, has been large, and contained many noble buildings, as appears by the ruins at this day, particularly by those of the churches Agioi Solomoni, and Chrisoupolitissa; but they are so demolished that a drawing of them would yield no satisfaction. Great numbers of broken columns are scattered up and down; and of the temple of Venus, which stood on a high place, three subterranean vaults still remain: the traditional account of this temple, taken from an old manuscript, which they told me was stolen by a gentleman-traveller some years ago, imports that it was a palace built by one of the Queens, called Aphrodite, who being extremely beautiful and excessively lewd, allured all the young men to the court, and bestowed her favours upon all those who pleased her fancy. Her example was followed by all the women around; and this disposition soon spread over the whole island. After her death it was consecrated as a temple, and rites were performed to her as to a divinity, because nought but pleasure was known during her reign. It was thrown down by an earthquake, rebuilt about one thousand four hundred and ninety-five years before the birth of Christ, and finally destroyed by Saint Barnabas, in the fortieth year of the Christian æra. This account agrees tolerably well with the story of Venus; though it is not at all probable that the temple was demolished by the influence of Saint Barnabas, during whose life it was in very high repute, whereas the Christians, at that time, had very little power and authority: at any rate if it was actually thrown down, it must have been reared again by the votaries of the goddess, for it was an asylum in the reign of Tiberius, and Titus Vespasian consulted the oracle in this very place, upon his return from Corinth, after having heard of Galba's fate; and in consequence of the response repaired to his father in Syria; so that its last destruction, in all probability, has been in the fourth century, when the general earthquake changed the course of many rivers, and, by swallowing up many others, occasioned an excessive drought. It was upon this occasion (say they) that Saint Helen restored water to the island, by virtue of the wood of our Saviour's Cross, which was in her possession. Having found this in the Holy Land, she gave one half of it to the priests of Jerusalem, and brought the other along with her, to sow as it were, its sanctity through the east and west. Accordingly an infinite number of miracles were performed by this hallowed timber; and had not she thrown one of the nails of it (which our heralds call passion-nails) into the sea, when she was overtaken by a dreadful storm in Satalia Bay, her imperial majesty would undoubtedly have gone to view the wonders of the deep; but the holy nail bore down the waves, smoothed the surface of the sea, and procured her a safe landing. Though I do not find that either she or any of her beatified historians tell us whether or not the nail, after having knocked down the tempest, was pleased to return to its former station. I can recollect nothing else to say about this Paphos, but that here

Elymas the sorcerer was struck blind, and Sergius Paulus the proconsul converted by Saint Paul.

Near Baffo, to the westward, are what they call their Diamond-mines, where, in some places, the spar seems to be crystalized, and pellucid stones are found, like those in the western and northern mountains of Scotland, though not near so good in quality. A muhassil, some time ago, deceived by the name of Diamond-mines, sent thither twenty or thirty men to dig for what he imagined would soon enrich him; but he was grievously disappointed; for all that he got was a few rock-crystals, at the expence of three or four hundred dollars. At Poli di Chrisofon he expected, or pretended to expect, to find solid iron; and having employed his people to dig, without success, he laid a tax upon both places, granting to the christians of Baffo the privilege of the Diamond-mines for four hundred and fifty dollars, and to others that of the Iron-mines, for three hundred and fifty dollars per annum; so that he exacted eight hundred dollars annually for nothing from those poor, oppressed people, and his successors have ever since religiously followed his example. From Baffo I took my route northwards through the mountains, from some of which I took the bearing, &c. of the land about Acamas, where flows the celebrated spring called the Fountain of Love: but I had no curiosity to taste of the water, the effect of which upon old people like me, is said to be that of making the spirit willing while the flesh continues weak. The roads are very rugged, extending through several precipices which are dangerous for the traveller: the woods are thin, the hills very bare, the intermediate grounds good; but the grain was as if it had been sown ten degrees north of the plains I had left a few hours before: but about Stroumbi the fields have a better aspect; for in the neighbourhood of the village which is pleasant and well-peopled, one might easily perceive that more industry had been used in the agriculture: and indeed, through all Cyprus, the soil is such as will well reward the labour of the farmer.

When I entered the village, I was surrounded by almost all the people both young and old, few of whom had ever seen a person in my habit: I gratified their curiosity by standing amongst them, and amusing myself with their pretty children, after I had viewed their church. The poor little creatures were shy at first, but soon flocked round me at sight of a Para; so natural it is, even for children, to be allured by money.

In my progress forwards I arriv'd at Poli di Chrisofon, which is beautifully situated in a bottom among hills; and its vicinity to the sea adds to the agreeableness of its situation. Though there is no trade worth mentioning any where but in Larnica, where the Europeans live, yet a variety of creeks for small craft are to be found all around the island, particularly a bay near this place, formed by the Acamas land, which would be of infinite service to the inhabitants, in manuring their grounds, were they freed from oppression, and secured in their properties; but those blessings seem to be at an infinite distance from them, for the misery of the people is at present inconceivable, occasioned by a total want of rain, whereby vegetation was in a manner choaked up in the earth: what little did appear above ground, was in many places almost totally destroyed by innumerable swarms of locusts, which covered the island, and devoured every thing that had the least verdure, so suddenly, as to have destroyed, in one night, a field which would have given bread to fifty thousand men for a week, besides fodder for the cattle: nay, a farmer-priest told me, that of three hundred scala of wheat (each consisting of about forty-five yards square) which he had sown, he had not reaped twenty. All these circumstances of distress, one would imagine sufficient to drive those poor people to despair; but the government is of another opinion, and never indulges them with the least compassion or forbearance: those who were obliged to depend upon the produce of

their lands for the subsistence of their families and payment of their taxes, must sell every little moveable in their possession for that purpose; and those who could not thus pay the exactions of the governor, were under the fatal necessity of quitting the island, or obliged to run the risque of dying under the torture of the drubbing-sticks: many thousands have therefore fled into other countries, while those who remained were compelled to make up the deficiency of the fugitives, as if they had been all joined together in a general co-partnership. Their professing the christian religion was a sufficient cause for subjecting them to such horrid tyranny and damnable injustice! such as must inevitably end in the ruin of the kingdom, unless the locusts are removed, and the thirsty soil plentifully supplied with rain, for the nourishment of the seeds and roots that are now in the ground, as well as of those that may be sown next winter and spring.

At the distance of an hour from the village are what they call the Iron-mines, though this is no more than the place where their furnaces and forges were erected: the ore was undoubtedly found amongst the hills, for here is nothing that resembles it: wood from the mountains might easily be transported hither for smelting; and for this purpose, in all probability, the adjacent hills have been left bare of their covering, for scarce a tree is to be seen upon them, while those at some distance are covered with as good pines as any the country affords.

In my progress from hence I found myself engaged in a very deep gutt, upon the rocky sides of the river Simbula, between two impending hills, from whence the rocks and trees seemed to stretch themselves horizontally to cover us: I might have travelled two hours farther, but I was so charmed with the romantic wildness and delicious coolness of the spot, which nothing but the meridian rays could invade, that having dismounted, I indulged my people with an holyday till two o'clock next morning. Here I amused myself the whole evening in wandering through the woods and surveying the sea-shores far and near, which produced variety of reflections foreign to our present correspondence. To this place I must take the liberty to give the name of Jovis Lucus, because I find it exactly answers the situation of one consecrated to that deity, near which a river fell into the sea. Next morning, after four (for two hours are scarce sufficient to put our caravan in motion) I left this pleasant retreat, and, in the course of three or four hours, rode along a good many different precipices, one of which had well-nigh deprived you of this tedious epistle, for my mule made a false step upon the face of a rock, and down we came together: had this accident happened a few seconds sooner or later, I should have been crushed to pieces before I could have reached the bottom; but we were providentially saved by a bit of rock, which served as a natural parapet; so that I escaped for a contusion on the hip-bone, and a hurt on the elbow; and, after having made some wry faces, proceeded on my journey.

Near the river Pirga I dined in a delightful grove of tall spreading trees, hard by which is a very extraordinary rock, almost perpendicular with a ruined christian chapel on the top: this grove is said to have been planted, and the chapel built, by one of their queens, together with what they call a grand palace in the mountains in this neighbourhood. Indeed, all their castles and palaces have been raised by the ladies, if we may depend upon tradition; but they have not been so just to the memory of these benefactresses, or so obliging to the curious, as to preserve their names, either in records or inscriptions. Though it may seem idle in me to take any farther notice of this building, yet, as it is in great esteem in the Island, I must give you the appearance of it, with the dimensions.

The fabric has been extremely mean, being only sixteen feet high, and, as it were, intentionally irregular in the elevation.

Four sorry arches adorn the front; there are five little windows above, in the right wing, two only in the other, and there is neither letter, figure, or ornament upon any part of it. Among the mountains I found many broken fusts where I saw no vestige of building; and at some distance from this place, in my way to Lefca, I observed, near an headland, two small perpendicular rocks in the sea, about which the natives tell the following story. A brother and sister being enamoured of each other, fled hither from some neighbouring part of the country, in order to indulge their guilty passion; but just as they arose from the sea, in which they were bathing, they were changed into these rocks, by the offended deity; and their piteous moanings are often heard to this day. Probably the inhabitants of this corner of the island have heard some confused story of the Propetides, from which they have derived this fable.

After having endured much fatigue through the day I arrived at night at Lefca, having passed what is called its port, and a river which I take to be the Satrachus. The port, I presume, is the ancient town of that name, or the port of Solos, for it is surrounded by many foundations of houses: the town is prettily situated about an hour from the port; a variety of gardens, the meanders of the river that wind about it on the south, and the adjacent grounds, that lie in the form of a theatre, concur in beautifying the scene. In the morning I crossed the river Cumara, and entered a deep gut between the mountains, which are covered with large pines or pitch-fir, and of these they make a considerable quantity of tar, pitch, and rosin: the river one must often cross, ascending and descending precipices which are frightful to the view; but the mules are generally so sure-footed, that the danger is not great. I have no where seen a more surprising prospect than that which presents itself to the eye, from the top of a mountain near the river Gambo; the numerous hills around rise either in the form of sugar-loaves or sharp wedges; some are covered with tall pines, and others with small firs, interchangeably; but the most agreeable view is where the verdure is more diversified, and these verdant pyramids afford great variety; such as prodigious sycamores or platanes, a name we borrow from the Greeks who call them *πλατανοι*; *καρονπη*, or the locust, which name they have from the Italians, for *καραζα* is the proper Greek word; *σκιθρον*, which I take to be our elm; *σοφλια*, a tall thorn; very large *καριδια*, or walnuts; almonds; which have two names, *μηδαλλα* or *αβαια*; *περισια*, a kind of alder, the leaves of which shine like a green orange, the backs of them, when young, are yellow; but as they grow old, they turn brown: *ανδρονεκλια*, which I do not remember to have seen in Europe; the leaf is pretty broad; it bears a small fruit in clusters, and annually changes the bark, which is extremely thin and smooth; the old is of a fine red colour, but the new coat is white: *ζηζηφια* has a narrow leaf, and bears a small fruit not larger than a cherry, but of the apple species. There was a great number of others, which I cannot name; but the whole was sweetly wild and agreeable.

About an hour from Gambo were the first vineyards I had seen in those parts; a circumstance that surprized me not a little; for nature almost every where affords proper grounds for this purpose. From hence, for a considerable way, I travelled through a lane of natural perfumes, such as roses, the first honey-suckles I had ever seen in this country, and a great number of other fragrant plants and shrubs. On my arrival at the famous Madonna di Chekka, I was received with great courtesy by the papa, who among them is not much inferior to a bishop in point of dignity. The convent is well ornamented in their way; but none of the particulars are worth mentioning, except that the architect has forgot to make an entry to the church from the west: yet no body had perceived this deficiency until I took notice of it, and then they were greatly surprized, because it is such an uncommon omission;

for at their first entrance, they ought to see the great altar, that they may cross themselves and bow to it: hence judge of their simplicity. In one apartment of the convent is a wretched piece of painting (which however they highly esteem) representing a caloyer on the cross; on his left hand is a gay figure of a man on horse back, at full speed, holding a cup of wine in steady poise, and surrounded with palaces, groves, cascades, &c., and on the other side, is an oddly-imagined hell, with monsters among flames, devouring the wicked, while our Saviour in the clouds, pointing to the martyr, offers him a crown of glory. On each side of this emblematical performance are explanatory verses which I shall give you in English, not for their poetical excellency, but to evince their taste in writing. On the right of the picture are these lines, of which my learned and valuable friend, the Reverend Mr Crofts, gives this verbal translation.

Behold here fairly pictur'd the life of a true monk,
 How absolutely he is crucified to the flesh and to the world.
 The cross expressively typifies mortification,
 The lamps truly represent the splendor of the virtues.
 The shutting of the eyes, that he is not to regard at all
 The vain and unstable objects of this false world.
 The silence of the mouth, that he should not speak unseasonably
 The contumelious and filthy language of the present age.
 The nails in the feet, that he must not at all walk
 In the broad path, nor indulge in intemperate delicacies;
 But, with charity, silence, and purity of life,
 Shine visibly to the world beyond the sun's lustre;
 And wage perpetual war with the deceitful world,
 The lusts of the flesh, and the malicious devil:
 For the Lord of the universe, with His angels,
 Is near him for his assistance,
 And holds in His hands a crown and a diadem,
 That, if he prove victorious over the lusts of the flesh and the world,
 He may, according to his merits, crown his brow,
 And admit him into the kingdom of heaven.

July, 1742.

In the evening I walked about the place with intention to give you a perspective of it from some proper spot; but as I could find no point of view either uncommon or tolerably agreeable, I put up my pencil, and dropped my design. Yet, notwithstanding its mean appearance, the revenues are sufficient to maintain three hundred of the fraternity, besides those who manage their farms, if they lived under any government less savage than that of Cyprus; whereas, when I was there, the number of the brothers did not exceed three score.

The Valley of Sollia or Soglia I think the finest in the island; Massaria indeed is a rich, extensive, and would be a plentiful country, were it not wholly destitute of trees and villages, which the other has in plenty, together with abundance of water and wood from the adjacent hills.

When Solon, the famous Athenian law-giver, came to Cyprus, he lived some time with Philocyprus, one of the kings, whose capital, Apeia, was built, in the mountains, by Demophoon, son of Theseus; it was strong, because almost inaccessible, but the circumjacent lands were barren and bare, though near the river Clarius; the sage advised him to remove from these naked rocks into the fertile plains, where he might build a larger and fairer city; his majesty relished the advice, and left the management of the whole to Solon, who, in

a little time, raised a large, noble, and well-fortified town, which, from the pleasantness of its situation, the rich produce of its soil, and the equitable laws which he had instituted, drew all the inhabitants from Apeia, which was left quite desolate, and soon allured the best men from every corner, who came to dwell under his paternal sway; so that he became more opulent and powerful than all the neighbouring princes. In gratitude to the author of such felicity, he bestowed upon his infant city the appellation of Solos, which we may suppose it bore, without corruption, until the Italians got possession of the island, and converted it into Soglia, which has a more Italian termination. There was one inevitable inconvenience which attended this concourse of people from different parts: the language became so proverbially corrupt, that to speak barbarously, and to speak like those of Solos, were deemed synonymous phrases; hence comes the word *Solecism*, rather than from the *Soli*, who settled in Cilicia.....I need not observe to you the absurdity of the old maps, in laying down the situation of this town, which had certainly a port and river. Had they placed it in a spot where there either is, or ever could have been a bay or harbour, I should have approved of the site, because agreeable to history, so far as relates to the port; but they have carried it into the district of Morfou, far from that which bears its name to this day; and represented it upon a place from whence a shallow beach extends a great way. I therefore presume to say, the port was near Satrachus, Clarius, or the river that runs between them, which probably, in those days, bore the name of the city.

Morfou is a very cheerful place, about a league and a half from the sea, and its church is the handsomest building of its kind in the whole island: the court is finely walled with hewn stone, about fourteen feet high, extending to two hundred and fifty-six feet on each side, with forty-five feet for cloysters, &c. It was almost finished, in a kind of Italian taste, when the Turks conquered the island. The elevation of the front is the first and only instance of the improvement of their gout: but this was nipped in the bud by the irruption of the barbarians, and they returned to their old manner. They have built a mean corridore in front, which has never been intended by the first architect, and is far from being of a piece with the rest; but, from the projecting stones, I imagine, he designed a portico, which might have added to the beauty of the fabric.—Saint Mamas, to whom this church is dedicated, performed abundance of miracles while he lived upon earth, and even now affords daily matter for astonishment. When alive, he either could not or would not pay his *kharaj*, or poll-money, and the collectors were always restrained, by the operation of some preternatural power upon their bodies and spirits, from using him in the savage manner in which they treated others, who were deficient in their payments. The prince, being informed of this extraordinary circumstance, ordered him to be hunted out from the hollow rocks, caves, and gloomy woods in which he always lived, and brought into his presence; and Saint George and Saint Demetrius, hearing of his being taken, followed, overtook, and accompanied him in his captivity. During his journey to court, seeing a lion rush out of a thicket and seize a lamb, to the terror and astonishment of his guards, he ordered the beast to quit his prey, and his command was instantly obeyed by the lion, who fawned and wagged his tail, in token of submission. The good man, being tired with walking, took the lamb in his arms, and mounting the wild beast, rode forwards to court, to the amazement of all who saw him. He presented himself in this equipage to the king, who, being apprized of these circumstances, accepted the lamb, generously remitted the *kharaj* he owed, and gave orders that the Saint should live without paying any tax for the future: thus favoured he came hither and built a little church, in which at his death his body was deposited. This is one way of telling his story, which is varied by every papa whom you consult on the subject. As

I have related one of his performances while in life, I will now communicate one of the feats he has acted since he went to the other world. Just above the place where he lay interred, a marble sarcophagus was placed, and on the wall is a picture representing him riding on the lyon, with the lamb in one hand and shepherd's crook in the other: upon his right is Saint George, and on his left Saint Demetrius, both on horseback. The Turks, expecting to find a treasure in this sarcophagus, broke it up; and ever since, through two little holes, which were then made, water is continually conveyed into a hollow, being supplied from the sweat that issues from the face of the above picture, which is never dry, though those of his brethren saints, who are close to him, shew no signs of moisture. I know the Greeks, who are naturally credulous, gave faith to traditional miracles; but if I rightly remember, this is the first I have ever known them impose upon mankind.....So much for miracles, and indeed for this place, of which I shall take my leave with telling you that several marble capitals, &c. are here very injudiciously sited.

About six or eight miles hence, I was pleased to see the industry of the people, who make the most of the springs from above, by collecting them into reservoirs; and distributing them to the fields below; yet almost all the grounds, for a dozen if not twenty miles together, though rich and capable of improvement, lye quite uncultivated, except in the neighbourhood of these springs: a circumstance which I partly attribute to the lazy trifling disposition of the Greeks themselves, and partly to the tyranny of the government under which they live.

In a former letter I said so much of the city of Nicosia, that it will be needless to add another word on the subject, because I did not find, in this last tour, the least change either for better or worse, though I walked all around it, in order to refresh my memory; I shall therefore proceed to the northern mountains, where the first object that attracted my attention, was a hanging rock, by the side of a charming rivulet that runs murmuring through a long, narrow vale; and this I chose for the place of my noon repose. I had not long solaced myself under this impendent rock, when, looking up, I was agreeably surprized to see that all above me had been once a wood of noble trees, the roots of which, now petrified, formed a curious projecting canopy: of these I brought away some pieces: and, being much pleased with my acquisition, remounted, and soon reached the plains near the sea, from whence I had a very agreeable ride to Lapitho. This town is said to have been built by Belus, and stands agreeably situated on the rocks of the shore, whence the harbour seems to have run far to the westward; but it has no river, and yet all the grounds of the slope from the mountains are fertile and pleasant, bearing great numbers of natural and planted trees, with fine crops of grain: so that I do not wonder it should be formerly called *Amabilis Lapithos*. At present there is not a tolerable house in the place; yet, by some remains, I could perceive there had been once good edifices, and some grand buildings, particularly one, the foundations of which I partly traced: the wall was two feet thick, and fifty-seven feet long; the front thirty-six feet broad, and in the center of the west side was a space of six feet, where no foundation was to be seen; I therefore suppose this to be the width of the gate: the flooring is mosaic, very neat work. Perhaps another person would have found out a temple in this vestige; but I chuse to represent only what I saw, and leave you to your own conjectures. In the church of Saint Acheropeto I found a monumental stone. The work is so extremely low, that it cannot even deserve the name of basso relievo. It is but about two hundred years old. [The inscription commemorates one Cæsar Cariotes, son of Marcos, of Lapithos, who died September 12, 1546.]

Next morning I set out, elevated with the hope of seeing some valuable things upon the

top of a neighbouring mountain, with which my expectation had been regaled. Passing through the village of Elia, I observed, over a well-built gate-way, two coats of arms inclosed within a wreath of fruitage: on one was the Imperial eagle, on the other the Venetian Saint Mark, or winged lion seyant, holding the evangelists in his dexter paw; whence I conclude, they must have belonged to some public edifice, the whole being very neatly cut in bas relief, upon a stone of white marble. Here were the first cypress-trees I had seen in the journey; but from hence there is plenty of the different kinds along the shore to the eastward.

As we approached what is vulgarly called Agios Largos, but properly S. Hilarion, which is on the summit, we found the west side of the hill so steep that our beasts could not mount it. I therefore left my luggage at Carmi, and with eight mules took a turn to the eastward, in order to find an easier access. When I came to the rock on which it stands, I dismounted, and having refreshed myself, sat down to make a sketch of the extraordinary aspect, then taking my stick in my hand I ascended as well as I could, and walked through all the different parts of the castle. It has certainly been strong, both from its site and fortifications, but I found no beauty nor inscription, not even the year, upon any one part of the ruins; so that, being disappointed and heartily tired, I walked down the west side, and you will have some notion of the difficulty of the descent, when I tell you that I spent thirty-five minutes in reaching the foot of the rock upon which the castle stands. This extraordinary place is said to have been fortified by one of their queens, but by which of them I could not learn: however I think it must have been Charlotta, who, with her husband, was obliged to take shelter in the castle of Cerinia, when James the Bastard was established on the throne by the Egyptian power: there he besieged her for a considerable time, but was obliged to quit his enterprize, and left her a great while at liberty; in which interval, we may suppose, she built this castle, to secure the hilly country, as that of Cerinia gave her command of the plains below; till the poor unhappy royal pair, after tedious and fruitless solicitations, receiving no succour from their friends in Europe, and the bastard making new preparations to extirpate them, they fled to Rhodes and put themselves under the protection of the grand master, who received them with all the honour due to their birth and dignity.

Heartily fatigued and scorched, I, in about two hours, reached the port of Cerinia, which was probably built by Cyrus, and is reckoned the best on the north side of the island: the harbour seems difficult to strangers, and is only fit for small vessels; the entrance hath been in some measure guarded by a fortification on each side, built on the rocks, and is absolutely secured by a very strong quadrangular castle on the land: two of the opposite angles of this fort are furnished with square, and the rest with round bastions. No European is allowed to enter or even to approach it; so that I can only judge, from its appearance, that it may have been fortified by King Henry, at the same time with Famagosta and Nicosia; and that probably the whole work was repaired by Savorniani, who, in the year 1525, demolished the old works of these places, and refortified them: on such an occasion we cannot suppose this important place to have been forgot and neglected, especially as we find the military architecture of all three in the same stile. The town has likewise been very well walled, and strengthened by towers, bastions, and a fossée: of these fortifications we may judge by the immense quarries which have been dug on both sides of the town, as they could have no use for the stones elsewhere, every place being more than sufficiently provided. These quarries they have wrought in such manner as to form communications with the fortress, and make several noble granaries for their grain.

My next excursion was to see the ruins of a very magnificent structure, called Dela-Pays; it is said to have been a monastery, but no circumstance that I have seen gives me

reason to be of that opinion. I rather suppose it to have been the grand commanderie of the island, for it is built in the palatial stile of those days; and its Italian name, Della-Paese, though a little corrupted, seems to confirm my conjecture. I could find nothing that resembled the cells of the monks; the apartments are all a little more knightly: the court is a square of an hundred feet; the corridor round it fifteen feet within, vaulted, and supported by clustered corinthian pillars: on the right is the refectory, an hundred feet by thirty; and on the left, the church, which is by no means equal to a monastic edifice of such a superb form: behind, on the ground-floor, are two spacious rooms; but, immediately above, is the grand sale, of an hundred feet by thirty, and thirty feet high, arched in clusters, from six pilasters on each side. Over the gate of the refectory are three coats on a marble architrave; that of Jerusalem in the centre, Jerusalem and Cyprus quartered on the dexter, and Cyprus on the sinister. The same bearings are likewise in other parts; and just by the gate of that dining-room stands a beautiful marble fountain, from whence the company have been supplied with water: on each side of it is a boy bearing up festoons of fruitage; and in the bendings thereof are lions heads, and bulls heads on the angles, all well executed. Just by the church door is an inscription on a tomb-stone, in old French of the thirteenth century, which however I cannot understand. [*It should probably be read thus,*

DOVMARIN . QVI . TRESPASSA .

A . XXIX . IORS . DE . DECEMBRE .

A . LAN . DE . MCCCXVIII . DE . CHRIST .]

From this delightful retirement I went to Agios Phanentis, the rocks of which are washed by the sea, and there I found several human bones and teeth petrified. The country people, who, you know, abound in legends, say that a vast number of foreigners, called Allani, who came from a savage country to subdue and seize their fruitful lands, were here shipwrecked and perished; their bones, as a punishment, and monument of their crimes, were turned into stone as we now see them; though some of them, being converted to the christian faith, lived happily in the island and became saints. Of this number was Saint Mamas, of whom such honourable mention hath been made; yet some say he was a native of the island, while others affirm he was born upon the main. Ridiculous as this fable may appear, there is certainly some foundation for it. We know the Goths invaded Greece, and visited some of the islands; and though I do not remember the circumstance in history, some of them may have made an attempt upon Cyprus; else how should the inhabitants become acquainted with the word Allani, and transmit it from father to son? I never saw a vegetation of stone-bones, stone-teeth, &c. yet I have such petrifications in my possession; and heads, fingers, and toes have been found; whence I conclude that a great many people, in the early or distant ages of the world, have been wrecked upon this little point, and their bodies, when washed on shore, indurated by the natural means of petrification.

On my road from this place nothing occurred worth mentioning until I re-crossed the hills and came to Citræa, which is one continued chain of gardens and summer-houses of vast extent; everything was in the highest bloom and gayest verdure, being watered by living streams, conveyed to every field through little channels.

In my way to Saint Chrysostomos I crossed a field where perpendicular strata of stones run along the surface like so many foundations of walls. The convent of which this saint is protector, I found a large though mean building; some parts are of good marble, well wrought, and tolerable mosaic of variegated stones, with a great deal of gilding and painting; but nothing is of a piece.

The superior had no records, which indeed none of them have, but he told me it was

founded by the king's daughter, who built the *Spitia tis Reginas*, upon the top of an almost inaccessible rock, two miles farther up in the mountains.

This night I lodged at *Palæcitæa*, about three miles from *Citræa*. It had been one of the ancient *Cytheras* or *Cythereas*, of which there were several in the island; but I saw no vestige of antiquity: Indeed I was conducted to a place where the foundation of a temple, sacred to the queen of love, remained about a foot high some years ago; but the *cadi*, in order to save the expence of working a quarry, ordered the stones to be removed and employed in building an house for his women. I should not be sorry to hear they had tumbled down upon this barbarous Goth, and crushed him in the embraces of his favourite concubine, provided the innocent girl could escape unhurt.

I have already said something of the country of *Massaria*, anciently *Macaria*, through which I now travel, and it affords nothing new to communicate.

About four miles N.N.E. *Famagosta* appear the ruins of the famous *Salamis*, built by *Teucer*, of which I have taken some notice in a former letter. I saw a great many foundations, which I conceived to be the remains of different fabrics; but I shall mention none except those of the celebrated temple dedicated to *Jupiter Salamine*, for they are so distinct that I cannot well mistake them. It is an hundred and ninety-two feet in length, seventy-two in breadth; the walls are four feet thick, besides cloisters for the priests, their apparatus and attendants, which run the whole length of the temple on the south side, and are in breadth twenty-one feet within walls, with an entry different from that of the temple. Nothing is now to be seen but the vaults below, which supported the temple, and some parts of the walls above: the vaults are uncovered, and it appears that twelve rows of arches have run from side to side, and four from one end to the other; which must have formed a very firm groupe, and was their manner of building, in order to prevent the effects of earthquakes. Part of the pedestal that supported the statue remains in the east end: the grand court is six hundred and sixty by three hundred and ninety feet, and hath included other buildings besides the temple, but of what kind I will not presume to say. One part, on the north of the square, I take to have been a circus; great numbers of broken fusts are scattered about, some being three feet and a half in diameter, so that they must have been very high: they lie near the temple, among some foundations which probably belonged to the palace, as one person was both king and highpriest. The city has been large, about half a mile from the sea; but I cannot perceive that they had any safe or convenient harbour, as there is no great depth of water near the place. I need not observe, that the temple, being one of the three sanctuaries, maintained the priests in affluence, and drew many people within its confines; or, that this city, in the time of *Evagoras*, was reckoned the capital of the island.

For the same reason I gave you at *Nicosia*, I say nothing of *Famagosta*, but that I took up my quarters under a tree in a garden: a kind of lodging I always prefer to an house, though they would have opened the gates for me at any time.

Sancta Nappa is much admired by the people of the country, though for what I do not know: the convent is rendered agreeable within, by a fountain of water, round which the people can sit and solace themselves under a large cupola; but there is nothing beautiful in or about the place. Here I found a Latin inscription on a marble stone: by which it plainly appears to have been a Roman convent: and I found a place called the Latin chapel, under the same roof with the Greek church, part of which is dug out of a rock.

I
F . M . HE . S . A . P

HOC . OPVS . FIERI . FECERVNT .
GVBERNATORES . FRATERNITATIS .
SANCTÆ . NAPÆ . DVCES . ET .
PRO . HIERONIMVS . DE .
SALASERIS . OREMESIS .
CIVIS . FAMAGVSTANVS .
AD . HONOREM . BEATÆ . VIRGINIS .
MDXXX

Near the convent is a pretty little harbour, which I take to be Leucola Portus; and from hence the poor people employ themselves in fishing, with boats of a very particular texture, consisting of a few sticks bound together, with some very small ones laid in the hollow, where the fisherman sits managing his tackle, and steering his machine with a paddle.

From this place I returned to Larneca, through lands which though naturally good are quite disregarded; and I shall finish the journal of my tour with this observation.

We are told that Ptolemy Soter destroyed the city and kingdom of Malum: and indeed not only the remains of the city are thought to be lost, but the very kingdom itself is gone.

May not the ancient geographers, who were very inaccurate in many things, have erred in laying down its situation? Malum, we know, lay east from Citium; now, if Chitty be the Citium of the ancients, Malum must have been situated where there is nothing but sea; and Ptolemy, instead of razing it to the ground, must have tore away the land itself, and sunk it in the deep: a piece of history which hath not as yet fallen in my way. But if Larnaca be the ancient Citium, which I suppose it to be, there are many places even to Cape Greco, extremely proper for the situation of a city; nay, there cannot be a nobler site in the whole island than that very point, which seems to be cut out by nature for the purpose; and on the road to Sancta Nappa many ruins are to be seen.....You will say this is a bold conjecture; but, from all these circumstances taken together, I pronounce it to have been the seat of the ancient kings of Malum.

At my return to Larneca I concerted with Mr Boddington, who was quite recovered, another tour through the province of Carpass, which we very soon put in execution. On the 15th of June we directed our course towards the river Piroi, the ancient Giallias, not Athalas, as I formerly called it, upon wrong information, on the banks of which was the famous Idalian grove; for the old chart gives the name of Pedius to this river, leaving the real Pedius to find a name for itself; thus Idalium cannot have been where Nicosia now is, but somewhere down this river eastward, near the grove; and by comparing what you find in my former letter with the map I now send, you will perceive what difference there will always be between informations and an actual survey.....As Mr Boddington had never been to the northward, we took my former route through the mountains, of which I have nothing further to say.

From Malandrina we went towards the bay of Limeone, where vessels from the east come to an anchor when they cannot fetch Cerinia; and if the ground is clean and good, it has the appearance of a place of safety. About two or three miles farther is a bluff-head on which are the ruins of Sancta Marina, which has not been a mean place, for several broken fusts, &c. are to be seen lying scattered around it. Probably it was Macaria, the situation of

which should be hereabouts: the soil is very good, but so much disregarded as to be covered with shrubs and underwood.

The village of Agathou, on the skirts of the mountains, is extremely pleasant; but we saw nothing else worth regarding till we came to Zdavlo, where we found a pretty good bay, with a rock on each side, and ruins which may possibly have been Aphrodisium, as this was the first thing like a port which we met with in the division of Carpass. From this place we mounted a very steep hill in order to visit the castle of Cantara, the buildings and fortifications of which, we were told, remained almost entire. We accordingly dismounted at the foot of the rock on which it stands, and after a very difficult and fatiguing search ascended to a gate, through which we entered; and viewing the whole, found it as much out of repair as any we had seen.

The greatest part of the country is extremely pleasant, particularly from Estabomi to Platonissa, where rising ground covered with wood, and opening glades, form an agreeable contrast; from the tops of the hills about Lionarissa the plains and gardens delight the eye; and there is a great deal of rural sweetness in the neighbourhood of Agios Andronicos, even to Galousa, from which directly north about a league, is a large, broad bluff head, with a little rocky island both at the east and west point. In the morning we went to survey it, and passed through many ruins with two churches, about a mile from Galousa: upon the east side of this head we found what they call the harbour, though a little to the north west is another much better: the first has a rising ground on each side; that on the west of the head has been covered with buildings, one of which, being round, may have been a temple, dedicated to the goddess of love; and the whole I suppose to have been the Achæorum Littus, but I cannot allow the harbour a west situation, which the old geographers say it had: indeed the old chart-makers seem to be very fond of giving their bays and harbours a western exposition, even when nature has made them easterly; for what reason I know not: but, be that as it may, this is a very bad harbour; and in my opinion none can be safe which are not sheltered from the west. About half a dozen miles from hence we struck off to the southward to see a ruinous village, where we were told we should find magnificent remains: the place has, I believe, been of note; and by the cutting of the stones which lie scattered up and down, seems to have been well built: two square towers, embattelled with a neat little chapel, are still standing; the portraits of some saints are undefaced, and two large cisterns not yet ruined; but no figures in sculpture or letters are to be seen. In the bay of the Carpasian Promontory the Golgi inhabited, not unlikely where we found a large modern cistern, with old foundations of houses.

The modern Carpass is by no means so fine a town as I expected to see: it consists of a parcel of vile scattered houses and gardens; and I did not see one handsome woman in the place, which hath been always famed for beauties. Here is a new church, built after the mean vulgar form, though the wooden carved work of the choir is better than what I have observed in any Greek church, and must have belonged to some other, for it is very old.

About two miles eastward are fine ruins of a village, which they call Athendræ, though I can not find it in any map I have seen: however, in many circumstances it answers the description of the ancient Carpasia, built by Pygmalion; and I have taken the liberty to mark it as such in my chart. The island is very narrow in this place, from whence we ascended to the top of Mount Olympus, where Venus had another fane, in lieu of which we found, just on the summit, the ruins of a little, wretched Greek chapel. From this spot, which is a great deal higher than any other part in the neighbourhood, I took the bearings of the country to Cape André, or Clides Prom., and we found the air intolerably cold, and so moist, that

a vellum paper-case that was in my pocket parched and shrivelled up with the heat, in a few minutes felt humid, and soft as my glove. From hence to the point are little plain spots interspersed with bushy hillocks, but altogether uninhabited.

We returned through a variety of good and bad, beautiful and bleak grounds, until we arrived at the convent Canakarga; I shall only inform you that it is built exactly according to the mode of the ancient Greek churches, which, you know, consisted of a narthex, or porch, pronaos or outward chapel, naos, body or nave, bema, the chancel, and thysiasterion, the altar.

About three miles from hence we passed some rocks of talc, then descended into a delightful bottom, where stands the village of Rosala, surrounded with corn-fields, gardens, gentle swells, pretty tufts of trees, and a natural fence of little hills. Half an hour farther we came to Komatougalou, which is prettily situated, and the fields are well laid out near the sea: it was once so extensive as to contain fourteen churches; but now five-sixths of it lie in ruins, among which is the church of our Lady, where I found the following inscription upon a stone, accidentally laid on the four pillars of the altar-table. It is written in old French, like that which I sent you from Dela-Pays: I can read every letter, and many words I understand; but I cannot oblige you with an explanation of the whole, which I therefore leave to your own investigation.

ICI . GIST . DAME . MARGVERITE .
 DE . BOVDAPRE . ESPOVSE . QVI . FVT .
 DE . MESSIRE . ANTOINE . DE . GEBELIN .
 LAQVELLE . TRESPASSA . A . XXX .
 IORS . D'OCTOBRE . L'AN . MCCCXXIIII .
 DE . CHRIST .

Through a number of delightful spots we came to Famagosta; and from Castro, where there are still cisterns, with the remains of a town and fort upon a little hill, I traced a causeway, made in the Roman manner, the whole way to Salamis, where we lost it for a while, and found it again, proceeding almost as far as the garrison, which we reached at noon, having travelled above nine hours that morning, with intention to stroll about the city after dinner. But the silly people of the country, being alarmed at my taking notes and making sketches, and especially at my looking often upon my compass, which they took to be a sort of divination, began to imagine we were people sent to reconnoitre proper places for descents, and observe where their greatest strength or weakness lay. These notions are circulated with incredible rapidity; and, like snow-balls, gather as they roll along: nay, they produced such a clamour at Cerinia, that the Cadi sent a message, desiring to know our business, and whither we were going. Our answer to this impertinent address, was, that we were in search of our pleasures, and he had no business to ask what they were.....This wise magistrate was weak enough to inform the muhassil, that we were employed, by the Venetians, as spies; and that we had made drawings of the harbour, town and castle: in consequence of this impeachment, the muhassil sent for Signor Crutta, chief dragoman to the British nation, who happened to be at Nicosia, and questioned him touching this important matter; which Mr Crutta explained so much to his satisfaction, that he could not help laughing at the officious fool who had sent such intimation. Besides this accusation, we were exposed to other dangers; for people were actually sent to way-lay us; but one of them, having more consideration than his fellows, diverted them from their purpose, by representing that we were British subjects and friends to the government.....These circumstances, simple though

they seem to be, together with an expression which was dropped by a fellow as we passed by the side of the fosse of Famagosta, made us determine to avoid the risque of being insulted in the town, which both of us had seen before: we therefore turned aside into the garden, where I had formerly lodged; there we refreshed ourselves with good meat and drink, and cooled our half-burnt carcasses in the shade, from whence we did not stir that whole afternoon; but next morning set out for Larneca, where we arrived in safety, without having seen any other thing worth mentioning; except large tracts of fine land, which lie quite uncultivated.

Thus I finished a tour of about six hundred miles, with less fatigue perhaps than that you will undergo in reading the account of it; for I had already written so much to my friends concerning Cyprus, that the little matter it affords was in a good measure exhausted. This letter, however, you will be so good as to receive by way of testimony of that esteem and affection, with which I continue to be

Dear Sir

Your most obedient servant

Alexandretta

November 13, 1750.

The water is now brought into the city of Larneca.

NOTE. The reading given of the three inscriptions is, to some extent, conjectural. Contractions are written in full. The stones seen by Mr Drummond at Κώμη τοῦ Γιαλοῦ and Hagia Napa are no longer to be found there.

The place-names on p. 191 are correctly written Λευκωσία, Λάρναξ, Ἀλική, Ἀμμόχωστος, Κηρύνεια, Λεμησός and Πάφος: those of trees in p. 213 Πλάτανος (Platanus Orientalis), Κερατρία (Τερατσία, Χαρονπία, Ceratonia Siliqua), Σκληθρος (Alnus Orientalis), Μοσφιλέα (Mespilus Germanicus), Καρναί (Καρνά, Juglans Regia), Ἀμυγδαλέα (Ἀθασαί, Amygdalus Communis), Περνιά (Πρίνος, Quercus Alnifolia), Ἀνδροῦκλες (Arbutus Andrachne), and Ζιζυφία (Zizyphus Spina Christi).

HASSELQUIST.

Frederic Hasselquist, a Swede, Doctor of Medicine in the University of Upsala and a pupil of the great Linnæus, set out from Stockholm, April 7, 1749, travelled in parts of Asia Minor, Egypt and the Holy Land; visited Cyprus, and, returning to Smyrna, died there on February 9, 1752, aged thirty.

His diaries, edited by Linnæus, were published by order of the King, Adolf Fredrik, of Sweden, and were translated into English, French and German. The present extracts are translated anew from the French version, pp. 245—253, Paris, 1769.

I left Sidon, May 23, 1751, in a little French vessel sailing for Cyprus. On the 28th we anchored in the roadstead of Larnaco, a village where the European Consuls live. Part of it is on the shore, another and larger part is a quarter of a league from the sea. The Consul for Naples lives in the first, the Consuls for France, England, Venice and Ragusa in the second. I lodged with the Venetian Consul, who is also Consul for Sweden, waiting an opportunity to return to my country. It was this that led me to Cyprus, for I had no intention of travelling in the island, the heat being at this time so great that one can only go out of doors at night. It was not the season for botanising, nor does the island produce any curious plant. I was content with making two little excursions, and began with a visit to the Holy Cross, which is the highest mountain in the island.

I started on the evening of June 9 with my servant and a guide, believing that I needed no other escort in a country where thieving is unknown. We rode mules. These animals are considered the best of their kind in the Levant, and are largely exported by Syrians, who send in their stead horses for those who have the privilege of riding them. The road to the mountain is broad and even, the country on either side full of hills and valleys. The mountain is formed of a reddish limestone, impregnated with sulphate of copper. At the bottom of the valleys I found a kind of greyish limestone, pure and unmixed. In several parts of the mountain are mines of lead, copper and small rock crystal. Near Paphos this latter is found large and transparent. I saw a piece of such at the French Consul's. Some years ago a man carried some of it to the Court of the Grand Signor. It was taken for real diamond, and greatly delighted persons no better informed than himself. These persuaded the Sultan that he had a diamond mine in his dominions. Workmen were sent at once to Cyprus to find these treasures. They began to work. The place was guarded and shortly after abandoned. In the woods are found myrtle, pine, the *cistus ladanifera* of the East, *arbutus andrachne* and oleander. The villages I passed on my way were better built than is usual in the Levant. At one of these I arrived a little after midnight, but it was too late to find a lodging, and a shepherd gave me up his bed at the foot of an olive tree. The weather was extremely clear, and I was able to observe an almost total eclipse of the moon. Before sunrise I continued my journey. At the foot of the mountain, to the right, there is an enclosure, in the midst of which stands a little Greek Chapel. Just beyond this we began to ascend the mountain, and in half an hour reached the summit. We rode the whole way on a good broad path. At the top is a little Greek hermitage—a chapel with two or three rooms; a monk politely gave me his cell. So different was the climate that I could not believe myself in Cyprus. Instead of the burning heat which had suffocated me, I was breathing a keen and refreshing air. Respiration was easy, and the air far purer and more wholesome than in the rest of Cyprus, especially Larnaco. As far as my eye could reach, I

saw the sea on one side and the whole island on the other—a grand view. On my return I expressed my surprise that the Franks had no country houses on the mountain for a change of air, especially when living in the most unwholesome and disagreeable spot in the Island. They told me they had never thought of country houses, nor of where to build such, but they admitted that my choice was probably the best that could be made. It is true that one could with difficulty build on the top of the mountain, which is all rocks and stones, amidst which the monks have just found room for their hermitage. But below there are many excellent sites. The lichen (*lichenes imbricati*) was the only natural curiosity I found on the mountain. It is rare, as far as I remember, in the Levant.

Famagusta ought to be seen, less for itself than because it was formerly the strongest place in the island, and much talked of in history. I went there on June 13 with an English merchant of Aleppo and the interpreter of the English Consulate. We followed the coast, travelled all night, and arrived before daybreak. As the gates are never opened before the sun is up, we waited at the house of a Greek deacon outside the town. The Turks here, as at Jerusalem and Damascus, forbid any Christian to enter the town on horseback. To conform to this absurd custom we alighted at the head of the bridge, and remounted our mules on the other side. At once we set out to examine the ramparts and all the quarters of the city. Mr Frudvord, an English merchant, had built at Larnaca the finest house in the island of Cyprus, in which was one of the most spacious saloons that I had seen in the Levant. He had caused several others to be built between Larnaca and Famagusta: most of them had fallen into ruin. The first thing that we did on arriving at the latter town was to call on the Governor, to obtain permission to visit the fortress. He was as ill-looking as his surroundings, a man of low type, not a bit the Governor, for he had no crowd of servants such as Turks always have about them, however little their fortune may allow of it. The Governor of Famagusta was not one of these. Officers of this nation are wont to take from the military chest of their district enough to supply their wants, without troubling to think whether or no the money is owing to the soldiers. This man had but two or three hundred soldiers under his command, so that his revenues were very modest. The fort has not been repaired since the Turks took it from the Venetians, and is falling into ruin. I saw about two hundred cannon, not one of them serviceable. The garrison was composed of three hundred men, called *Levanti*. They serve in the navy, and are the worst troops that the Grand Signor has in his pay. The galley harbour has been wholly destroyed. I never saw so many true aloes as on the ramparts. We went next to see the church of S. Sophia, which the Turks have turned into a mosque. It is a Gothic edifice, and seems to have had its merits but it was injured some years since by an earthquake, and the Turks, who are the worst architects in the world, have repaired it as they could. The tombs, monuments and chapels built by the Christians are entirely destroyed. I saw on the pavement a few Latin epitaphs in Gothic characters, and others in modern Greek: these were close to the threshold, which Christians are forbidden to cross. Opposite the church are the ruins of a palace, the former residence of the Venetian Governors; one may still see in it several columns of granite and porphyry, and on some points of the wall the Lion of Venice in low or high relief. The town is in far worse condition than the fort; all the houses built by the Venetians are utterly demolished or deserted. There are but three hundred inhabitants, chiefly Turks, who occupy the miserable remains of the famous city of Famagusta.

CONSTANTIUS.

Constantius, Archbishop of Sinai, is known to us only as the author of the *Κυπρίας Χαρίεσσα καὶ ἐπίτομος*, which was printed in 4to at Venice in 1819, at the end (pp. 125—154) of the *Περιγραφή* or *Description of the famous Monastery of the Virgin of Kykko*. He mentions a visit to Larnaca, apparently during the revolt of Khalil Agha in 1766, but nowhere speaks of himself as a Cypriot. He writes an affected Greek, and our translation might well have pruned away more of his pomposity and pleonasms. The work has no independent value, but as it was circulated *gratis* among pilgrims to Kykko, it was probably for very many years the chief source from which Orthodox Cypriots drew their knowledge of the island's history.

A PLEASANT AND BRIEF
CYPRIAD,

Setting forth what in this happy island is most worthy to be remembered and described.

The Archbishop of Sinai, who compiled it, gratefully offers and dedicates it to the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries, and worthy gentlemen, of Cyprus, on whom have been showered so many graces.

History, a living and speaking voice, a herald that stirs and thrills, rings through the ages, showing as in one general picture the peculiarities of nations and places; and thus, ever linking the past with the present, displays all that men in their generations have done for one another, and through one another.

Cyprus, one of the largest islands of the Mediterranean sea, and the closest and largest of all those which lie near Asia, is situated in the 35th parallel of latitude, and 52nd of longitude. It is washed or encircled on the W. by the Pamphylian sea, on the S. by that of Egypt, on the E. by the Syrian, and on the N. by the Cilician sea. Its shape is that of a bull's hide set lengthways.

Perhaps no other spot in the world has had so many names as the ancients gave to this island. Pliny gives a number of them, and others after him distinguish it by various and curious appellations, justifying each of them by some characteristic. Some, for instance, called it Sphekeia, from the Sphekes who inhabited it: others Kerastia, from the horns or narrow promontories which stretch into the sea: others Cypris, because it was selected to be the home of Aphrodite, and the ancients called Aphrodite Cypris: others from a hero Cypros, who is unknown however to our historians. Some from the abundance of Cypros or Copper, which was first found there: and lastly Cyprus, from the *Cyprès*, a plant of fame among the ancients, and still used by the peoples of Asia. This plant, which the Hebrews called Gopher, the Greeks *Cyprès*, the Arabs and Ottomans *Kinà*, still adorns the gardens of Cyprus, and makes them fragrant with its flowers. The women of the island deck themselves with bunches of this plant, as did those of the Hebrews, as Holy Scripture testifies.

But of all these names which try to figure the character of Cyprus the truest and most fitting (albeit suiting and matching but ill with its present condition) is that of Macaria, the blessed. It earned this rich addition on account of its teeming soil, its rich and easily-won harvests, the pleasantness of its climate, its temperate air, the unfailing beauty with which its fields greet the eye, and the richness of its products. The fantasy which inspired the

conjectures of the ancient poets has even added to this swarm of natural beauties the birth of the Cytherean, and filled their lyric songs with numberless scenes of grace and charm.

On such a theatre, once dedicated to learning and good cheer, now, alas! expatiate the barbarians, who have transformed it into an abode of ruin and slavery. Where once charms so many and so great reigned, there now rules a devouring tyranny. So that even husbandry has ceased to spread its treasures over the wonderful plains, and the glory of an island once blessed is extinguished and darkened. The treasures, of which historians have said so much, which it holds buried in its breast, have been buried deeper still by tyranny, or by the earth heaped over them. All excavation, exploration or search for metals has been forbidden by its rulers, and the copper once so precious and plentiful remains unworked in the bosom of the mountains which enfold it, as well as vitriol of two kinds, lead, iron and other metals, which formerly made this island universally known and renowned.

And gold, the end and aim and active cause of all man's efforts and energy—gold, which the corruption which daily swells and spreads among us tends to fix as the necessary and inevitable curse upon which our warmest and most earnest wishes are set—this too has veins in the land. But they have been choked and hidden for long ages, and a mere tradition survives to hint at the spots which once yielded this sweetest and much-desired wealth. The mines of this precious metal lie near the village now called Chrysochos, formerly Acamantis, one of the famous cities of the island. There are other veins about Tamasia, and again on the lower slopes of Mount Trogodos.

Copper is chiefly found near that famous city of antiquity Amathus, and the city close by called then Nemesos, and now corruptly Lemesos. There is found buried that fine copper which nature alone has cleaved, preparing it beforehand for man's handicrafts. This was the copper first known to, and first found in, the world, and especially sought after by the ancients for the preparation of that famous Corinthian metal, a blending and fusing of this copper with gold and silver, a thing of great price, whose preparation, the means employed, and the proportion of the metals used, remain entirely hidden and unknown to us.

Vitriol, the natural kind and blue vitriol, is found in abundance in the aforesaid copper mines, but chiefly in those of Tamasia and Chrysophou. Iron mines occur over the island. So too there is found in the mountains near Paphos a kind of liquid congealed by cold into exquisite crystal, which is called the Paphos diamond. The folds of the higher hills contain also emeralds and amethysts. The jasper of Scythia was considered by the ancients the most precious until that of Cyprus appeared, and at last that of Egypt. The river Pedæus, which takes its rise in the hills near Leucosia, washes down with its limpid stream quite large fragments of fine red jasper. The amiantus, that thread of the ancients which was neither consumed nor injured by fire, is still found in the hills of Acamas. The island is rich too in gypsum, and dyes of various hues.

To all these products must be added salt, extracted from its salines, which in the days of the Venetians was a source of great revenue. The circumference of this salt lake, which is near the modern Scala, was formerly about five miles. But under the Turks, as the export grew less, the lake partially dried up, so that the water now collected in it both from the sea and the rain cover a surface of scarcely two miles. The force of the heat of the blazing sun evaporates all the moisture and effluvia of the waters of the lake, and leaves on the surface a thick layer of salt, which is collected about September and October.

The gifts of husbandry are little fewer in number than those precious metallic treasures: but in both cases nature's gift has fallen into careless and ignorant hands. The olive trees are not so many as they were formerly, and their produce is not always sufficient for the

wants of the inhabitants, while formerly the oil of Cyprus was among the products which contributed in no insignificant manner to its commerce.

The sycomores or mulberry trees in some parts of the island still make small groves, but their cultivation has been neglected, and the laziness which shrinks from watering them duly during the dog days has left most of them to wither. The trade in silk does not flourish as it did before the advent of the Turks, but it is even now an article not to be despised.

A tree not held in so much account, but still reckoned among the products of the island, spreads its shade over many parts, and its fruit makes by itself quite a commerce. This is the Carob. The sea coast between Scala and Lemesos is thick with these trees, and Lemesos is the chief depot and place of sale.

In most of the fields formerly adorned by the cotton plant traces of it may still be found. But this only gives a faint notion of its former luxuriance. The whole island now can scarcely export 4,000 bales of cotton, while under the Venetians the annual supply exceeded 25,000.

Under the Venetians also the sugar cane was cultivated in many parts of the island, and was almost as successful as in Egypt. Sugar gave an excellent return at Episcopi, one of the most fertile districts in the island. But the fury of the barbarians, pressing on their triumph with sword and flame, and jealously effacing every trace of useful labour devised by those whom their prejudice calls unbelievers, destroyed and burnt these rich plantations, and blighted the wide fields destined to give new impulse to the knowledge and welfare of humanity. Their insensate passion brought all the ruin which only the demon of destruction could achieve.

It ought not to be wholly impossible, or even very difficult, although little effort has been made to prove my point, to increase still more the natural advantages of this fertile island. The quality of the soil points out many spots fit for the cultivation of coffee, and promises success to this valuable industry. The heat of Cyprus is not less than that of the countries not far off where the fruit of this plant acquires its highest aroma: and I feel sure that a practical trial of its cultivation, conducted with due care, will not disappoint the hopes I entertain of seeing it flourish and prosper. But this must be for another age, not in these evil and difficult days.

Everywhere we have evidence of the richness of the soil. The gardens are full of valuable vegetables; large cauliflowers are abundant, and the return of garden produce is so large that it is even carried for sale outside the island. They are adorned too with many kinds of beautiful flowers, and various aromatic plants, which diffuse widely their exquisite odours. Orange, citron, pomegranate and lemon trees, with other fruit trees, make little evergreen groves round the houses, and particularly in winter leave a charming impression on visitors from northern climes who touch on this enchanted isle.

All these parts which the harshness of tyranny has not condemned to bareness and barrenness produce cereals in rich abundance. But the districts which contain them are small and restricted, and most of the fields have nothing now to show but neglect and misery. Wheat and barley used to be among the principal exports, now these barely suffice for the maintenance of the inhabitants, even if they escape the terrible scourge which wastes everything, the countless myriads of locusts, which collect like thick clouds, and sweep down on the fields, often just as they are ready to give the labourer some return for the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. Not even fire spreads in so brief a space so great destruction as do these ravaging devouring insects. And the ruin they cause reaches beyond the harvest: the locusts strip the mulberry trees of their leaves, and destroy the precious worm that feeds

thereon. Wherever they light straightway every green herb vanishes, and they eat even the bark of trees. From this deadly pest, and the oppression of the rulers, follows, as of consequence, the sickly, languishing and decaying state of agriculture in Cyprus.

The question is asked, how is it possible that these winged insects, so little capable of a long flight, can spring up suddenly and appear like a deadly whirlwind over a land surrounded on every side by the sea? It may be resolved in this natural fashion. The promontory of Crommyon, near Kyrene, is not far distant from Cilicia Tracheia; nor is that of S. Andreas from Syria. A strong east wind can easily bring over from Asia to Cyprus the light swarms of these devouring creatures: they are aided by their own wings, and being naturally strong and swift, and trained to such migrations and wanderings, have been observed by naturalists to cross even broader stretches of sea.

Such locusts as escape the perils of birds, or of larger insects, bury their eggs in the ground, especially on sandy spots. In Europe men were compelled at last to seek some means of destroying them, which they do thus. In spring time, before the warmth hatches out their eggs, by order of Government the villagers go out *en masse* with their women and children, who search out, find and collect the eggs, which they burn. They keep up this work for two or three successive years, until the locusts are eradicated.

One product of the island has been up to this time fostered with great zeal and care, and is still one of the chief articles of export—but even this, like the rest, has felt the presence of tyranny—this is its delicious wine. This fragrant nectar of Zeus, expressed and flowing from the vines which abound in this shrine of his beloved son Bacchus, is drawn from a part of the island called Comanderia, for here was the lot and inheritance of the Comandery, the order of the Templars and Knights of Malta, which lies between Mount Olympus and the towns of Nemesos and Paphos. This excellent wine is one of the things greatly in request in Europe.

The nature of the island's products testifies to its climate. In summer there reigns indeed excessive heat, but not equally in all its parts. Cyprus is split or divided from east to west by a continuous chain of mountains, and has two sections, each naturally with its own climate. On the north the winds which blow from the high mountains of Pamphylia and Cilicia are caught and deflected by the hills which divide Cyprus lengthways, and temper in summer the fiery heat of this region; while in winter they bring piercing cold, and preserve the snow on the highest peaks in a frozen state for a considerable portion of the year. The part of the island which looks west is the most mountainous, stony, and varied with forests and groves: it is the wildest, and the least fertile. In the southern districts, on the other hand, the fierceness of the summer sun, caught on and reflected from the precipitous rocks and crags where the mountain range is rugged and broken, is spread over the land without check or stay: while the north winds, which cannot traverse that natural middle wall of partition formed by the mountains which divide the island, leave the air of the southern half deprived of all coolness and refreshment: and if that gentle west wind, which blows sometimes off the sea, and moderates the heat of the sun, were wholly to fail, the whole of that region would be unbearable during certain days of summer. Rain in summer is very rare indeed, and long and severe droughts check and sometimes destroy the much-desired greenness of the country, dry up entirely vegetation, attract the myriad legions of the swift locusts, and push on terrible want, poverty and distress to rule harshly over a burnt-up and thirsty land. Watering and refreshing the soil, a task neglected by men naturally fond of work but depressed, afflicted and desperate, can no longer restore the welcome moisture to the parched plains. In certain spots the stagnant pools of salt and useless water give off a horrible

stench, pollute the air, and breed disease. The living springs are few, and the rivers are mere torrents filled by the winter rain and the melting snow, but dry throughout the summer. This drought is seriously increased by the growing tastelessness of the inhabitants. Plants are disappearing, trees grow fewer, forests are cut down. The criminal carelessness and neglect, which sees the fertility of the island daily diminish, surprises nobody who looks at the despotism which oppresses it. But in well-governed countries, where the common weal is like a science universally studied, and thoroughly worked out, the disorders which stain the lot of lands which groan under the barbarian yoke ought to beget a general burst of righteous indignation and rage.

The Greeks who inhabit the island, the much-suffering and long-suffering descendants of that wonderful Teucer, brother of Ajax the son of Telamon, are well proportioned and good looking: the more refined classes especially, and the dwellers in Leucosia, Larnaca, Scala, and some few in Lemesos, are sociable, affable, sumptuous and hospitable, ready, quick-witted, fond of amusement, a little given to ostentation, fond of work, thrifty, and apt at business, to which the great spur is gain, that inevitable ill, whether to a commonwealth of men, or to each individual member thereof. But the peasants of the island are sensual, lazy, rough, most difficult to guide even with the whip and threats, with no natural inclination of their own to good. The inhabitants of Carpas in the east are little better than savages. But let no one judge their character with blame, but as worthy rather of sympathy and regret, for its springs lie deep in their ignorance, the close companion of their hard slavery. But here, where nature herself is ever young, and the seasons, with their attendant Graces, have fixed their pleasant seat, where Aphrodite Cyprogeneia was so devoutly worshipped, the softer sex is rich in the gifts of the Graces, and full of charm and beauty. Among the primates of the island, who do not encourage the jealous prejudices of Asiatics, the women enjoy their ease and liberty, whence they are well-mannered and affable. They do indeed enjoy a larger freedom than was allowed them in the times when their forefathers sent every year to the Persian Queen as a kind of slavish tribute fifty Cypriot maidens, whose duty it was at that proud and despotic court, to attend the Queen on foot, with spears in their hands, at either hand of her chariot-throne, and to lend her their shoulders as a kind of step when her majesty mounted or descended from her lofty vehicle.

The highest and most remarkable of the mountains whose chain extends from west to east, and divides the island into two parts, is the breast-shaped Olympus, called Trogodos. On its crest was once a temple dedicated to Aphrodite Acræa. By a law strange indeed in a country so devoted to this goddess, this temple might not be approached, nor even seen, by women. There are found upon this mountain, according to Aristotle and other later writers on physics, many varieties of plants useful in the healing art. About its slopes are situated the gold mines, at a place called Boucaisa, looking to the north. When Titus was Emperor, one of the peaks of this range burst forth at the top with such a fierce fire that many cities and villages lying near it were consumed.

On these mountains were built many religious houses as places of refuge, and with their diligence the monks adorned the greater part of the chain with fair gardens, containing trees and plants of every kind, so that this was the most fascinating and exquisite part of the island, and the richer Cypriots flocked here in summer to breathe the cool zephyr blowing from the shady bowers watered by so many limpid rills. But the tyrant, insensible to the charms strewn here by the happy union of nature and art, brought his savagery to destroy these lovely spots, rooted out the monasteries, and changed all the grace and joyousness of their surroundings into bareness and barrenness.

Let us describe the sea coast, beginning from the promontory called "the ox tail," now Cape S. Andreas. Then the ruins of the once famous Cyprian Salamis, built by Teucer, brother of Ajax, son of Telamon, after the fall of Troy, and afterwards called Constantia. In this spacious bay stood the city Arsinoe, called after its foundress Arsinoe, sister and wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. On its ruins was built the city now called Famagosta or Ammochostos, a later name concerning whose derivation authors curiously differ. Its harbour is safe but small, and partly filled up. The fortifications are the work of the Lusignans, Genoese and Venetians. But these too are growing ruinous, through the carelessness of the tyrants, who know only how to efface and destroy, never how to build up and restore. These fortifications recall to well-informed persons a dreadful deed, a deed of the most savage and atrocious treachery, a trampling by tyrannic might on all the rights of humanity. Ah! by such the world can judge truly of the character of this race.

Next to Ammochostos comes Thronos, a city and promontory of the same name, now called Cape de la Grega. Further on is a broad bay, the chief roadstead of the island, called Scala, the resort of every nation. There is a small town on the seashore, called either Scala, or Salines, from the salt-lake or *salines* not far off. Half a mile inland from the lake is the city of Larnaca, the residence of the Metropolitan of Cition, a few trading consuls, and a good many families of position. Larnaca is built on the ruins of an older city called Chrysopolis, which stood at no great distance from Cition. The excavations already made prove the importance of this city. While I was in Cyprus there were discovered subterranean passages full of graves and sarcophagi, still containing the bones and bodies of men who died long ago: doubtless this was the necropolis or cemetery of Chrysopolis. All about these tombs were set funeral lamps, vessels large and small, of clay and glass, which the ancients, according to their superstitious practice, filled on certain fixed days of the year with hydromel, oil and wine, offering libations and sacrifices to the gods of the lower world on behalf of their dead: thinking forsooth, the poor wretches, that with such meat and drink offerings poured upon the graves to Pluto and his fellows, the bodiless shades of their deceased friends which wandered about those fabled Elysian plains, were nourished, while the poor corpse who had left behind him on earth no friend or relation passed unfed and hungry to Hades. So that we conclude and say without hesitation that this city was called Larnax from the tombs so frequently found there. Near this city, the ancient Chrysopolis, was (according to Strabo) the closed harbour of Cition.

Cition lay not far from the cape of the same name, and remnants of its destruction may be seen scattered here and there. It was once a notable and glorious city, built and colonised by the Phœnicians, where flourished Zenon, the leader of the Stoic sect, and Apollonius, the famous physician. Before the walls of this city, while he was besieging its Persian garrison, fell Cimon, that wonderful Athenian general, who in no wise fell behind Miltiades in courage or Themistocles in skill. As he was dying he bade his soldiers to sail away forthwith from the island, concealing his death. So it befell that as neither the Persians nor the people of Cition discovered the stratagem the Athenians sailed in safety, with Cimon (even after his death) for leader. But the inhabitants of Cition, who were bidden by the oracle not to forget Cimon, but to honour him as a superior being, and pay him reverence, raised to him outside their city a magnificent monument, and honoured him in times of famine and dearth.

Near the *salines* is situated a Turkish shrine, and within it a tomb in which these sons of Hagar believe that the grandmother of their prophet was buried. Hither they flock to do honour to the mother of their prophet's mother, without however enquiring too curiously how she was conveyed and transported to this spot from the depths of Arabia. No clear and

exact tradition exists to inform us on the subject, but piety, with its random prejudices and prepossessions, believes easily and exalts to miracles things naturally impossible, and is content therewith. The only person who gives us trustworthy information concerning a Saracen woman dying in Cyprus is Constantinos Porphyrogennetos, who in his book *περὶ θεμάτων* says that in the days of Heraclios, Emperor of the East, the Greek forces were routed and the Saracens took Cyprus, under the leadership of Abu Bekr or Mu'awiyah, whose daughter's tomb is seen there. It is evident then from the statement of this monarch, that during his reign, that is about A.D. 950, her tomb was to be seen in Cyprus. This terrible and mighty warrior Mu'awiyah was the seventh Khalifah from Mohammad, and under Othman, the fourth from Mohammad, was sent by him against Cyprus with a large fleet, and subdued it. His daughter, who, with her mother, seems to have accompanied Mu'awiyah, fell sick and died at Cition, and was buried near this city, where, under the Turks, the present shrine was erected. So then they boast in vain who exalt into the grandmother of the Arabian lawgiver this later born daughter of Mu'awiyah, who closed her days in this island.

With the exception of the fair gardens round certain houses the country about Larnaca and Scala is bare. The soil is dried up by the neglect of years: a few trees are seen scattered here and there on the fields, and serve to show their former fertility, while a little barley cultivated in patches lends at times a tender greenness to the generally barren earth. In the dog days the atmosphere is full of salt and unwholesome exhalations from the neighbouring *salines*, and these inflamed by the burning heat, make the air one breathes pestilent and noisome. Whole groves of olives once clothed these fields, where now a few trees only are visible, and the cisterns which one may see about Larnaca half destroyed were the receptacles of the abundant yield of oil. The houses of Larnaca are spacious, and furnished in European fashion. In that of Mr K. we found on the base of an ancient column the following inscription:—(*Now at Berlin. Boeckh [C.I.G. 2617]*)

Η ΠΟΛΙΣ
ΑΓΙΑΝ ΔΑΜΟΘΕΤΟΥ ΚΡΗΤΑ
ΤΟΝ ΑΡΧΙΣΩΜΑΤΟΦΥΛΑΚΑ
ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΛΕΩΣ
ΑΡΕΤΗΣ ΕΝΕΚΕΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΝΟΙ
ΑΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΙΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ ΠΤΟ
ΛΕΜΑΙΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΝ
ΚΛΕΟΠΑΤΡΑΝ ΤΗΝ ΑΔΕΛ
ΦΗΝ ΘΕΟΥΣ ΦΗΛΟΜΗΤΟΡΑΣ
ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΤΕΚΝΑ ΑΥΤΩΝ ΚΑΙ
ΤΗΣ ΕΙΣ ΑΥΤΗΝ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΣΙΑΣ

The pillar was erected to the honour and memory of the said Agias, Captain of the Body-Guard, by the people of Cition, and the interpretation of its laconic inscription is this: the city crowns and honours Agias, who was appointed Governor therein, with this monument and pillar on account of his virtue and his loyalty towards King Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra, and of the benefits conferred on this city by the said Agias.

Scala too is increasing and growing daily, not only as concerns its buildings, but in the civility and moral development of its inhabitants: their manners are becoming sociable, affable, and pleasant. Already three ensigns, one Imperial, one Royal, and one senatorial, float in the air over the houses of Consuls of native birth.

The one monument of antiquity still standing in Scala is the church of the righteous

Lazarus. The Gothic architecture testifies to its erection under the Greek rulers of the island. Under the Holy Table is the tomb of the first bishop of the church of Citium, with a Hebrew inscription on the side towards the wall, "Lazarus, the four days dead, and friend of Christ." And here my heart cannot express all its gratitude to the leading families in Larnaca and Scala, and to sundry of Leucosia, for the kindness, attention and hospitality showered on me throughout my brief stay in Scala, in return for which I shall never cease with reiterated praise to publish the gratitude which my feelings towards them will always keep alive and ardent.

After passing Cape Kiti there is no other sea coast town till you reach Amathus, whose huge ruins are seen not far from Lemesos. Here was once a very famous city, one of the first in the island, but chiefly remarkable for its temple of Adonis and Aphrodite, where was treasured (according to Pausanias in his *Bæotica*, IX. 41) a necklace of emeralds linked together with gold, the work of Hephæstus, and given by him to Harmonia. It was called Amathus from Amathus, son of Heracles, or (according to Stephanos Byzantios) from Amathusa, mother of Cinyras. Amathus too was destroyed, and lies a ruin, like Paphos, Idalia, and many other famous and charming cities of the island. Their beauty is changed into unseemly chaos, and their remains call forth only sad memories of their former splendour.

Beyond the site of Amathus is Nemesos, now called corruptly Lemesos. This town is no longer what it was, a populous and thriving commercial centre, but ranks among seaport towns next after Scala; it is largely frequented by strangers, and has an excellent market for wine, cotton, silk and other island produce. The country around is fertile, but wants better cultivation. But this needs men who are fond of toil, and the hardworking Cypriots leave their country every day to seek other lands with fewer troubles and taxes. The air of Lemesos is hot and unwholesome in summer, on account of the exhalations of the salt lake which is not far off. Its inhabitants are industrious, apt at commerce, and remarkably subtle in what concerns their profit; save a few well-bred persons most of them can only ape the very imperfect manners of their betters.

After Nemesos comes the bare promontory of Curias, now called Cape della Gata: then the ruins of Curion, one of the chief cities of Cyprus, founded by Argives. Then Episcopi, whose soil is as fertile as any: water abounds, and grain, oil, fruits of all kinds, cotton and silk are its chief riches. Here was once a temple of Apollo, and its ruins are still visible.

After Episcopi is old Paphos (Palaipaphos) founded by Cinyras, a King of the Syrians. It lies about ten stadia from the sea, has a harbour and an ancient temple dedicated to the Paphian, because here first she rose from the foam, and so took her name of Paphia. Here she was worshipped in a peculiar way, on bloodless altars, with the odours of the sweetest flowers, and the fragrance of all the incense which the land of the Sabæans sent. Therein was the oracle of the goddess, very famous, whither flocked from all parts crowds of men blinded by their hopes. New Paphos, the creation of Agapenor, is on the shore, sixty stadia from Palaipaphos. It had a harbour and temples richly adorned. Here dwelt Sergius Paulus the proconsul, and Elymas the sorcerer. The sudden blinding of the latter opened the eyes of the mind of the former to the knowledge of God's truth. After Paphos comes Acamas, a cape of that name, now called Cape S. Epiphaneus, and a village once called Leukylla, now Levkai, full of fruit-bearing trees.

Solous was once a city, now Solaia. Strabo says it was founded by Phaleros and Acamas, Athenians; but by Achilles Tatios the Alexandrian, who wrote the story of Leucippe and Cleriophon, and about the heavenly spheres and other matters, and who became later a Christian and a bishop, it is ascribed to Cyprianor, one of the nine petty Kings of Cyprus, to

whom the wise Solon gave counsel. Cyprianor called the town after his name, and Solon in return touched his lyre, and sang to him these lines:—

Long may'st thou rule them both, new town, and land of thy fathers;
 Town that shall bear my name, land that thine own shall recall!
 Happy and famed be thine isle! But me o'er the great windy waters
 Swift ships bear to obey hests of the Cyprian Queen.

Here was a temple of Aphrodite and Isis. Hence came Stasanor, one of the companions of Alexander, who became himself a ruler. Hence too sprung the learned poet Aratos, who flourished under Antigonos, son of Demetrios Poliorcetes. He exactly imitated Hesiod, and composed works about the aspects of the sky, about Homer and his Iliad, about osteology and medicine, and other poems.

Next is the point of Crommyon, called Carmasiki, and opposite it, at no great distance in Cilicia Tracheia, is Anemourion.

Then Lapidos, an ancient city built by Laconians, which had a harbour and docks. It was styled by the Latins *amabilis*, or the lovable, on account of the wonderful beauty of its situation. Vestiges of stately buildings are still seen there.

Kyrineia, Kyrine, Keronia or Keraunia, a town with a small fort and a tiny harbour, has nothing to show but ruins, signs of its former splendour. It was built by the great Cyrus, King of the Persians, after he had overcome the nine Kings of Cyprus.

Next after Kyrineia came Aphrodision or Idalia, a city famous for its grove sacred to Aphrodite, in which was the temple Aphrodision, dedicated to the goddess whom the Phoenicians worshipped there under the name of Astarte. The grove was called in Phoenician Idalach, the place of the goddess, whence Idalion. There grew in it the sweet herb *amaracus*, which the French call *marjolaine*, the Italians *marjorana*, of whose sweet savour Vergil sings (*Æn.* I. 691—4).

Over the limbs of her Ascan the tranquil waters of sleep
 Venus bestows, then bears him to groves on Idalia's steep,
 Lulled on her bosom. Beneath him a yielding *amaracus* laid
 Folds him in bright-hued flowers and in fragrant bowery shade.

From this plant is made the oil or ointment called by its name. The Cyprian *amaracus* was thought by the ancients to be the sweetest of all. They hold it to be deadly to scorpions. The hog, that mud-loving, filthiest of creatures, avoids its scent.

Achaion Acte, where Teucer and his companions landed. Then Carpasia, one of the most notable cities of the island, where Philo, the commentator of the Scriptures, was bishop. As a deacon he was at Rome, in the train of Pulcheria, the sister of Arcadius and Honorius. There she fell sick, and learning that God healed the sick by the hand of Epiphaneios, bishop of Constantia, Philo was sent to bring the saint to Rome. He came to Cyprus, and following a revelation from above, Epiphaneios about A.D. 401 consecrated him bishop of Carpasia, and being himself about to sail for Rome left Philo in charge of the church of Constantia.

Of the cities of the interior, the largest and most remarkable is Leucosia or Nicosia, a famous city, the capital of the island. In it resides the archbishop of Cyprus and the Governor of the island, just as it was the royal residence of the former Kings. Their palaces, once distinguished for architectural beauty, have suffered that ruin and disgrace which has destroyed all its ancient buildings. The stately church called S. Sophia, in which the Latin Kings of Cyprus were crowned, has suffered the same change and is now a Turkish mosque. The situation of the city is charming, wells and springs and verdant orchards

abound. Its circumference is more than four miles. The country round is wonderfully fertile, wanting only the hands of freemen to resume the flourishing state of which it is so capable. I can speak only in this cursory way of this famous city, and only judge its inhabitants by coupling them with those of Larnaca, whose praise I sang but lately. For I did not see Nicosia. At the moment I touched in my journey at Scala the island was convulsed by an insurrection, and the capital besieged by the Imperial Legate Ahmed Pasha. Its Christian inhabitants suffered sorely, together with their venerable Archbishop, at the hands of the rebels within, who committed with impunity all kinds of horrible excesses. But those whom we saw, and with whom we enjoyed familiar intercourse, themselves supplied the testimony of many witnesses, and I acknowledge their merits, just as one finger gives the proportions of a statue, or as one judges of a rich garment by the hem.

Among the remaining towns of the interior the chief are, first Kythrea or Kythereia, still adorned with pleasant orchards, and watered by many a pure stream; while human industry has used to the best advantage the bounty of nature.

Tamasia, an ancient and once famous city: Trimethous, to which its godly and wonder-working bishop Spiridon has given renown—the saint who with the simplicity of God-inspired wisdom overthrew the philosopher priding himself on the tortuous dexterity of his fatuous learning. He lies in Corfu, as though he were alive, his flesh being still fresh and soft after 1380 years, a wonder to those who touch and adore.

Morphoi with an ancient church dedicated to S. Mamas, a shrine rich in miraculous cures, worked daily by the saint upon faithful pilgrims.

Levkara, where is a fragment of the Cross, which exhales a strange yet unspeakably pleasant odour, and works many miracles for its devout worshippers.

Omodos, a small village, but well known for its Monastery of the Holy Cross, in which is preserved a fragment of the precious rope with which ungrateful men bound Christ, here called the *Τίμιος Κάβαβος*.

The most celebrated monastery in the island is that of Kykko, so well known for its wonder-working portrait of the Mother of God, the work, it is said, of S. Luke. The face is covered, and not to be seen of men. We say no more, nor of all known miracles is there one we could compare with this unspeakable mystery. Let so much suffice concerning things that pass our understanding, that to an island so close as this is to Jerusalem, in which city were wrought all the mysteries of our salvation, many precious relics of the Passion, and the like sacred treasure, were brought over by the Apostles and their disciples, and other righteous men in the first age of the Church, and given to the Cypriots, whose church was founded so soon after that of the Holy City. I may quote as examples the piece of the Cross still preserved at Levkara, the precious rope, the Hebrew original of the Gospel of S. Matthew, to which the Orthodox Church of Cyprus owes its autonomy. The remains of the Apostle Barnabas, and the righteous Lazarus, with other remarkable relics were formerly treasured in the island. Some of them were carried off to Constantinople by the Greek Emperors, others the Latin rulers of Cyprus got into their hands, and transferred them to their own temples.

We need not dwell on the poisonous serpents, the tarantulas and other venomous insects. It is enough to say that the greatest curse of Cyprus is the barbarous and ungovernable temper of the islanders, ever ready for rebellion, and to arm themselves, not in any noble cause, but for the ruin and destruction of their unhappy country.

These then are our ideas about Cyprus, which follow as a proper pendant to our personal observations—ideas which I do not expect to have weight, except with philosophers. But

philosophy, we know, is generally out of touch with men's ideas, and is often diametrically opposed to the interests and combinations of political craft: with these last I am not familiar. I know no other interests but those of down-trodden humanity, a wisdom early acquired, for I find it innate in our inmost heart.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE ANCIENT POLITICAL CONDITION OF CYPRUS UP TO ITS CAPTURE BY THE TURKS.

We have given a concise account of the geography of an island which was first discovered by the Phoenicians. Its government was monarchical, divided between nine Kings, each independent of the rest. This arrangement obtained until the days of Cyrus the Great, who overcame all these Kinglets, and made them tributary to the Kingdom of Persia. They bore this dishonourable yoke until the reign of Darius, son of Hystaspes, when they all revolted, at the instigation of the chief among them, Onesilaos, King of Salamis. After this he and his successors by force of arms ruled over the other Kinglets. Their names were

Teucer	Evagoras I.
Euelthon	Protagoras, the Dynast
Siromes	Nicocreon
Cherses	Nicocles I., son of Timarchos
Gorgos	Evagoras II.
Onesilaos	Nicocles II.
Neicocrates	Evagoras III.
Timarchos	

The founder of Salamis and its first King, B.C. 1170, was Teucer, son of Telamon, who distinguished himself in the Trojan war. He was driven away by his father, and at last found refuge in Cyprus, where he built Salamis. But before he and his companions reached these shores, Phoenician Kings had already reigned there, among whom was Cinyros, grandson of Pygmalion, and father of the well beloved Adonis. The successors of Teucer are unknown to history, until Evelthon, who in B.C. 525 made himself tributary to the Egyptians, and afterwards to the Persians, and sent men, money and ships in aid of the expedition led by Cambyses against Egypt. About B.C. 466, in the reign of the first Evagoras, the Athenians appointed Cimon, the son of Miltiades, their general, and bade him sail to Cyprus. He reached the island with a strong force, fought bravely by sea and land, and set up trophies of his victory over the Persians.

After the death of its gallant defender Cimon, Cyprus remained independent and at peace until the days of Artaxerxes Memnon, B.C. 383, when it again submitted to the Persian yoke; Evagoras was expelled, and replaced by the dynast Protagoras, who made terms with the Persians, and reigned quietly at Salamis. Under Evagoras II. the island took up arms, in alliance with the Egyptians, against Artaxerxes, but failed to change their lot. About B.C. 351 the Cypriots made another unsuccessful attempt at revolt. Evagoras II. was expelled by Artaxerxes Ochus, who gave him the government of an Asiatic province. He administered this also badly, and fled again to Cyprus, where he was caught and punished.

After the overthrow of the Persian Empire by Alexander Cyprus became subject to the Macedonians, then to the Egyptian Ptolemy, and to the Macedonian Kings of Syria; at last Demetrios Poliorcetes, son of Antigonos, overcame Ptolemy, and brought the whole island under his father's rule. About B.C. 56 Cyprus fell under the Romans. Cato, the Consul, sent thither by the Senate, collected and despatched to Rome immense treasures of silver,

little less than six thousand talents. Fearing the length of the voyage from Cyprus to the coast of Italy, he constructed a number of cases, each holding two talents and five hundred drachmai: to each case he bound a cord, and at the end of the cord a large cork, so that were the vessel to break up the cork floating on the surface of the sea would show the position of the cases.

Cyprus had shaken off her tyrants, or changed her masters, and was henceforth governed by men of consular dignity, or senators. The profound wisdom and foresight of the Romans, duly considering the populousness and prosperity of the island, never committed the administration of the whole to a single senator or governor. And they made a decree, punishing with death any Roman invested with military or political office, who should approach the island without the consent and authority of the Senate.

Rome, illuminated at last by the divine light of truth, changed her faith, and at the same time the seat of Empire, and established herself, not perhaps without regret, on the pleasant shores of the Bosphorus. The Greek Emperors who reigned in this new and rival Rome ruled Cyprus through Dukes.

Under Heraclius the Greek arms were worsted, and the Saracens, taking advantage of their carelessness, seized the island, under the leadership of Abu Bakr, called also Mu'awiyah. Later still Basil the Macedonian constituted it the fifteenth Theme, and sent over his famous general Alexander, who held it for seven years, when it was again wrested from him by the Saracens. Yet again it was swept into the net of the Empire, and remained under a Greek administration up to the days of the tyrant Andronicos. During his reign, about A.D. 1180, a certain Isaac Comnenos, a relation of Andronicos but a rebel to the Empire, conceived a passion for ruling by himself, and sailed away to Cyprus. At first he made a show of legality, and exhibited to the Cypriots Imperial rescripts, and forged orders. His wicked schemes fully answered his hopes, and he became easily master of the island. But in no long while the villain showed himself the tyrant he was, and bore himself towards his wretched subjects with an atrocity of which no former ruler had been guilty. This Isaac, like a spiteful Jim, an angry sea, a mad fury, daily guilty of numberless crimes, stained with innocent blood, raging to torment and destroy, defiled with adulterous lusts, a ravisher and fiend, stripped the prosperous of their goods, left the wealthy nobles bare and starving, ruining without show of cause men who before were held in high esteem, if he had not in his passion already slain them with the sword.

About the year 1191 Richard, King of the English, who was leading by sea an expedition against the Saracens, who held Palestine and had sacked Jerusalem, touched on his way at Cyprus, and took possession of it. He caught this tyrant, this inhuman and insatiable destroyer of the island, and at first kept him in bonds; afterwards he drove the wretch from the island, and gave him, like a slave fit for the scourge, to some Englishman. But the filthy Centaur got free from his chains, and like a venomous snake or blood-sucking beast began to cherish his old passion for tyranny. But by the divine mercy, while in the midst of his schemes, the curse of Cyprus gave up the ghost, and was numbered among the tyrants whom the hand of God has struck down.

When the aforementioned King of England reached Cyprus the wretched islanders, trodden down by the brutal Isaac, welcomed the English as so many heaven-sent saviours. The poor things little knew that they had escaped the wolf to fall into the jaws of the bear; for this very Richard, who was thirsting to redeem the Holy Sepulchre, warred manifestly against Christ when he robbed and stripped, like some bloodthirsty beast, the whole of the island. Later he sailed away to Palestine, leaving behind him a garrison, as though the country was

his own, and sending transports to exact a supply of victuals. Finally he sold it to those arrogant and vicious Knights Templar for 200 *liras* of gold : and they in turn sold it to Guy de Lusignan, who was seeking compensation for the loss of his own throne in Palestine.

The Latin Kings who ruled in Cyprus were these :—

1191 Guy	1371 Pierre II.
1194 Amaury	1383 Jacques
1205 Hugues I.	1410 Jean II.
1218 Henri I.	1431 Jean III.
1253 Hugues II.	1458 Charlotte (crowned and expelled about 1467)
1267 Hugues III.	Jacques (the bastard, died about 1473)
1284 Jean I.	Jacques (the child, died about 1475)
1285 Henri II.	
1315 Hugues IV.	
1352 Pierre I.	

The house of Lusignan kept the throne of Cyprus for 232 years, until the time of Jacques the bastard. Jean III. died, leaving his daughter Charlotte heir to his crown. She married Louis, Count of Genoa, second son of the Duke of Savoy ; but her bastard brother Jacques, forgetting the irregularity of his birth, revolted against his sister, drove her from the throne, assumed the royal crown and mantle, and was proclaimed king by the soldiery and nobles. Not long after he married Catherina, daughter of Mark Cornaro, a Venetian, and died. She bore a posthumous son, called also Jacques, who died when scarcely two years old. Catherina was compelled to confer on the Venetians the sovereignty of Cyprus, although Charlotte was still living, and lawful heir to the throne. She had taken refuge at Rome, and died there about 1487, leaving an empty title to the Kings of Sardinia, who still bear the useless addition of Kings of Cyprus.

It would be impossible to describe at length the spiritual and bodily sufferings of this pious people under the Latin rule. Force, sophistry, threats were daily used against the Orthodox : they were daily oppressed, and their clergy harassed. Some of the bishops and priests were driven into heterodoxy : others, like Archbishop Esaias, fled into far lands : others again, who refused to conform, like the Archbishop Neophytus, were banished. Moreover they compelled the priests and monks, with their congregations, to conform to the Latin rite, and communicate with them, and to acknowledge the Pope. Those who submitted were left at peace, the recusants were openly chastised with bonds and imprisonment. Some they tied to the tails of horses, which dragged them over rough and rocky places till they died. The chief men of the island were burnt on a huge pile, and earned by their constancy to the Truth the crown of martyrdom : among whom was the Very Reverend Abbot of Toupoi, Ioannes.

The Venetian Senate ruled Cyprus till 1571, in which year began another era of slavery, when the island, once so fertile, became a part of the Empire of the Ottoman Sultan, Selim II.

CONCERNING SUNDRY WISE MEN, DISTINGUISHED FOR VIRTUE AND LEARNING, WHO
ADORNED THIS ISLAND AFTER THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Barnabas, the Apostle. Read his life.

Spyridon, the wonder-worker, likewise.

John, called, from the lavish alms he bestowed on the needy, the merciful, born in Amathus. After the death of his wife and children, about A.D. 601, he was, for the holiness

of his life, made against his will Archbishop of Alexandria. Such was the charity of this saintly and benevolent man towards the poor that one day when he returned home weeping and wailing, and his friend Sophronios asked him the reason, he replied, "To-day, for my many sins, I have been unable to offer anything to my Lord Christ." It was he first who frustrated the addition to the hymn *Trisagion*. When the Arabs invaded Egypt he retired to his mother country, and lived there in peace until 616, when at the age of 57 he gave up his saintly soul to God.

Neophytus, the monk or anchorite, a native of the island, who flourished about 1222. He was chosen Archbishop of Cyprus, but was expelled by the Latins. A few short sermons for certain Sundays and holy days survive him.

George, a Cypriot who flourished about 1283, was Patriarch of Constantinople under Andronicos the Elder, in whose palace he had been a chaplain. A remarkable orator, who restored in his writings the lofty rhythm of the Hellenic tongue, and its Attic purity, which had been so long buried in oblivion, and by his taste and care gave it new light and life. Anxious for a life of quiet he put aside honours and dignities, and sought rest first in a convent of the "Guides," and then in that of S. Andreas, where in no long time he died.

Hilarion Kigallas, another Cypriot, flourished about 1660. He studied at Venice and Padua, and excelled in Latin and Italian learning. While yet a monk, happening to be in Jerusalem he was of much use to Nectarios of Sinai, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was writing against the authority of the Pope, as the interpreter of several Latin Fathers of weight. Then he became Archbishop of Cyprus. He wrote a Greek grammar, and while he was at Constantinople, and writing about the fixity of the Paschal Feast, death overtook him.

Philip, Protosyncellos of the Great Church, was the compatriot and contemporary of Kigallas: a learned man, and not without prudence, who assisted at the two Synods at Constantinople which condemned the Luthero-Calvinistic confession. He wrote a Chronicle in Greek and Latin of the Patriarchs of Constantinople down to 1639.

Esaias, the Cypriot, a strict monk, from whose hand there survives in print a letter to Nicolaos Clengias. He was the founder of the royal and autonomous Monastery of Kykko, and lived as a hermit on the mountains around it in the days of Alexios Comnenos. By his prayers he relieved Manuel Boutometes, the Governor of the island, from a lethargic affection, and enjoined upon him by all means to bring to Cyprus the picture of the Mother of God preserved in the Imperial Palace, being one of three painted by the Apostle Luke, for such was the will of the Lord, and of the Blessed Virgin. And while he was in Constantinople it happened that the daughter of the Emperor fell sick of a lethargy, which gave to Boutometes an opportunity to tell Alexios what the hermit Esaias had enjoined him. Nor in any other way could the Princess be healed; and at length the Emperor, warned by a vision, gave his consent, and sent to the saint on an imperial vessel, and with imperial rescripts, the now wonder-working picture. Having attained his desire, with money received from the Emperor through the Duke of Cyprus, Esaias built the holy monastery on the mount Kokkos, now called Kykkos.

LOPEZ.

P. Joan Lopez, born 1730, a Franciscan and Missioner in Syria and Palestine, whence he returned to die as President of a convent at Vich in 1798. From his *Peregrinació a Jerusalem*, pp. 124—126, published in 1900 from a Catalan MS. in the public library of Barcelona, I translate his *Breu Descripció de la Insula de Xipre*.

The island of Cyprus is the nearest to the Holy Land, and as I read in an old book it was at one time a continent, joined to Sidon, Beirut and Tyre and the rest of the land of Syria, and a terrible earthquake made it an island. On the side which looks towards Cilicia or Caramania it is very near the mainland, so that the people on the other shore can be seen; but on the side towards Syria and Africa there is much water between it and the mainland. The island is three or four days' journey in length, and two in breadth. It has in its midst a fair city called Nicosia, which is the capital of the kingdom, well walled, with its fine gates, which are three, to wit the gate of Paffo, of Famagusta, and Cirina. That of Famagusta is most beautiful, and in my judgment the city of Barcelona has none to match it. In the middle of the city is the cathedral, a magnificent building, made into a mosque for the Turks. The island has other cities such as Famagusta, Cirina, Llimasso, and although l'Arnica is no city yet it is better known than the other cities, because the consuls live there and other European merchants. The most famous mountains are those of Paffo towards the south, those of the goddess Venus towards the north, the rest are not very high. The towns and villages are many, those which I visited were the villages of Azomatos, Carpasia, Cornegiti and Citrea, the last is the most delightful and pleasant of all, full of trees and streams which come from two sources: the volume of each is equal to the girth of two men. These villages belong to Maronite Christians. Venice held the island for a long time, then the Grand Turk seized it, and still you may see cannons on the walls with the arms of Venice. The greater part of the inhabitants of this island are schismatic Greek Christians, a few Armenians, and the remaining Christians are Catholic Maronites. The rest are Mohammedans. The island abounds in all things, especially wine. The soil is fertile, and if it were not that the Turks oppress the poor people with so many exactions, victuals would be almost given away. It abounds too in serpents, particularly asps, whose bite is incurable: they are like snakes of three palms in length, and move very little. On this account the natives always wear very stout boots throughout the year, and at reaping time they put bells on their sickles, for the sound scares away every venomous beast.

The natives of Cyprus, particularly the Christians, live and fare very much as in Europe in their dress and general habits, and they enjoy as much liberty as in a Christian country, without molestation from the Turks or others. They use also carts or wains, and the Europeans calèches and coaches. The Holy Land has here two convents of the Greek-speaking Mission, these are l'Arnica, a seaport, and Nicosia, the capital. In this last I lived a year, from the beginning of October, 1770, until September, 1771. The heat of the island is excessive, and during the summer by day one can travel neither on foot nor on horseback, but by night only. The languages of the natives are Greek and Turkish, the Maronites know Arabic as well. Throughout the island one never meets a Greek Christian who is a Catholic, except only the Maronites, so it may be said that the Holy Land sent this mission here "in testimonium fidei." The *Hospice* at Nicosia is fair and pleasant, with a good garden near

the Paffo gate looking west. It is the saddest thing to see the palaces, churches, and many convents, which in part are entire, possessed by the vile Mohammedan sect for the sins of the inhabitants; since—as I read in an old account by a Dominican father, who was a native of the island, preserved in the archives of this convent—the Christians of that time were worse livers than the Turks, and thus they lost it.

When I found that there was nothing for me to do in Cyprus, seeing that the only Catholics are Maronites who have their own parish priests, I asked permission to return to Damascus, where the harvest is greater and the labourers fewer, leaving this land of delights and liberty, to work in the Lord's vineyard. So when September 1771 came I left for L'Arnica and there embarked with another Cantabrian monk who was going to learn Arabic at Damascus.

JOURNAL.

A small 8vo volume of pp. 155, printed at Horsham in 1784, contains "a journal kept on a journey from Bassora to Bagdad, over the little desert to Aleppo, Cyprus, Rhodes, Zante, Corfu, and Otranto in Italy in the year 1779, by a Gentleman, late an officer in the service of the Honourable East India Company." The anonymous author left Bassora March 10 and reached Famagusta June 30, 1779. On July 22 he continued his voyage to Rhodes, pp. 115—120.

Cyprus, June 30.

About sunset we anchored off the town of Famagusta, formerly the capital of this island, when the Venetians had the possession of it, at which period it was a most beautiful flourishing city, and remarkable for the stately cathedral church, which at present is made use of as a Turkish mosque. The fortifications were certainly very strong and extensive, and maintained a siege of six months before the town surrendered to the Turks, who although it capitulated with the honours of war, cruelly caused the governor to be flead alive, and put the rest of the inhabitants to the sword.

This beautiful place, once so much admired, is now entirely neglected; its stately edifices are all in ruins, and inhabited by Greeks. The Turkish governor has his seat at the city of Nicosia (now the metropolis) in the middle of the country. The European merchants who reside on this island live at Larnica, a town about twenty miles distant from hence, which has a more convenient harbour, and is consequently better situated for traffic.

Thursday, July 1. In the evening we weighed anchor, and sailed for Larnica and arrived about noon of the 2nd at the Marine, a mile distant from the town; we went immediately on shore, and being conducted to the Consular house found Mr Burford in a very indifferent state of health, and likewise learned that the Consul M. Devezin had been seized that morning with a violent fever. He however soon came out to receive us, and gave us as kind and genteel a reception as could be expected from a person in his situation, and we are all accommodated with lodgings at his house.

In the evening we paid a visit to Mr Rizzini, a merchant of this place, and brother to the Venetian Consul of Aleppo, and also to the lady of the latter, who lives at present at the house of her brother Mr Caprara, the Venetian proconsul. We met with a very polite reception, and found the lady sensible and accomplished; she was very agreeable in her person, but being an Italian, of French education, she was very partial to their manners.

Saturday, July 4. We set apart this day to view the town, which consists of regular streets and fine houses, belonging to the Consuls and merchants of different nations, and to the principal Greeks. Few of the Turks live in the town. It is by no means healthily situated, being surrounded by low lands and salt marshes, which considerably infect the air; these added to the heat of the climate in the summer season subject the inhabitants to continual fevers, that carry numbers of them off. Most part of the inhabitants of the island are Greeks, the lower class of whom are generally employed in tilling land, and dressing the vineyards. The island produces great quantities of grapes from which excellent wine is made and sent to all parts of Europe. Great quantities of cotton are likewise cultivated here, which appears of a much finer quality than any I have ever seen in India. In short, the soil is exceedingly luxuriant, and the farmers would be immensely rich but for the heavy taxes levied by the Porte, and the rapaciousness of the Turkish governors, who are continually plundering them till they have reduced them to a state of wretched poverty. Our time, for about ten days, was spent in one continued scene of gaiety and amusement, at the different villas of the European gentlemen; but we now began to find our healths much impaired by the unwholesomeness of the climate, and every one of us were seized with a violent fever, which had such an effect on the head as to render us almost distracted. The doctors advising a change of air, we removed to a country house belonging to the Venetian Consul, ten miles from Larnica, where we remained a few days, when, finding ourselves getting worse, we were obliged to return to the town for assistance. Every medical attempt to establish our health proving fruitless, it became necessary for us to leave the island as fast as possible, but a French frigate coming into the harbour we were obliged to be very cautious about the mode of our departure, for fear of being made prisoners. We agreed with the captain of a Slavonian vessel, bound to Venice, for the cabin of his ship, for which we were to pay sixty pounds sterling, which though exorbitant we joyfully gave. The French frigate sailing the next day for Acria, we shipped on board a proper quantity of provisions, and taking leave of our good and generous friends who had shown so much civility during our stay on the island, on the 22nd in the evening we embarked on board the vessel, in very infirm states of health, and early the next morning sailed out of the harbour. Our situation on board was truly deplorable. We found a very dirty vessel, and so crowded with cotton bales upon deck that we had not room to move ourselves; and to complete our misfortune the captain and crew spoke a language we did not understand.

The island of Cyprus is situated on the most easterly part of the Mediterranean, sixty miles south of the coast of Caramania, and thirty west of Syria: and is supposed to have taken its name from the great number of Cyprus trees growing in the country. Its circumference is about 250 miles. The air of this country is for the most part hot and there are but few springs or rivers in the island, so that if the rains do not fall plentifully at the usual seasons, the inhabitants are much distressed by the scarcity of water. Ancient tradition says the whole island was consecrated to Venus, and she is represented by the poets as taking a particular pleasure in visiting this country, and to have holden her court there. Be this as it may; very few of her representatives are there to be found at present. This island was conquered by Richard I., king of England, on his way to the Holy Land. The trade is considerable; their chief commodities, besides wine, are oil, cotton, salt, silk, and turpentine.

For some days past nothing particular has transpired. On the 28th we found we had completely weathered the island, and lost sight of land.

SIBTHORP. LEAKE. HUME. SESTINI. BROWNE.

In 1818 and 1820 the Rev. Robert Walpole, M.A., edited from the manuscript journals of various English travellers a series of papers relating to the nearer East. He proposed to collect information "of an original kind, and drawn from authentic sources," of more importance, and in greater variety "than we can expect to find in the work of any individual." From his two volumes, entitled respectively *Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*, 4to, London, 1818, and *Travels in various countries in the East*, 4to, London, 1820, we reprint so much as deals with Cyprus of the observations of five writers.

- A. Dr J. Sibthorp, the editor of the *Flora Græca*, and founder of a professorship of Rural Economy at Oxford, died 1796, æt. 38. He visited Cyprus in 1787, and collected notes and lists concerning the natural history of the island. He gave the Linnæan and Romaic names of the Birds, Quadrupeds and Fishes which came under his notice, to which we have added the modern popular names, as supplied to us by a Cypriot sportsman. Our extracts are taken from pp. 77—83 and 255—270 of Mr Walpole's earlier volume, and pp. 13—27 of the *Travels in the East*.
- B. Lieut. Colonel W. M. Leake, a well-known student of Greek topography and antiquities, born 1777, died 1860, was in Cyprus in 1800, crossing from Kyrenia to Nicosia and Larnaca, and back again. His account of his brief visit is extracted from Walpole, *Travels*, pp. 243—248.
- C. Dr Hume was in Cyprus in July, 1801. We reprint from Walpole, *Travels*, pp. 246—248, his impressions of his visit, and from the *Memoirs*, pp. 253, 254, a list of plants collected at Larnaca and Limassol.
- D. The Abate Domenico Sestini was a cousin of Giovanni Mariti, known by his *Travels through the Island of Cyprus*, Lucca, 1769, who inserted in his anonymous *Viaggio da Gerusalemme per le coste della Soria*, 2 vols. 8vo, Livorno, 1787, vol. II. pp. 233—235, a list of plants observed by Sestini between Famagusta and Larnaca in January and February, 1782.
- E. Mr William George Browne, of Oriel College, Oxford, an Orientalist of repute, born in London, 1768, and murdered between Tabriz and Teheran in 1813, was at Larnaca at the end of August, 1802. A very brief note is copied from the *Travels*, p. 140.

A. March 14, 1787. At four in the afternoon we sailed from the port of Constantinople in the Bethlehem, a Venetian merchant ship, bound for Cyprus; the weather stormy; the wind north, with snow....

April 3. Early in the morning we had a very distant view of Cyprus. Our sailors caught a small species of lark, the *Alauda spinoletta* of L., which probably lighted upon our vessel in its passage. We were becalmed in sight of Cyprus the whole of the next day. We shot the *Charadrius spinosus* flying near our ship; this singular bird Linnaeus makes mention of, as an inhabitant of Egypt: Wheler saw it in Greece. We caught also two species of *Motacilla*, the *sylvia* and *trochilus* of Linnaeus.

April 8. We anchored in the bay of Larnaka in Cyprus; the consul being absent, we engaged lodgings at the house of Sr. Natali, an Italian, pleasantly situated on the beach at the Salines.

April 9. I walked out to botanise, along the Eastern Coast, and returned by Livadia: crops of corn had been much hurt by hail and a severe winter; the orange groves or gardens were quite destroyed.

April 10, 11. I staid at home that my painter might have time to design the plants collected in my walk to Livadia, and several birds that were shot by a Chasseur whom we had employed as a guide. Our situation at the Salines was one of the most favourable in the island for the botanist and ornithologist. Several little pools invited a number of *Grallæ* to its neighbourhood. Near Larnaka was one of considerable extent, and the salt lake was scarcely

a mile distant. Cyprus, situated between Asia and Africa, partakes of the production of both; sometimes we noticed the birds and plants of Syria and Caramania; sometimes those of Egypt. Many of the Grallæ we saw were probably birds of passage.

April 12. We made an excursion to the mountain of the Holy Cross. We passed by the aqueduct of Larnaca, and after four hours ride over an uneven plain enlivened with varieties of the *Ranunculus asiaticus*, now in flower, we dined under a carob tree. Several little rivulets crossed the road, skirted with the Oleander. These were frequented by the beautiful *Merops apiaster*, one of which we shot. Numerous Jack-daws burrowed in the holes of the free-stone rock near the rivulet; and the Roller, which after short flights pitched frequently before us, rivalled the *Merops* in the splendour of its colours. After dinner we lost our way in the mountains covered with the *Pinus pinea*; we arrived late at a hamlet belonging to the convent; and about one hour distant from it. The ascent was steep and difficult; and the sun set soon after our arrival. Disappointed at finding the convent quite deserted, and no habitation being near, we resolved upon attempting an entrance by force. The different instruments we had brought with us of digging were employed: but without success. At length a Caloyer arrived with the key, and having opened the door of the church, we discovered some straw mattresses; these were drawn before the Altar, and we lay down to repose.

The mountain, a bluish grey argillaceous rock thinly covered with earth, furnished but few plants; a species of *Astragalus*, which I do not find mentioned by Linnæus, called by the Greeks ἀγρίοκνυζος, grew in abundance. I saw the *Valeriana tuberosa*, which is certainly the mountain-nardus of Dioscorides, on the summit, with the *Ziziphora capitata*, and a species of *Cucubalus* and *Thymus*, neither of which I find described. On the walls of the convent I observed the golden Henbane growing plentifully.

[Near the convent of the Holy Cross I observed the golden Henbane in abundance: and when we had descended, a peasant brought me a pumpkin with water; it was corked with a bush of *Poterium spinosum*, which served both as a coverlid and a strainer, and prevented the entrance of flies and other insects. It preserves in most of the Greek islands its ancient name Στοιβή. The stools on which we sat were made of the *Ferula græca*; the stems cut into slips and placed crossways were nailed together. This is one of the most important plants of the island in respect to its economical uses. The stalks furnish the poorer Cyprian with a great part of his household furniture, and the pith is used instead of tinder, for conveying fire from one place to another. It is now called νάρθηκα, the ancient name somewhat corrupted. *Memoirs*, p. 284.]

April 13. At eight we left the convent; the *Pinus pinea* was less frequent as we advanced in our descent. I observed a new species of *Gladiolus*, *G. montanus*, and *Thymus tragoriganum*, frequent. Arrived at the bottom, we stopped at a village to refresh ourselves; we then passed through a more level country covered with different species of *Cistus*, the *Onosma orientalis* and *Lithospermum tenuiflorum*. I observed among the scarcer plants the *Brassica vesicaria* and the *Salvia ceratophylloides*. Swarms of locusts in their larva state often blackened the road with their number, and threatened destruction to the crops of corn now almost ripe. Near the aqueduct we observed several hawks hunting in troops; *Falco tinnunculus* was the most frequent species in the island, called by the Greeks κύτζος. We shot two other species; one with a blue tail, named Mavromati, and another, something like a buzzard, called φαλκόνι.

April 17. We set off at eight in the morning for Famagusta. [The reapers were busy in the harvest, and the tinkling of the bell fixed to their sides expressed their fears of the

terrible *Κοιφή*. A monk of Famagusta has the reputation of preventing the fatal effects of the venom of this serpent by incantation; and from the credulity of the people had gained a sort of universal credit through the island. We were frequently shewn as precious stones compositions fabricated by artful Jews; these were said to be taken out of the head of the *Κοιφή*; and were worn as amulets to protect the wearers from the bite of venomous animals. *Memoirs*, p. 285.] After riding four hours through a rising plain we reached Armidia, a village pleasantly situated about half a mile from the sea. Near the roadside I observed the *Scabiosa prolifera*, and a species of *arum*, unnoticed by Linnæus, called by the Greeks *ἀγριοκοκκάσια*, and a rare species of *Linum* with a red flower, the *Linum viscosum* of Linnæus. The low hills round Armidia were covered with the *Cistus incanus* now in flower. On the beach I gathered the *Scorzonera tingitana* and a new species of *Geranium*. We shot also a bird of the *Gralla* kind, the *Hæmatopus ostralegus* of L. After a ride of four hours over an extensive plain, we reached at sunset a small convent in the outskirts of Famagusta.

April 18. Early in the morning we walked to Famagusta, a melancholy place now almost depopulated: in the time of the Venetians the fairest city in the island; and renowned for the brave defence they made in it against the infidels. The lines of the fortification which are very considerable are still sufficient to show the extent and former strength of this place; they are now suffered by the Turks to moulder away in ruins. Some cannon, with the arms of Venice, were lying dismounted on the ramparts; the Lieutenant of the fortress pointed to them with an air of triumph. In the enceinte grew among the rubbish the *Aloe vera*, the *Iris germanica* and *florentina* in great abundance. Leaving the fortress we passed through the streets now deserted, a melancholy picture of Turkish desolation; the gateway by which we returned to the convent was paved with cannon balls. At noon after a ride of five hours we arrived at Upsera, about a mile from Famagusta, we observed some small lakes to our right and left: these were frequented by different species of *Grallæ*: we had shot the *Ardea alba*, which flew over the convent, in the morning. The desolation we had observed at Famagusta extended itself along the country we now traversed. We passed by the mouldering ruins of several Greek villages, and slept at a Greek cottage at Upsera. This like other villages we had passed seemed by the desertion of its inhabitants to be hastening to ruin: it was pleasantly situated on the side of a hill: a fertile vale stretched beneath it, bounded by the approaching mountains of Antiphoniti.

April 19. At eight in the morning we left Upsera, and passing through the vale below, gradually ascended into the mountain of Antiphoniti. At noon we arrived at the convent, most romantically situated, having a view of the sea and a distant sight of the high land of Caramania. I was come here on the authority of Pococke to see the *Lignum rhodium*; this the Greeks call *Xylon Effendi*. The Hegoumenos of the convent, a very old man, offered himself as my conductor, and leading me a few paces below the convent into a garden now covered with rubbish, pointed out a tree which on examination I found to be the *Liquidambar styraciflua*. The trunk of it was much hacked, and different bits had been carried off by the curious and superstitious, as an ornament to their cabinets and churches. This was probably the same tree that Pococke had seen. To ascertain the *Lignum rhodium* has been much wished by the naturalists. An American tree growing in the swamps of Virginia seems to have little claim to be considered as that which should produce it. The name of *Xylon Effendi* and the tradition of the convent testify the reputation in which this tree had long been held in the island; it was probably at first introduced by the Venetians during their possession of it. I could not discover, either from observation or enquiry, that it was to be found in any other part of Cyprus; nor do I recollect that the *Styrax liquidambar* has been

mentioned by any botanist as an oriental tree. Whether the *Lignum rhodium* of the shops is the wood of this tree, or not, I am doubtful; the *Aspalathus primus* of Dioscorides I think is certainly the *Lignum rhodium* of the ancients; he describes it as a thorny shrub, probably a species of *Spartium*, which the Cypriotes still call *Aspalathi*; his *Aspalathus secundus*, which also grows in the island, is certainly the *Spartium spinosum*. The *Pinus pinea*, the Cypress, the *Andrachne* are the principal trees that grow in this mountainous track. In the crevices of the rocks I found a few curious plants. *Scutellaria peregrina*, *Ononis ornithopodioides*, *Polygala monsp.* and a species of *Valeriana* (*orbiculata*) with an undivided leaf, which seems distinct from *Val. calcitrapa*. In the environs of the cloister we shot two species of *Loxia*; one which I have called *L. varia*; the other *L. cinerea*.

April 20. At eleven we left the convent of Antiphoniti and descended the mountain to the sea-coast. In our journey I observed the *Papaver somniferum* with a small blue flower growing in great abundance; the plant which we find sometimes in waste ground and in corn-fields in England has probably escaped there from the garden. We now coasted along the shore, rocky, and much indented. I here observed several curious plants, *Arenaria cerignensis*, *Scabiosa cerignensis*, *Cheiranthus littoreus*, *Teucrium creticum*.

Leaving the shore, we entered into a more difficult tract of country called *Bel Paese*; a ridge of mountains running from north to south, terminated in some rising hills, which, sloping towards the sea, were richly cultivated with corn. Near *Cerignes*, where we arrived rather late in the evening, I discovered a beautiful species of *Salvia*, *S. cerignensis*.

April 21. Having employed the morning in drawing, and putting our plants in paper, we rode out after dinner to the monastery of *Lapasis*, a fine remain of an old Gothic structure. In the court below was a sarcophagus, but of bad workmanship. We were told that on the summit of the mountains to the left of *Lapasis* were the ruins of an ancient temple: our guides who had excited our curiosity refused to satisfy it, by risking their mules on the steep road which led to them. Captain Emery and myself attempted on foot to reach the summit of this distant mountain. The sun shone with uncommon force; nor did the least breeze mitigate the fervour of its rays. After a very hot and fruitless walk, we came back, finding the summit too distant to reach it, and return before night. We joined our companions at the monastery of *Lapasis*, situated in a beautiful recess, surrounded by corn-fields and vineyards, and shaded by trees, whose foliage is kept green by several purling rills, that watered the environs of this romantic spot. I collected a few plants in this excursion: the *Hedysarum saxatile* grew on the mountain; and the *Styrax officinale* was frequent in the hedges near the monastery.

April 22. We left *Cerignes* at nine, a paltry town with a port which carries on a small commerce with *Caramania*: we passed the mountains of *Bel Paese* by a narrow defile; on the sides of which grew the *Moluccella fruticosa*; descending, we entered the plains of *Messaria*; and about two arrived at *Nicosia*. On the mountains we observed several large birds which our guides told us were Eagles, *ἀετοί*. I was not so fortunate as to procure one of them during my stay in the island, but from their flight I should suppose them to be Vultures. Near *Nicosia* I observed the *Salvia argentea*. In the evening we visited a small convent of Spanish friars, under the protection of France and Spain; and slept at the house of the Danish dragoman, for whom we had brought a letter.

April 23. The Governor of the island, being informed of my arrival, sent a message that he wished to see me; he was a venerable old Turk with no other complaint than that of age, and its companion, debility and loss of appetite. He received me with great politeness: our Ambassador, Sir R. Ainslie, had procured me letters for him. Having felt his pulse, and

prescribed for his complaint, he offered us his firman; and ordered his dragoman to prepare a magnificent dinner. A Gazelle, a species of *Capra* called by the Greeks *ἀγρὸς*, was brought to me for my painter to take a drawing of. I was assured it was an inhabitant of Mount Troas; though this animal had been sent to the Governor as a present from the coast of Syria. There was nothing in the palace which indicated the magnificence and dignity of the Governor of so large and rich an island; but unfortunately for Cyprus, it is the appanage of the Grand Vazir, who obliges the Governor by measures the most oppressive to remit an annual revenue much exceeding the force and strength of its inhabitants under the present distressing circumstances.

The poor Greeks pay a *Kharaj* of forty or fifty piastres, and annual emigrations of large numbers are the consequence of this oppressive despotism. The Greeks have, at first perhaps from necessity, been induced to practise some low tricks of lying and knavery; and from frequent repetition these may at length have become habitual among many of them. One of our guides had secretly made an agreement with a Turk that two of our horses should carry his corn to Larnaka; tempted to this dishonest proceeding with hopes of gaining a few paras. Had I mentioned the circumstance to the Governor, the poor fellow would have lost his head; I hinted it only to the dragoman, who immediately sent an officer to inform him, he should answer for his conduct in the most exemplary manner, in case of any further complaint from us. The fellow frightened became, from the most obstinate, the most docile creature in the world on our journey to Mount Troas.

Our dinner was served after the Turkish fashion; a great variety of dishes well dressed, gave us a favourable idea of the Turkish cooking, and the Governor's hospitality. I had counted thirty-six, when the dragoman made us an apology for the badness of the dinner; and that he had not assistance enough to prepare it. The Governor expressed an anxious wish that I should see the medicine prepared, which I had prescribed for him, expressing a great want of confidence in his physician at Larnaka. Upon my making my promise to him, and wishing that it might relieve him, all the persons in waiting exclaimed *In-sha-Allah* (If God will, *Ἐὰν ὁ Κύριος θελήσῃ*, S. James, iv. 15). It was late when we left Nicosia, and after eight hours we arrived at our lodgings at the Salines.

April 27. We set out on an excursion to Mount Troas. Leaving the Salines of Larnaka, we passed through a vale in which were some ruins at a place called Cetti; being alarmed at the appearance of a thunder storm we stopped at a small village, Magado, to dine, four hours from Larnaka. In our way to Mouni, I observed the *Linum nodiflorum*, and shot a beautiful species of *Fringilla* with a yellow breast and a black head, called by the Greeks *σκάρθαλις*. This bird sings delightfully, rivalling the nightingale in its note; we observed it frequently in the evening perched on the top of some bush or tree.

April 28. We left Mouni eleven hours from Larnaka, and after four hours' ride arrived at Limesol. On the road we passed the ruins of the ancient Amathus; I observed the *Scabiosa syriaca* growing among the corn, and on the sea-sand a species of *Anchusa*. Limesol is an inconsiderable town, frequented only on account of its corn, and the neighbourhood to the vineyards of La Commanderia. The bay is deeper than that of Larnaka, and ships approach nearer the shore to take in their lading. Our vice-consul, a Greek, treated us handsomely; and uncommon for a Greek, lodged us in his house without making a bill. At Nicosia, the Danish dragoman brought in a most shameful charge for a supper, to which he himself had invited us. We here found our companion Mr Hawkins, who had been to Soulea and the Panagia of Cicci.

April 29. At seven we left Limesol; having travelled two hours in a plain, we passed

a little rivulet; the country was covered with *Cistus* and *Mastic*; among these we heard the frequent call of the *Francoline*. Having crossed the rivulet, we entered into a wild mountainous country, and stopped to dine at a Turkish fountain, five hours from Limesol. After dinner we soon entered into a more cultivated district: the sides of the hills were planted with vineyards; little brooks watered the vales below, which were sown with corn, yet green. The mountains of Troados covered with the *Pinus pinea* stretched themselves out, and terminated the vale. I observed the *Styrax* tree frequent in the hedges, and the *Anagyris foetida* in the outskirts of the villages. At sunset we arrived at the convent of the Holy Cross: this is regarded as the second monastery in the island, and was probably more flourishing under the pious care of Maria Theresa. It is situated in a Greek village, where we observed an appearance of greater affluence than in most of those we had yet seen. Mountains are indeed generally the last retreats of liberty.

April 30. At seven we set off from the convent of the Holy Cross for Troados. Our road led us through a steep tract of country, well wooded. The *Pinus pinea*, the *Quercus ilex*, and *Arbutus andrachne* covered the higher part of the mountain; in the vales below grew the plane, the Cretan Maple, the black poplar, the white willow, and the alder. After two hours of very difficult road we arrived at the convent of Troados; a Greek Papas, whom we had taken as a guide to conduct us to the snow on the summit of the mountain, brought us to this miserable cloister. As we were now told it was impossible to reach the snow, and return, we passed our day with much disappointment at the convent. I picked up but few plants: *Smyrnium perfoliatum*, *Imperatoria ostruthium*, *Alyssum campestre*, *Cheiranthus cyprius*; and among the rocks, *Euphorbia myrsinites*, and *Turritis glabra*. We discovered the jay by hoarse screams, hopping among the branches of the *Pinus pinea*; and we shot the *Parus ater*, picking the buds of the fruit trees below the convent; and the *Muscicapa atricapilla* busily employed in catching the flies.

May 1. Having taken a goatherd for our guide, at seven we began our ascent from the convent. After two hours' climbing with our mules over steep and dangerous precipices, we arrived at the summit, where we found a small quantity of snow lying on the north-east side: the pine tree and the Cypress grew on the heights with the Cretan Berbery. The mountain, composed of grünenstein, with large pieces of hornblend, and but slightly covered with earth, disappointed my botanical expectations. A species of *Fumaria*, an *Arabis*, *A. purpurea*, with the *Crocus vernus* growing near the snow, were almost all the plants I observed on the mountain. We now descended rapidly over rocks of serpentine veined with amianth, and in three hours arrived at the bottom. The trunks of the old pine trees were covered with the *Lichen purpuraceus*.

We now entered the vale of Soulea, the most beautiful we had yet seen in the island; well watered and richly cultivated. Green meadows contrasted with the corn now ripe, hamlets shaded with mulberry-trees, and healthy peasantry busily employed with their harvest, and the care of their silk-worms, enlivened the scenery. Having travelled two hours in this delightful vale, I stopped at a Greek village. My guide conducted me to the house of the Papas; a bed was prepared for me in the vacant part of a chamber where silk-worms were kept. In a little morass, in passing through the vale, I had picked up *Lobelia setacea*, and *Pinguicula crystallina*. My draughtsman stopping to sketch these plants was the cause of my losing my companion, who slept at a neighbouring monastery.

May 2. We left the village at six; the country now became more barren; the hills were covered with the *Cistus creticus*, from which they collect the *Ladanum*. ("Ladanum is extracted from a species of rock-rose, and gathered in Greece, in the islands of the Archipelago,

in Crete and Cyprus. Among other preservatives from the plague Ladanum is used; an aromatic substance, which heat softens and renders more odoriferous; they smell to it from time to time, and especially when they fear any dangerous emanations." *Olivier*. *Cistus ladan.* is the *Κίστου εἶδος λῆδον*. Diosc. l. 128. See Sprengel, *Hist. R.H.* i. 177.) Some land was sown with corn, but this was almost devoured by the locusts, which had now their wings, and flew in swarms destroying every green plant. No vegetable escaped their ravages, except some prickly cartilaginous plants of the thistle tribe. After five hours we arrived at Peristeroani, where I found my companions waiting for me. I had collected some grasses in my road, *Poa aurea*, *Cynosurus durus*, and *Avena cypria*. Leaving Peristeroani, we travelled over a plain for five hours, and at sunset arrived at the convent of the Archangel, at a small distance from Nicosia. Near the convent I observed the coriander and the garden-cress growing wild among the corn.

May 3. At seven we left the convent of the Archangel, and after a ride of eight hours through an undulated plain arrived at our lodgings at the Salines; near Hagios Georgios we observed immense beds of petrified oysters, *Pectines* and *Balani*. Our chasseur shot a very rare bird of the Tetrao kind, *T. alchata*, called by the Greeks *Παρδαλός*. (Found also in Syria, and called by the natives of Aleppo, *qata*: see a plate and description of this bird in Russell's *Aleppo*, ii. 194.) This is a bird of passage, visiting the island in the spring and retiring in the autumn. We shot also on this plain the stone curlew, *Charadrius oedienemus*.

May 8. At six in the evening embarked on board the *Providence*, a small vessel, for Rhodes..... May 11. We anchored about eight in the morning about five miles to the east of Bafo. The town now presents a melancholy ruin; few of the houses being inhabited. In walking through it, we entered the inclosure of a modern Greek church, where we discovered three pillars of the most beautiful Egyptian granite: at four feet from the ground they measured ten feet four inches in circumference; and from the present surface, which evidently had been much raised, fifteen feet in height. At the distance of about forty yards were two smaller pillars; one of them was fluted. This was probably the site of an ancient temple of Venus: near it stood the ruins of a small Gothic chapel, probably Venetian. From Bafo we passed over some fields to a beautiful village called Iftinia, where the Governor of the district resided. We produced our firman, and his dragoman, full of promises, offered his services. The bishop, who had been informed of my arrival, wished to consult me. Like the Governor I found him with no other complaint than that of old age, and a weakened *vis vitæ*. We were offered pipes, and entertained with coffee, liqueurs and perfumes. From Iftinia we walked to what our guide called the Diamond Hill: these diamonds we found to be nothing but common quartz crystal. Hence we descended to the beach, to some ruins underground. We found there several buildings; and from the architecture we were led to suppose them catacombs, or repositories for the dead. They occupied a very considerable tract of ground, and offer a curious and interesting field of research to the antiquary. On removing some stones I discovered two species of lizards; the *Lacerta chalcides*, and *Lacerta turcica*; on the sand I observed the Sea Eryngo, the Sea Samphire, and the Prickly Cichorium: the *Silene fruticosa*, the *Cyclamen cyprium*, and the *Ruta graveolens* grew on the rocks: on the road from Bafo to Iftinia, and upon rubbish ground on the outskirts of the town, the *Aloe vera*, the *Sempervivum arboreum*, and the *Physalis somnifera*: the *Galium cyprium* on the diamond rocks: the *Crucianella ægyptiaca*, the *Teucrium pseudo-chamedrys*, and the *Teucrium pseudo-polium* on the plain below. It was late when I returned to the ship, where I found a Turk, to whom I had offered a suitable reward, waiting for me, with a specimen of the formidable *Κονφύ*.

May 12. We went on shore, and after waiting three hours at Iftinia for horses, set off at eleven on an excursion to Fontana Amorosa. Riding three hours through a fine cultivated corn country we crossed a rivulet and dined under an olive tree; among the corn I had observed the *Bupleurum semicompositum* and *Ruta linifolia*. After dinner our road led us over a rough steep mountain whose sides were cultivated with corn; we then traversed a stony plain, and in three hours' time arrived at a large Greek village. We now descended towards the beach, having a view of the distant coast of Caramania. The *Cistus monspeliensis* was frequent on different parts of the road: the leaves of this species are used by the Cypriots as a substitute for the mulberry leaf: we met frequently with peasants conveying home horse loads of this plant for their silk-worms. After riding for some time in the dark, we arrived at Poli; the Agha of the village, a venerable man, received us with much politeness, and having spread before us a frugal repast of *yaourt* and ricemilk, he left us and retired to his harem.

May 13. At six we set out for Fontana Amorosa, which our guides informed us was little more than an hour distant from Poli. We descended towards the coast, and having turned a considerable mountain, arrived in four hours at a small spring: this we were informed was the famous Fontana Amorosa, which had so greatly excited our curiosity. Among the stones of a ruined village we observed the *Lacerta stellio*, the same which Tournefort had found among the ruins of Delos; and on the sides of the mountain I gathered the *Centaurea behen*, and the *Cynara acaulis*, and the *Thapsia fœniculifolia*; and under the shade of some trees hanging over a rivulet the *Osmunda cypria*. Our guides, who had contrived to mislead us, after eight hours brought us back to Poli; they now refused to set forward for Bafo, alleging their horses were tired. The Agha of Poli was absent when we came back, and a black slave supposing us hungry brought a bundle of beanstalks, and threw them down before us, saying *there* was something to eat. As we had promised our captain to return we continued our journey with our guides. The little owl, *Strix passerina*, hooted mournfully among the rocks, and at sunset we were left in an unknown and dangerous country. We arrived at a Greek village about an hour from Poli in the dusk of the evening; and the Papas having furnished us with a guide, we travelled all night, and reached the shore of Bafo at daybreak.

We find in Cyprus a much smaller number of quadrupeds than we should expect from the size of the island. The domestic animals, if we except the camel, are nearly the same as those of Crete, and the other Greek islands; and its wild quadrupeds, when compared with the neighbouring coast of Asia, are very few. It possesses neither the lynx, nor the wolf, nor the jackal, inhabitants of the opposite coast of Caramania; and the weasel tribe is wholly wanting, of which we find some species in Crete. The wild boar inhabits Cape Gatto, and the Gazelle the higher parts of Mount Troados. Hares are scarce, and seem to confine themselves to the mountainous tracts of the island. The hedgehog, I was also informed, was an inhabitant. The large bat was mentioned, but I only found the common species. Asses, I heard on good authority, were found in a wild state at Carpaso, and that it was permitted to any person to hunt them; but that when caught they were of little value, it being almost impossible, from their natural obstinacy, to domesticate them.

The naturalist, disappointed in finding so small a number of quadrupeds, is surprised on observing the great variety of birds which migrate to Cyprus at different seasons of the year. The birds of the thrush tribe, inhabitants of the northern climates, visit it only during the depth of winter. At the first appearance of spring they retire to the higher mountains of Caramania, where, the snow preserving a constant humidity, they find food and a proper habitation. Great numbers of *Grallæ* pass over in the spring from Egypt and Syria; these

retreat further in proportion as the salt pools near Larnica are evaporated by the sun. The Francolin and red partridge reside throughout the year; the Pardalos and the quail visit the island in the spring, and retire in the autumn. Immense flights of ortolans appear about the time of the vintage; these are taken in great quantities, preserved in vinegar, and exported as an object of commerce. The swallow, the martin, the swift, the melba, the pratincola, which frequent in numbers the pools in Larnica, visit also the island in spring and leave it in the autumn. Those large birds which frequent the higher regions of Troados, called by the inhabitants *ἀετοί*, I should suppose from their flight to be a species of vulture. The *Falco tinunculus* breeds here, but the difficulty of procuring the birds of this tribe prevented me from ascertaining the number of species with more precision. The raven, the hooded crow, the jackdaw, the magpie, are common. The jay is found but rarely in the pinewoods of Troados. The little owl, though a nocturnal bird, flies frequently by day among the rocks. The great horned owl, which I did not see, is found in the mountainous parts of the island. The roller, the bee-bird, and the oriole are not uncommon; and we often heard the hoopoe and the cuckoo. I observed the rock-pigeon on the cliffs in the western extremity of the island: the wood-pigeon and the turtle-dove in the groves of Bel-paese. The Calandra and the Crested-lark are the most common species of the lark tribe, and these inhabit the island probably throughout the year. The two species of *Lanius* confine themselves to the pine-woods, with the black titmouse. Different species of the *Motacilla* are confounded under the general name of *Beccafica*. Of the *Fringilla* tribe, the house-sparrow is the most numerous; and the beautiful *Scarthalis*, perhaps the *Fringilla flaveola* of Linnæus, rivals the nightingale in the charms of its song, and is sometimes confounded with it under the general name of *ἀηδώνι*. Among the domestic birds, I observed a few turkeys in the convent of the Archangel; geese and ducks are kept, but not in great numbers: fowls and pigeons are the principal domestic birds. During my stay in the island I used every possible means to procure its birds, and succeeded in obtaining the greater part of them. Of the rarer specimens of these my draughtsman has taken drawings. I have been also fortunate in procuring most of the Greek names: but it is much to be regretted that Cyprus has hitherto wanted an ornithologist, who being stationary here might observe with more exactness the migration of the different birds of the Levant.

On observing the list of amphibia we are surprised at finding the *Testudo caretta*, mentioned by Linnæus as an inhabitant of the West India islands, and no notice of the *Testudo aquatilis* common through Greece and Asia Minor. The genus *Coluber* and *Lacerta* are both rich in the number of their species; of these fortunately for the island, the *Κουφὴ* is the only venomous species. The black snake, whose colour is indeed suspicious, is perfectly harmless, and I was informed by the physician of Larnica, that among the country people it is even an object of affection: that they suffer it to twist and twine itself in the hair round the heads of their children, as a remedy for the *Tinea capitis*. I searched in vain for the *Lacerta aurea*, said by Linnæus to be the inhabitant of Cyprus; but I am perfectly convinced from a very attentive inquiry after the tribe, that it is not to be found in the island: an inaccuracy in the information of the collectors must probably have led Linnæus into this mistake. The *Testudo caretta* is not only an inhabitant of the Cyprian sea, but is the most common species in the Mediterranean, and the *Lacerta aurea* is not an inhabitant of Cyprus, but of the south of France, Germany, and Italy. Of the six species of *Coluber* which we find in the island, I can scarcely refer any of them to the Linnæan species.

The classical ichthyologist receives a particular pleasure from comparing the modern Greek names of the Cyprian fishes with those of Oppian, Aristotle and other writers. The *Scarus*, which the Swedish naturalist affirms to be *piscis hodie obscurus*, is known to every

Cyprian boy. Belon, guided by the Cretan fishermen, found it on the rocky shores of Crete. These fishermen are much better commentators on the Greek ichthyologists than their learned editors, who, by their unfortunate conjectures, more frequently confuse than clear a doubtful text. The striking agreement of the modern Greek names with those of ancient Greece is nowhere so evident as in Cyprus. Here we still find the words *μορμύρος, σπάρος, σκάρος, σαργός, σάλπη, μελάνουρος, πέρκα, ὄρφος*, and others, precisely the ancient names of Oppian and Aristotle. They are very properly retained by Linnæus for trivial names. The shores of Cyprus receive a great number of Mediterranean fishes; some of these confine themselves to its rocks, and seldom emigrate into more northern latitudes. In river fish it is, as we should expect to find it, deficient: the rivulets, few in number and inconsiderable in their size, generally dried up in summer, do not lead us to expect a large catalogue of river fish, and upon repeated enquiries I found that the eel was their only inhabitant. My list of Grecian fishes was already very considerable when I arrived at Cyprus; the market of Constantinople had furnished me with those of the Thracian Bosphorus and the sea of Marmora. I had still however hopes of discovering some other species in the more southern latitude of the Mediterranean. Cyprus did not deceive my expectation: I added several species of *Labrus* and *Sparus* to my collection; among these the *Labrus cretensis*, which, from its more vivid colours, and the superior elegance of its figure, carries off the palm of beauty from the *L. iulis*, cited by Linnæus as *Europæorum facile pulcherrimus*.

The greater number of the Grecian islands have been examined by a botanist of the distinguished merit of Tournefort. Cyprus, from its situation and its size, gives us reason to expect a peculiarity as well as a variety in its vegetables; and it is with surprise that we find an island so interesting in its natural productions has been little examined. Hasselquist visited it on his return from Egypt, at a season of the year when its annual plants, which form the greater number of its vegetables, were burnt up by the summer sun; and Pococke, a better antiquary than botanist, has given us only a scanty account of some of them. A view of its Flora, and comparison of the modern and popular uses of the plants with those of ancient Greece, gave me hopes in an island so near to Caramania, the native country of Dioscorides, of ascertaining several of the more obscure plants of this author. My expectations have in some measure succeeded; the modern names, though greatly corrupted, still retain sufficient resemblance to those of ancient Greece to enable us to determine many plants with certainty; and the superstitious and popular uses of many still remain the same. My enquiries were frequent among the Greek peasants and the different priests whom we met. From the physician of Larnica I collected some information relative to their medical uses.

I crossed the island in different directions. Cyprus, though possessing several of the Egyptian and Syrian plants, yet from the scarcity of water, the great heat of the sun, and the thin surface which covers the upper regions of the mountains, can scarcely be considered as rich in plants; and when compared with Crete must appear even poor: the sides of whose mountains, those for instance of Ida and Sphakia, are watered with streams supplied from the perpetual snows that crown their summits. Notwithstanding the character of woody given to it by Strabo, when measured by a northern eye, accustomed to the extensive woods of oak and beech that we find in some parts of England, or the sombre pine-forests of Switzerland, Cyprus appears to have little claim to the appellation of woody. The higher regions of Troados are covered with the *Pinus pinea*; this mixed with the *Ilex*, and some trees scattered here and there in the valley below of the *Quercus ægilops*, are the only trees that can be regarded as proper for timber. The carob, the olive, the andrachne, the terebinthus, the lentisc, the kermes oak, the storax, the cypress, and oriental plane, furnish not only fuel in abundance for the inhabitants, but sufficient to supply, in some degree, those of Egypt.

Birds, Quadrupeds, and Fishes
Found in Cyprus.
(From Dr Sibthorp's MSS.)

PICÆ

Corvus corax	κούρακος	(κόρακος)
C. cornix	κορασένος	(κοράζινος)
C. monedula	κολοίος	(κολειός)
C. pica	κατζοκορώννα	(κατζικουντάλα)
C. glandarius	κίσσα	(κίσσα)
Coracias garrula	γράκνλος, καρακάξα	(καρακάξα)
Oriolus galbula	φλωριός	(φλωρκός)
Cuculus canorus	κόκκυξ	(μανρότζικλα)
Merops apiaster	μέροψ	(νέρονππος, μελισοφάγος)
Upupa epops	βουβούζιον	(πουνπούζιος)

ACCIPITRES

Vultur	ἀετός	(ἀτός)
Falco tinnunculus	κότζη	(γύπας)
F. melanops	μαβρομάτι	(μυυρομάτα)
F. ierax	ιεράκι	(γεράκι)
F.	φαλκόνι	(φαλκόνι)
F.	τζίνος	(ζάνος)
Strix passerina	κοκοβιάτα	(κουκκουφιάος)

ANSERES

Anas anser domesticus	χῆνα ἡμερι	(χῆνα ἡμερη)
A. boschas dom.	παπίδι ἡμερι	(παπίρα ἡμερη)
A. „ sylv.	π. ἄγρια	(ἀρκοπαπίρα)
A. circa	σαρσέλλα	(σαρσέλλι)
A. cypria	παπερόψαρα	(παπινόψαρον)
Pelicanus carbo	καληκατζού	
Colymbus auritus		
Larus ridibundus	λίρος	(γλάρος)
L. canus	id.	
L. marinus	id.	
Procellaria puffinus	μέκω	
Larus minutus	μύρος	
Sterna minuta	χελιδόνι τῆς θαλάσσης	(περροχιξίδονον)

GRALLÆ

Ardea purpurascens	θερκοπούλι	(θερκοποῦλλιν)
A. nycticorax		
A. alba		
A. major		
A. minuta		
Scolopax arquata		

<i>S. cyprius</i>	τρολουνρίδα τῆς θαλάσσης	(τρουλλουνρίδα)
<i>S. totanus</i>	νερολίδι	(νεραλλίδι)
<i>S. gallinago</i>	βεκκατζούνι	(πικατσούνι)
<i>Tringa varia</i>	πλουμίδι	(πλουμίδιν)
<i>T. cinclus</i>		
<i>T. littorea</i>		
<i>Charadrius spinosus</i>	ιανιτζάρι	(γιαννίτσαρος)
<i>C. ædicnemus</i>	τρολουνρίδα τῆς γῆς	(τρουλλουνρίδα τῆς ξηρᾶς)
<i>C. himantopus</i>		
<i>C. hiaticula</i>		
<i>Hæmatopus ostralegus</i>		
<i>Fulica chloropus</i>		
<i>Rallus crex</i>		

GALLINÆ

<i>Meleagris gallopavo</i>		(γάλος)
<i>Phasianus gallus</i>	πετεινός	(πετεινός)
<i>Tetrao rufus</i>	πέρδικα	(περδίτζιν)
<i>T. francolinus</i>	ἀτταγανάρι	(αὐτοτζινάρα)
<i>T. alchata</i>	πάρδαλος	
<i>T. coturnix</i>	ὀρνύγι	(λαρτακουντοῦριν)

PASSERES

<i>Columba ænas dom.</i>	περιστέρη ἡμερα	(πεζούνια ἡμερα)
<i>C. rupestris</i>	π. ἄγρια	(πεζούνια ἄρκα)
<i>C. palumbus</i>	φάσσα	(φάσσα)
<i>C. turtur</i>	τρυγούνη	(τριόνι)
<i>C. risoria</i>		
<i>Alauda cristata</i>	σκορδαλός	(σκορταλός)
<i>A. calandra</i>	κάλανδρα	
<i>A. spinoletta</i>		
<i>Turdus musicus</i>	κίχλα	(τζίκλα)
<i>T. merula</i>	κοτζυφός	(κότηζιφον)
<i>Emberiza miliaria</i>		
<i>E. hortulana</i>	ἀμπελόπουλι	(ἀμπελοπούλιν)
<i>Fringilla domestica</i>	στρουθός	(στροῦθος)
<i>F. carduelis</i>	καρδέλλης	
<i>F. petronia</i>		
<i>F. linaria</i>		
<i>Muscicapa atricapilla</i>	καλαφούρη	
<i>M. grisola</i>		
<i>Fringilla flaveola</i>	σκάρθαλις	
<i>Motacilla luscini</i>	ἀηδόνι	(ἀδόνιν)
<i>M. ficedula</i>	συκοφάγι	(συκοφάγος)
<i>M. œnanthe</i>		
<i>M. alba</i>		
<i>M. flava</i>		
<i>M. trochilus</i>		

<i>M. atricapilla</i>		
<i>Parus ater</i>		
<i>Hirundo urbica</i>	χελιδώνα	(χελιδώνιν)
<i>H. rustica</i>		
<i>H. apus</i>	πετροχελιδούνι	(πετροχιλιδωνον)
<i>H. melba</i>		
<i>H. pratincola</i>		
<i>Caprimulgus europæus</i>	αἰγυδοβυσάστρα	

MAMMALIA

<i>Vespertilio murinus</i>	νυκτερίδα	(νυκερίδα)
<i>Canis familiaris</i>	σκύλος	(σκύλος)
<i>C. vulpes</i>	άλώπου	(άλουποῦ)
<i>Felis catus</i>	γάττος	(κάττος)
<i>Lepus timidus</i>	λαγός	(λαώς)
<i>Erinaceus europæus</i>	σκαντζόχοιρος	(κατσόχοιρος)
<i>Sus aper sylv.</i>	ἀγριόχοιρος	
<i>Mus rattus</i>	ποντικός	(ποντικός)
<i>M. musculus</i>	ποντικός μικρός	(νυφίτσα)
<i>Capra gazella</i>	ἀγρείνο	(ἀγρινόν)
<i>Equus caballus</i>	ἄπαρος	(ἄππαρος)
<i>E. asinus</i>	γαῖδαρος	(γάδαρος)
<i>E. mulus</i>	μουλάρι	(μοῦλα)
<i>Camelus dromedarius</i>	καμέλλος	(καμήλα)
<i>Bos taurus</i>	βοῦδι	(βοῦδι)
<i>Ovis aries</i>	κυνδέλλα	(κυνδέλλα)
<i>Capra hircus</i>	τράγος, Μ. αἶγα, F.	(τράουνλος, αἶγια κατζίκα)
<i>Sus aper dom.</i>	χοῖρος ἡμερος	(χοῖρος)

AMPHIBIA REPTILIA

<i>Testudo caretta</i>	χελώνη τῆς θαλάσσης	(χελώνα τῆς θαλάσσης)
<i>Rana temporaria</i>	βύτραχος	(βούθρακος)
<i>R. bufo</i>		
<i>R. rubeta</i>		
<i>Lacerta cordylus</i>	κουρκώτας	(κουρκουτᾶς)
<i>L. stellio</i>		
<i>L. mauritanica</i>	μεχάρους	
<i>L. turcica</i>	χιλεστρούκα	(χελειτροῦνα)
<i>L. agilis</i>		
<i>L. chameleon</i>	χαμαιλέον	(χαμωλιός)
<i>L. chalcides</i>		

AMPHIBIA SERPENTES

<i>Coluber</i>	κούφη	(κουφή)
»	θηριομαύρο	(θερκόν μαῦρον)
»	ὄχενδρα	(ὄχεντρα)
»	δρῶπις	(δρῶπις)
»	δισάστρια	(βισαίστρα)
»	νεροφίδι	(νεροφίδιν)

PISCES

Chondropterygii

<i>Raia torpedo</i>	μαργοτήρα	
<i>R. batis</i>	βατίς	(βατήν)
<i>R. oxyrhynchus</i>	βατίς	(βατήν)
<i>Squalus centrina</i>	γουρουνιόψαρο	(χοιρόψαρο)
<i>S. squatina</i>	χελάρι	
<i>S. catulus</i>	σκυλόψαρο	(σκυλλόψαρο)
<i>S. mustelus</i>	γαπτόψαρο	(καπτόψαρο)
<i>Acipenser sturio</i>	μουρούνα	(μουρούνα)

Branchiostegi

<i>Lophius piscatorius</i>	βατραχόψαρο	(βωθρακόψαρον)
<i>Sygnathus hippocampus</i>	ἄλογο τῆς θαλάσσης	(ἀππαρόψαρον)

Apodes

<i>Muraena anguilla</i>	ἄχελι	(ἄχελιν)
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B. February 11, 1800. We land this forenoon at Tzerina, called by the Italians Cerina, and by the Turks Gherne. It is the ancient Ceryneia, and is now a small town with a Venetian fortification, and bad port on the north eastern coast of Cyprus. It is reckoned by the Greek sailors eighty miles from Kelenderi, probably less than sixty English. The town is situated amidst plantations of oranges, lemons, olives, dates and other fruit trees, and all the uncultivated parts of the plains around are covered with bay, myrtle and mastic. On the west side of the town are extensive quarries, among which some catacombs are the only remains of the ancient Ceryneia. The harbour, bad and small as it is, must, upon a coast very deficient in maritime shelter, have always ensured to the position a certain degree of importance. The formation of the eastern part of the north side of Cyprus is very singular: it consists of a high rugged ridge of steep rocks, running in a straight line from east to west, and descending abruptly to the south into the great plain of Lefkosia, and to the north to a narrow plain bordering the coast. Upon several of the rocky summits of the ridge are castles which seem almost inaccessible. The slope and maritime plain at the foot of the rocks, on the north, possess the finest soil and climate, with a plentiful supply of water, and this is one of the most beautiful and best cultivated districts I have seen in Turkey.

February 12. Finding it impossible to procure horses in time to enable us to reach the gates of Lefkosia before sunset, when they are shut, we are under the necessity of remaining at Tzerina, to-day. I visit a large ruined monastery, in a delightful situation, not far to the eastward of Tzerina, at no great distance from the sea. It contains the remains of a handsome Gothic chapel and hall, and bears a great resemblance to the ruins of an English abbey.

February 13. Tzerina to Lefkosia, six hours. At the back of Tzerina the road passes through a natural opening in the great wall I have already described, and descends into the extensive plain of Lefkosia. This is in some places rocky and barren, and is little cultivated even where the soil is good. Like most of the plains of Greece, it is marshy in the winter and spring, and unhealthy in the summer. On the west and south are the mountains which occupy all that part of the island, and the slopes of which produce the wines exported in so large a quantity from Cyprus to all the neighbouring coasts. In the centre of the plain is Lefkosia (Λευκωσία), called Nicosia by the Italians, the capital of the island and of the province of Itshili, of which Cyprus is considered a part, though the government is now

always administered, like the other Greek islands, by a deputy of the Qapudan Pasha. The ramparts of the Venetian fortifications of Lefkosia exist in tolerable preservation; but the ditch is filled up, and there is no appearance of there having been a covert way. There are thirteen bastions, the ramparts are lofty and solid, with orillons and retired flanks. There is a large church converted into a mosque, and still bearing, like the great mosque at Constantinople, the Greek name S. Sophia: it is said to have been built by Justinian, but this may be doubted, as Procopius, in his work on the edifices of that emperor, makes no mention of it. The flat roofs, trellised windows, and light balconies of the better order of houses, situated as they are in the midst of gardens of oranges and lemons, give together with the fortifications, a respectable and picturesque appearance to Lefkosia at a little distance, but, upon entering it, the narrow dirty streets, and miserable habitations of the lower classes, make a very different impression upon the traveller; and the sickly countenances of the inhabitants sufficiently show the unhealthiness of the climate. At Lefkosia we are very hospitably entertained by an Armenian merchant, of the name of Sarkes, who is an English *baratli*, and under that protection has amassed a considerable property, and lives in splendour; he and his relations seem to occupy all the principal offices of the island held by the Christians, such as interpreter and banker to the Mutesellim, or deputy of the Qapudan Pasha, collector of the contributions of the Christians, head of the Christian community &c.

February 14. From Lefkosia to Larnaka, eight hours. The first half of the distance was a continuation of the same plain as before, the remainder over ragged hills of soft limestone, among which we cross some long ridges of selenite. At Larnaka we found Sir Sidney Smith with his small squadron: he had just signed a treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French.

February 15. We pass the day on board the Tigre, where we find General Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes, and Madame Junot and General Dupuy; the latter, next to Kleber, the Senior General of the Army of Egypt. They were taken by the Theseus, Captain Styles, in attempting to escape from Alexandria.

The town of Larnaka stands at the distance of a mile from the shore, and has a quarter on the seaside, called *Ἀλακίς* by the Greeks, and Marina by the Italians. In the intermediate space are many foundations of ancient walls, and other remains, among the gardens and inclosures. The stones are removed for building materials almost as quickly as they are discovered: but the great extent of these vestiges, and the numerous antiquities which at different times have been found here, seem to leave little doubt that Citium stood on this spot, the most ancient and important city upon the coast.

March 2. After having remained several days at Larnaka and Lefkosia, we arrived to-day at Tzerina, on our return to Constantinople. The purity of the air on the north coast of Cyprus is very sensibly perceived, after leaving the interior plains and the unhealthy situation of Larnaka. The Turkish troops are already arriving in large bodies, on their way home, in the faith that the war of Egypt is concluded.

C. We landed at the seaport or Marina of Larnaka, called by some authors Salines from the salt pans in its neighbourhood. It stands at the bottom of the bay: it is a small place, but contains a mosque, a church, baths, coffee-houses and well-filled shops. In these we observed plain and striped cottons; mixed stuffs of cotton and silk, silk purses, tobacco pipes, hardware, books in modern Greek. Some of the streets are rendered cool and pleasant in summer by a canopy of vines. Larnaka is situated about a mile to the east of the Marina,

and is a fine village, but owes all its beauty to the delightful gardens in the neighbourhood, the walks of which are overhung with the jasmine, the evergreen rose, and particularly by the *Nerium Oleander*, or rose-bay. This grows here with great luxuriance, and is remarkable for the cluster of pale crimson flowers, and forms the chief ornament of the gardens. In the fields adjoining the town, we observed the caper-bush in flower, as well as the *Lycopersicon* or love-apple.

From the account we had received of the unhealthiness of Cyprus we were under considerable apprehensions on our arrival, and were cautious at first; but such is the effect of habit, that in a short time we walked about in the middle of the day; among the natives not a creature was stirring abroad at that time, but in the morning and the cool of the evening there is a considerable bustle among them. Except the oppression produced by excessive heat, I remember no unpleasant effect from the air of the island; in summer, however, strangers are apt to be affected by a *coup de soleil*, often the forerunner of fever or death. The fevers of Cyprus are in general so rapid in their course, that there is little time for remission; but in one case I saw almost an intermission, the patient walked about and said he was in perfect health; but from the appearance of his eyes and hurried manner, it was too evident this was not the case. Those men who died of the fever on board of the *Ceres* had slept all night on shore. The sick belonging to the *Thisbe* were landed at Limasol, and kept in a tent during the ship's stay there; and though the surgeon's conduct in this instance appears to have been rash, I did not hear that any bad consequences followed it.

There seemed to be no want of schools at Larnaca. In the courts of private houses I have seen the elder boys teaching the younger to read; and not from manuscript, but printed books, of these they have a considerable number, but most of those I examined related to religious subjects: they have also translations from the European languages.

The church of S. Lazarus at the Marina is a large heavy building; instead of a steeple, it has merely a circular rising, or rude dome, on its roof; the use of bells being prohibited to the Greeks by the Turks. The church is spacious and large inside, is ornamented with much carving and gilding, and has some paintings ill-executed. A part of the building being more elevated than the rest, and separated from it by wooden lattices, is appropriated to the women; but it has no kind of ornament. From the area, or ground floor, which at the time of our visit was kept remarkably clean, a flight of steps leads to the relics and pictures, which are all placed in that part of the church opposite to the female lattices. Our guide took care to point out the most valuable relic, the great toe of S. George, who at one time was held in great reverence on the opposite coast of Syria. The grand object, however, of our guide's veneration was the tomb of S. Lazarus. It is in a vault under ground, and said by the Cypriotes to be possessed of sovereign virtue, being able, in their opinion, to restore even the dying to perfect health, if they be laid upon the tomb. In passing to this our friend cast an approving glance upon a picture of a huge saint, with a dog's head, which had the name *Χριστοφόρος* written above it. The representation resembled extremely the common figures of Anubis. In the neighbourhood of this church is the burying ground for Protestants; and here I took notice of the tombs of several Englishmen, who had all died in the summer, when the heat is excessive.

The Mahometan burying ground in this part of the island is full of grave-stones, but inscriptions are not common. When the body is deposited in the grave, an arch is built over it with lath and plaster, and then covered with earth: we saw the grave open in places where this had given way.

In our observations on the domestic habits of the Cypriotes, we found them hospitable

and obliging: in whatever house we entered we were received with kindness. The inhabitants in general are well clothed, the shops are well filled, and the women of the middle classes have rich dresses. There seemed to be no want of provisions; they have sheep and fowls in great number; the gardens abound with vegetables and the vines hang almost everywhere in the villages with luxuriant clusters. The desserts on their tables consisted of the finest fruits, musk and water melons, apricots &c. The musk-melons we seldom tasted, on account of their supposed tendency to produce disease, but the water melons afforded an agreeable beverage, peculiarly grateful in a hot climate.

During the month of July, 1801, we were twice at Limasol: this place is situated in the southern part of Cyprus, in N. lat. $34^{\circ} 39'$, E. lon. $33^{\circ} 30'$. It stands at the extremity of an open bay, and is a long straggling town intermixed with gardens, inclosed for the most part by stone walls. It is much cooler in summer than Larnaca. I observed in the fields near the town the wild poppy in flower, a branchy species of hypericum, with small yellow blossoms, a species of orobanche with violet coloured flowers, and the convolvulus. The gardens seemed to be equally productive with those of Larnaca.

We went to Limasol for the purpose of procuring wood and water; the latter was obtained from a well by means of a Persian wheel of rude construction, turned round by an ass. The well was in a sequestered situation, to the west of the town, overshadowed by a variety of trees, among which were the Palma Christi, or Castor-oil shrub, and the *Morus alba*.

The plain of Limasol is perhaps one of the most fertile districts in the island, and where the ground is not cultivated there are clusters of the olive and locust tree, and the evergreen Cypress. No tract of country perhaps affords a finer variety of thorns and thistles: and there, as well as at Larnaca, the caper bush grows luxuriantly. Some small fields near the town were covered with tobacco and cotton plants, and in this plain the sugar-cane is said to have at one time abounded: I found the olive on the banks of a river, the bed of which was now dry, and on the borders of other streams a number of trees were in bloom, such as the Mimosa, the Oleander, the Pomegranate, and the Jasmine. The fruit of the locust-tree is very astringent when green, but as soon as it ripens it becomes sweet and pleasant, and in the winter season constitutes the ordinary food of the sheep and goats. In the hedges that beautiful shrub the Palma Christi is quite common, and its ripe fruit is sometimes used by the natives medicinally, but I do not know that they have ever extracted the oil as an article of commerce. The vine is seen growing in almost every courtyard, and its fruit is of exquisite flavour; but the richness of the red grape brought to Limasol in little hampers from the interior is perhaps unequalled.

Plants collected in Cyprus by Dr Hume.

At Limasol in July, 1801.

<i>Gossypium hirsutum</i>	<i>Poterium spinosum</i>
„ <i>herbaceum</i>	<i>Juniperus</i>
<i>Olea europæa</i>	<i>Sempervivum sediforme</i>
<i>Papaver rhæas</i>	<i>Punica granatum</i>
<i>Morus alba</i>	<i>Ononis</i>
„ <i>rubra</i>	<i>Orobanche</i>
<i>Rhamnus paliurus</i>	<i>Nicotiana pusilla</i>
<i>Robinia spinosa</i>	<i>Onosma orientalis</i>
<i>Hypericum repens</i>	<i>Jasminum grandiflorum</i>

At Larnaca and Limasol in June and July, 1801.

<i>Convolvulus</i>	<i>Carthamus creticus</i>
„ <i>repens</i>	<i>Salsola laniflora</i>
<i>Lepidium latifolium</i>	<i>Malva sylvestris</i>
<i>Hibiscus</i>	„ <i>cypriana</i>
<i>Chenopodium album</i>	<i>Mercurialis tomentosa</i>
<i>Heliotropium europæum</i>	<i>Eryngium pusillum</i>
<i>Amaranthus</i>	<i>Fumaria spicata</i>
<i>Veronica anagallis</i>	<i>Anthemis tinctoria</i>
<i>Lythrum hyssopifolium</i> (near the aqueduct)	<i>Plumbago europæa</i>
<i>Hypericum nummularia</i>	<i>Cyprus fusca</i>
<i>Statice tartarica</i>	<i>Rosa sempervivens</i>
<i>Adiantum</i>	<i>Ænothera</i>
<i>Antirrhinum spurium</i>	„ <i>hirta</i>
<i>Nerium oleander</i>	<i>Erigerum viscosum</i>
<i>Calendula arvensis</i>	<i>Galium rubioides</i>
<i>Solanum</i>	<i>Echium creticum</i>
„ <i>nigrum</i>	<i>Sideritis incana</i>
„ <i>lycopersicon</i>	<i>Momordica elaterium</i>
<i>Polycarpon tetraphyllum</i>	<i>Reseda luteola</i>
<i>Chelidonium glaucum</i>	<i>Mentha</i>
<i>Pteronia</i>	<i>Myrtus communis</i>
<i>Lavendula</i>	<i>Narcissus tazetta</i>
<i>Baccharis dioscoridis</i>	<i>Rosmarinus</i>
<i>Ruta chalepensis</i>	<i>Capparis spinosa</i>
<i>Cistus crispus</i>	<i>Euphorbia</i>
„ <i>creticus</i>	<i>Hyoscyamus</i>
<i>Ceratonia siliqua</i>	<i>Chrysanthemum coronarium</i>
<i>Ricinus communis</i>	<i>Panicum glaucum</i>
<i>Thymbra spicata</i>	<i>Inula pulicaria</i>
<i>Plantago maritima</i>	

D. *Plants observed by the Abate Domenico Sestini between Famagusta and Larnaca in Cyprus from January 28 to February 22, 1782.*

Ixia uniflora, in flower near the beach.

Hyoscyamus aureus and *niger*.

Atropa mandragora, in flower and abundant. *μανδραγοῦρι*.

Physalis somnifera, abundant in the Fort of Famagusta.

Lycium europæum, abundant in hedges.

Cordia myxa. Birdlime is extracted from the fruit, and is sold here and there. *μυξία*.

Rhamnus paliurus, abundant in hedges. *παλλοῦρα*.

Tamarix gallica.

Scilla maritima.

Asphodelus ramosus, in flower.

Leontice leontopetalum, in flower in fields about Larnaca.

Hyacinthus botroides.

Lawsonia spinosa, cultivated in gardens. Henna.

Melia azederach. λουλούδια.

Opuntia. *Ficus indica.*

Cistus salvifolius and *creticus*, from the latter is gathered Ladanum.

Anemone pratensis, in flower.

Hedysarum tragacantha.

Poterium spinosum.

Ricinus communis. Oil is occasionally extracted from the fruit.

Momordica elaterium.

Pistacia lentiscus. Oil is extracted as in Sicily. σχοίνος.

Populus alba.

Juniperus sabina.

Atriplex halimus.

Ceratonia siliqua, abundant in the island, especially about Mari. A considerable trade is done in the pods of this tree called in Italian *Carube* or *Carubbe*. τερατσιά.

Phoenix dactylifera.

E. (End of August, 1802.) I embarked in a small boat with several passengers for Larneka in Cyprus, which in Turkish is called Tûsla from the adjacent salt works. ... On the morning of the seventh day from our departure we landed at Larneka. The heat of this part of Cyprus is very intense; and the north-east wind, which is said to be the most hot and oppressive, blew at the time of my arrival. Caleshes, in other places used as a luxury, are here almost necessary; for though the town be but at a small distance from the sea, yet exposure to the rays of the sun in passing thither is seldom hazarded with impunity. Agues and complaints of the eyes are common, and none of the natives have the appearance of robust health.

The bread made in private houses in Cyprus is unequalled, except perhaps by that which is prepared for the table of the Sultan at Constantinople. It is composed of what is called *fiore di farina*. The flour is divided into three parts to obtain the kind which is proper for manipulation. The first separated is the coarse and husky part: the next, the white impalpable powder: after which operation remains the *fiore di farina*, which is neither very finely pulverized, nor remarkably white, and is by far the smallest quantity of the whole mass. This is found to contain the purest part of the wheat, and to make the finest bread.

CYPRIANOS.

Cyprianos, an Archimandrite of the Church of Cyprus, printed in 1788 at Venice, in small 4to, pp. ix, 406, his *History of Cyprus*, which he dedicates to the Archbishop Chrysanthos. We translate from pp. 300—332. The book has been often quoted, but never translated. The edition printed at Larnaca, 1880—82, is in the worst sense a *rifacimento*, impertinent and worthless. Another appeared at Nicosia in 1901.

It were much to be wished that the gratitude of his countrymen had preserved to us some account of the author. He was born at Koilanion, in the District of Limassol. Sakellarios says he studied at Padua, and wrote his work at Venice. The history begins with the days of Kittim, great-grandson of Noah, and ends in 1788. Down to the Ottoman conquest he is uncritical and out of date, but it is his great merit first to have attempted a general history of Cyprus in the language spoken by two-thirds of its inhabitants: and for the careful details he gives of the re-organisation of the island by its Turkish conquerors every student should be grateful.

The piastre of 1788 was worth about 1s. 10½d.; p. 5 made a Venetian gold sequin of 9s. 5½d.

In the *Qanun-Nameh*, or statistical code of the Empire, originally compiled by order of Sultan Suleiman I. (1520—1566), the Province of Cyprus is entered as furnishing “1667 swords, of which 40 are *ziamets*, and the rest *timars*. The *begs*, *zaims*, *timariots* and *jebelis* amount to 4500 men. Cyprus, 9 *ziamets*, 38 *timars*. Alayah, 0 *ziamets*, 152 *timars*. Tarsus, 13 *ziamets*, 418 *timars*. Sis, 2 *ziamets*, 52 *timars*. Icheili, 16 *ziamets*, 602 *timars*.... There are here a *Defterdar* of the Treasury and of the feuds, a *Kiaya* and *Emin* of the *Defter* and *Chawushes*, an *Alay Bey*, and a *Yenicheri-bashi*. The *Sanjags* are Icheili, Tarsus, Alayah, Sis or Khas. The following have a *Salianeh* or annual allowance from the Treasury, Kyrenia, Paphos, Famagusta and Nicosia. It is a large island, and contains 30,000 Moslem warriors, and 150,000 infidels.” (See the Traveller’s narrative—*Seyyahat-Nameh of Evliya Efendi*, 1611—1680, translated by J. von Hammer, 4to, London, 1834, pp. 93 and 104.) Sir P. Rycaut, in Knolles’ *Turkish History*, 6th ed. 1687, gives the figures rather differently, and adds “the government of Qibris hath a revenue of 500,650 aspers.”

A *zaim* for every 5000 aspers of rent, a *timariot* for every 3000, received from the Grand Signor, was required to bring into the field one horseman or *jebeli*. The rent of a *zaim* was always under 100,000 aspers: above that sum the fief would be that of a *sanjaq-bey*. The rent of a *timariot* was always under 20,000; above that sum the fief would be that of a *zaim*. The *sipahi* received their pay (12 to 100 aspers a day) direct from the Treasury. The *yenicheri* likewise received from the Treasury 1 to 12 aspers a day, with rations and uniform. Three aspers or *aqches* made a *para* or *medin*, 40 paras a piastre.

The *tugh* or tail of a Pasha is “a staff trimmed with the tail of a horse, with a golden ball upon the top.”

THE AFFAIRS OF THE ISLAND AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE TURKS: ITS POLITICAL AND MILITARY ORGANISATION. THINGS OLD AND NEW SELECTED FROM ITS HISTORY UP TO 1788.

After the unhappy surrender of Ammochostos on August 6, 1571—I ought rather to call it the general captivity and enslavement of such of the wretched Cypriots as survived—Mustafa Pasha, the General Commanding in Chief of the conquering army, received, before sailing for Constantinople, from Sultan Selim II., commands to organise and arrange with all speed such matters as the safety of the island required, and then to sail for the capital. At Ammochostos he set up as governor a certain Bey of Rhodes, Forca Framburaro, a Spaniard and renegade, and, as the common tradition of the island asserts, a Pasha of two tails: at Paphos another Pasha of two tails; and at Nicosia, as being the former royal residence and

seat of government, Muzaffar, a Pasha of three tails, and of higher rank than the others. To him was entrusted the general government of the island.

Mustafa now returned to Levkosia, and ordered that a census should at once be taken of the inhabitants (in Turkish *ri'aya* or *left*) remaining in Cyprus. In making this census of the villages and their inhabitants, he not only used the books and accounts of the Latin sovereigns, to discover how much revenue the island yielded to the royal treasury, but examined certain unhappy Cypriots, once chiefs among their fellows, who after the sack of Nicosia came down from the mountains, and surrendered as *ri'aya*, to wit—Scipio Caraffa, Peter Paul Synceticos, Tuzio Constanzo, Livio Podocataro, Giovanni Muscorno, Orsatto Lusignan or Lazania, Giannetto and Ettore de Nores, and others who had been captured and freed on payment and on condition of remaining *ri'aya*. To these, the story goes, he left their property, and even enrolled some in the army, though it is doubtful indeed if he would have taken Greeks as *sipahi*, for we know the hatred the Turks bear to other races, and their distrust of Christians, especially such as they have conquered in war. Nevertheless the *Pariei* and *Perpiriarri*, who were slaves of the chiefs and upper classes, who could not own land, and whose very selves and children were their masters' property, never ceased to help the Turks, for they hoped under their yoke to find freedom and rest. They made known to the commission of enquiry and to the Pasha the revenues, estates, villages, and even in detail the families in each village and their houses. And the Levkarites, who were among the first to submit, paid this homage of their own accord, and received, it is said, certain exemptions therefor.

When the enquiry was complete there was found a taxable population, from fourteen years old to fifty, Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, Copts and other races, of about 85,000, not reckoning women, children and old men. Before the capture there was a total population, as we learn from the historian Coronelli, of 197,000 souls, so that we may accept the statement that after the Turkish occupation 18,000 taxable males were entered in the registers. Leave then was given to these people at a very small ransom to hold land, and to cultivate it as their own, and without further charge to hand it down to their children, being bound only to pay the so-called third of the produce, which varied according to the locality, and might be a fifth or seventh or eighth or tenth. The inhabitants were further divided into three classes, as the order stands now, and (as many believe) has stood from of old. Men of the first class paid each a yearly poll-tax or *kharaj* of eleven piastres. Those of the second and less prosperous class paid five and a half: the poorest or third class three piastres only. But Fra Vincenzo Coronelli, the official geographer of Venice, writing of the island after the Turkish conquest, says that the Cypriot rayah was made to pay six piastres for the privilege of following his religion. And Fra Angelo Calepio, a native of Levkosia, who was taken captive in the siege of that city, and wrote an account of the two sieges, says much the same. It appears that over eight hundred villages were entered on the list, probably as thinly inhabited then as we have known them.

And as at that time there was great dearth in the island, because the land was left unsown on account of the war, and especially the Mesaorian plain, which had been wasted by the enemy's forays, Mustafa Pasha, by command of the Sultan, disbanded his numerous regiments, and sent the men to their homes; those only remained who were rewarded for their bravery with pensions, and others who wished to settle in Cyprus: and, as Calepio says, and as he heard from others while a slave in Constantinople, about 20,000 Turks remained as settlers: perhaps he means that, seeing the island so scantily inhabited, the Pasha left so many men as a colony rather than a garrison.

While this enumeration of the villages and their inhabitants was in progress, he arranged the military system necessary for the defence of the island. There were detailed for the whole of Cyprus 1000 *yenicheri*, with their commandant the *yenicheri-agma*, and another officer under him, the *qol-kiaya*, the fourth in rank of the four aghas of Levkosia, and 28 *chorbaji* of the same corps, of whom 14 were styled *yayabashi*, that is to say captains respectively of horse and foot. He enrolled also 2666 *sipahi* under 42 *zaim*; 32 of these were posted to the garrison of Levkosia, and 10 to those of Ammochostos and Paphos. To the command of these *zaim* and *sipahi* were appointed three superior officers called *Alay Bey*, the chief of these being stationed at Levkosia, and the other two, who were subordinate to him, at Ammochostos and Paphos. These are the two so-called *ojaqs* of the *sipahi* and *yenicheri*, that is to say the two corps of cavalry and infantry, to whose guardianship was committed the safety of the whole island.

To each corps was assigned its necessary pay. To the *yenicheri* each year 12,000 piastres, collected from 24 *mugata'a*, fiefs specially dedicated to this service, to wit, the Customs of Larnax, Lemesos, Paphos, Ammochostos and Kyrenia: the two Salines of Larnax and Lemesos: and sixteen villages, Ashia, Levconico, Enagrai, Kiades, Elia, Koilanion, Palaikythron, Kazaphani, Bitzada, Apalestra, Peristerona, Pege, Levka, Lemesos, Eski Shehr or Palaia Chora, Achera, Lapithos, and other besides. The land of these villages pays tithe on all its produce, and their inhabitants pay each one piastre yearly for the tax called *spenza*. To the same corps is assigned the *iktisabliq*, that is to say one of the *chorbaji* is appointed to examine from time to time the sale price of comestibles: the same officer seals all fabrics of cotton, linen and wool: he is assisted by two *yenicheri* called *yasagji*, and these too take some small duty on all loads which enter and leave Levkosia. Other 2000 piastres are assigned towards the yearly cost of this corps, and these are levied from the rents of the water of Episcopi, Colossion and Levka, and from certain imperial *spenzai*, payable here and there by the inhabitants of particular villages. The auditor of this revenue, appointed solely for this duty, is the *defterdar efendi*, the first in rank of the four aghas of Levkosia. This officer had formerly a *defterdar-kiaya*, and seven villages for his personal pay, Peristerona near Morphou, Petia, Amiantus, Galata, Kalliana, Peristerona near Paphos, and Anogyra, from which he still receives a fifth of the produce, an eighth of the barley, and a *spenza* fixed at six piastres for each inhabitant. The aghas of Levkosia, or the richest of them, farm out the twenty-four fiefs (*mugata'a*) and, after the system called *tadakhul*, or anticipative encashment of three or even five years' dues, they clear four times as much, so that the 12,000 piastres mount up to 47,000 piastres a year.

But of the cavalry corps, each division—*sipahi* and *timar*—was paid from the tithes of all the villages not assigned to the *yenicheri*, and from the annual *spenza* paid by their inhabitants. Besides these were two minor commands or *sanjaqs*, of Paphos and Carpasion, with an income of 10,000 piastres, perhaps for the maintenance of the Pashas of those districts. The *sanjaq* of Paphos was paid out of the tithes, *spenza* and garden tax of 24 villages in the two sub-districts or *qaziliqs* of Paphos and Abdim. That of Carpasion, in the same way, from seven villages of the *qaziliqs* of Ammochostos and Carpasion. But after a time, when these two *pashaliqs* were suppressed, and there remained only one Pasha at Nicosia as Governor-General of the island, the income from Ammochostos and Carpasion was dedicated to a mosque at Constantinople, under which it was farmed by notables of that city. And in the same way the so-called *chiftliqs* (farms) of Morphou, Polis tes Chrysochou, and Kouklia, with their dependent villages, fourteen belonging to Kouklia, seven to Polis: Morphou counting only its own inhabitants. The labourers of these *chiftliqs* pay only two Turkish

florins a piece in imperial taxes. The Pasha of Levkosia used to take the revenue of the *sanjaq* of Paphos, as well as the pay of the *defterdar-kiaya*, the two making up 9000 piastres, which were collected from the *muqata'a* of the two villages of Zodias, and partly from other villages, for the office of *defterdar-kiaya* had been suppressed long since as superfluous.

It appears moreover that the Turks were not satisfied with the old division of the island, as it stood under the Lusignan kings, into twelve districts, but redivided it into seventeen *qaziliqs*, Levkosia, with Orini, Kythraia, Mesaoria, Ammochostos, Carpasion: Paphos, with Chrysophon, Kouklia, Avdimi: Larnax, with Lemesos, Episcopi, Koilanion: and Kyrenia, with Morphou, Pentagia and Levka. These comprised, as we have said before, 850 villages. Yet in this 18th century only 550 remain, and these much less thickly peopled than the older ones. This, there is little doubt, was the oldest arrangement, older than the Christian kings, when the island had tenfold as many inhabitants as now. In each of five larger villages or towns on the seashore was installed an officer called a *dideban* or *zabit*. They were named by the Governor or Pasha for the time being, and were dependent on him. These were stationed at Larnax, Lemesos, Paphos, Kyrenia and Ammochostos, and paid yearly to the Governor 5000 piastres. For the defence of the coast from the incursions of corsairs or hostile vessels there were eleven *serdars* from the above named corps, sent with the privity of the Governor, as well as others called *disdars*, chosen to direct the defence of the fortresses of Ammochostos, Lemesos, Larnax, Paphos and Kyrenia. Thus you have, kind reader, a sort of sketch, although not a very clear one, of the organisation of this unhappy island from the Turkish conquest up to the present day.

I am bound to say something too about the religious organisation of the Turks in the island, at least as it exists at present. A *molla* is sent from Constantinople for perhaps a year or more as guardian and defender of the faith, and as judge in commercial disputes, differences, debt, damage and insult, in contracts of marriage and titles to houses and lands, with power to decide and to punish with forty stripes save one. Under his jurisdiction lie the five *qaziliqs* of Levkosia and Orini, Kythraia, Morphou, Pentagia and Carpasion, from whose inhabitants he receives a monthly salary. To the other *qaziliqs* are sent *qazis* of the class of readers of the Qoran, natives or strangers, who judge in the disputes of the inhabitants of the villages in their *qaziliq*, and receive from them a small monthly salary, for their own maintenance, and in repayment of the sum claimed either by the *molla* at Levkosia, or by the persons at Constantinople who have the right of farming out these offices. The whole monthly sum paid by them exceeds 2000 piastres, some paying less than 100, some more, according as their *qaziliqs* are thickly or sparsely peopled. What the *molla* receives and pays I do not know exactly, but I imagine that his yearly income exceeds 15,000 piastres, clear of all outgoings.

As we have already said, after the capture of Ammochostos, and up to the new harvest of the following year 1572, there prevailed great and distressing dearth and famine, the result of the war; although Mustafa Pasha, and others who were put in authority under him, tried to encourage the peasants to sow, yet the result was small, because they had not sufficient seed. The very few Cypriots of the ruling classes who were left after the war gained their freedom somehow or other, but, like other citizens of Levkosia, were stripped of all their goods, and having no other way of gaining a livelihood and the means of paying the poll-tax, became labourers and muleteers, hawking wine and the like from place to place, and selling it to get a living: a humble employment, and very different from their old stately condition. The inhabitants of Ammochostos remained in their houses, and appeared at the time to be the owners, yet afterwards the Turks dispossessed many of them, on the pretext that they were

tenants only, not owners; and thus they bore all the unimaginable ills which these new and bad neighbours could inflict upon them.

Mustafa Pasha, with twenty-one galleys, returned as a conqueror to Constantinople, expecting to be received with great honour and ceremony: but as he arrived just at the time of that marvellous naval victory of the Venetians over the Turkish fleet, and the destruction of about 30,000 Turks—which took place on October 6 in the gulf of Arta, near Zacynthos—the people of Constantinople were too terrified to go out as usual to meet him: they gave him no public reception, fired no cannon, and very few persons went to congratulate him. The whole population of the capital was deeply grieved at the destruction of their Armada, for one had lost a son, another a father, brother, husband or kinsman; and all agreed in ascribing to Mustafa the stirring up the war against Venice. We saw, in one narrative of the war, how the Vazir, Mehmed Pasha, dissuaded Sultan Selim from such an enterprise, wishing to preserve the peace with the Venetians, while Mustafa Pasha first moved the Sultan to the acquisition of Cyprus, with a view of gaining his sovereign's favour, and of representing the Vazir, who was also the Sultan's son-in-law, as an enemy and conspirator. The aversion shown to him by the inhabitants of Constantinople disturbed him greatly, and between disgust and fear he saw at every moment death imminent.

Just then, that is soon after the return of Mustafa, certain Greeks of Ammochostos arrived at Constantinople as envoys to the Vazir Mehmed Pasha, begging him to ratify the conditions made by the said Mustafa. He ratified them, allowing them to live as Greek Christians, on condition that no Christian of the Latin Church should be found among them: for to the Latins he would grant neither church nor house, and those who remained in Cyprus were obliged to frequent the Greek churches, and forbidden to hold property in the island. He permitted the Greeks to keep their own Cathedral Church, and the chapel of S. Symeon, inside Famagusta, and they might redeem at will the monasteries annexed by certain Turks. They might buy houses, fields and other property, enjoy them without interference, and bequeath them as they would. The Greeks too were to have in Cyprus preference and precedence over every other nation. They were further allowed to have such houses in Ammochostos as the Turks had not occupied: if a Turk wished to sell a house the Greeks should have the right of preemption, but if the Turks were unwilling to sell, they might remain their tenants. S. Nicolas, the Cathedral Church of the Latins in Ammochostos, became a mosque, and the other churches were used as stables for horses, stores for merchandise, or receptacles of rubbish. The Greeks, who to a certain extent preferred to be subject to the Ottoman, rather than to a Latin, power, were even glad in all their wretchedness, because so far as concerned their rites and customs, they escaped the tyranny of the Latins. For the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the rest of the Greek clergy, looked on the Greek bishops of Cyprus and their flocks as Latins, and would not receive them into communion with the Church accordingly. Particularly when the Cypriots went to Jerusalem, the Patriarch there and his clergy rejected them as excommunicate and of Latin tendencies, because they were subject to the Latin bishops. And even more energetically did they repel the Greek bishops of Cyprus, because they were chosen by the royal council and confirmed by the Latin bishops. For this reason the Greek population generally nourished in their breasts an implacable hatred against the Latins, and were impatient for the moment of their deliverance.

The bishops, both Greek and Latin, the abbots and higher clergy, had been in great part slaughtered, some had died, others were enslaved. The Latin Archbishop alone escaped, for he happened to be at Venice before the war began, and remained there. The monasteries were stripped and secularised: the monks changed their habit and fled whither they could,

some hiding themselves in the mountains. The older men and leading Greeks went in a body to the Vazir Mehmed Pasha, and begged him to divide the bishoprics of Cyprus among monks who were in priest's orders, and to suffer them to receive consecration from the Patriarch of Constantinople. The question was still pending when a Syrian monk of Arab birth, who happened to be at Constantinople, heard what the Cypriots wanted and ran to the Vazir, and with a gift of three thousand Venetian sequins prevailed upon Mehmed Pasha to grant him the Archbishopric of Cyprus. The Patriarch was compelled to consecrate him, and he came to Cyprus with two Janissaries given him by the Porte, and with urgent commands to Muzaffar Pasha, Governor of Levkosia, to instal him in the Archbishopric. The monster began to rule the few Greeks who remained chiefly in the villages with great tyranny, trying to exact the 3000 sequins, and to make as much again, and inasmuch as he was a savage tyrant, a perfect stranger to the Cypriots, ignorant of their language, and even of the Greek alphabet, the Greeks were furious, and agreed to choose in his room another abbot. Him they despatched to Constantinople to try to oust the Arab, and procure his own appointment to the see. At that moment there chanced to be in Constantinople a monk of a good Cypriot family residing at Acre (*or by name d'Acre*—cf. Lusignan, p. 82 a), who was a great friend of the Patriarch, and was anxious to get the post. The abbot heard of this, and, without presenting himself to the Patriarch, hurried off at once to Adrianople, where the whole of the Porte was, and after borrowing a great many sequins in his character of an envoy from Cyprus—for those he brought with him were by no means enough—did his utmost, and obtained from Mehmed Pasha the Archbishopric. But (Timothy) the monk from Acre exercised through the Patriarch such influence that he forced the abbot to resign in his favour, and to accept in lieu of the Archbishopric the bishopric of Paphos. At the same time the abbot of the monastery of Koutzoventi, who had been ransomed from slavery, was in Constantinople, and obtained the bishopric of Lemesos; while a Cretan monk, chaplain of S. Symeon in Ammochostos, was appointed to that see. This is the new order of districts and sees after the conquest of 1572, described in a confused fashion by Calepio.

In February of the same year 1572, after the terrible defeat of the Turkish Armada, a few Turkish vessels appeared off Ammochostos. The Turks in the town saw them from afar, and fearing they might be the vanguard of the Christian fleet, came to terms with the Christian inhabitants for the preservation of their lives. Many of them put on caps and clothes such as the Christians wore: many fled to Levkosia, because the walls of Ammochostos were still in ruins, and determined to surrender without a struggle. The Pashas of the capital and Ammochostos sent three *chawushes* to the Sultan, to whom they set forth the peril which beset the island. The alarm spread through Constantinople; they said that the garrison of Cyprus consisted only of 2000 *yenicheri* and 800 horsemen. Five hundred *yenicheri* were despatched at once over land, and by sea four galleys, with five small vessels to collect horses and men from Caramania. A similar force was sent to garrison Rhodes, with a Bey and four armed galleys. For Sultan Selim was greatly afraid of losing these two islands and the adjoining coasts. But the alarm was soon dispelled, and thereafter the Turks in Cyprus remained at rest.

At last, after the great calamity which had reduced the island to misery, somehow or other the poverty-stricken inhabitants began little by little to address themselves again to the culture of the soil, to some small commerce with strangers, and to those few arts which still survived in the towns. At the very beginning the dues and outgoings did not press so very hardly on the rayah, because the Porte knew how the country had been impoverished by the war: and the Pashas sent to govern it were to some extent controlled by the Porte,

lest their harshness should drive the *rayah* to leave the island, or at least to revolt, for which his degraded condition would be an excuse. So that after fifteen or twenty years the Christians redeemed nearly all the monasteries from those who had seized them, and much of the church lands as well. Churchmen of position left money for masses for the repose of their souls, or bestowed it by way of gifts.

Yet there were still a few who contrived somehow to escape from the island, not enduring a new and barbarous yoke: these were scattered abroad over Crete and the Morea and Corfu and Venice; for the two islands were then under Venetian rule. But hardly fifty years had passed when the taxes imposed on the *rayah* were increased, and the Pashas one after another in their insatiable avarice trampled down the people, and the aghas who had already come from Constantinople to make money, and others who followed them, were a burden on the inhabitants. The island was suffering from repeated droughts, and the ravages of locusts, the peasants began to emigrate, and the country was gradually becoming a desert. Often enough the *rayahs* laid their griefs before the Porte, declaring that it was impossible for the island to bear the cost of a Pasha and his train: and especially through a great dearth in 1640, and in the following year a terrible plague, the island was wasted and ruined. The Porte gave heed at last to the manifest sufferings of the people, and sent a *muvela* or examiner, who sought out and wrote down name by name every *rayah* in Cyprus, and found (they say) hardly 25,000, including old men and children of twelve and fourteen. From that date the Porte removed the two Pashas of Paphos and Ammochostos, and left only the Pasha of three tails at Levkosia, though his train was somewhat curtailed of followers and servants. The taxes too were somewhat lightened, but the *kharaj* remained as before: and the Porte published a firman, that Cypriots wherever they might be were to return to their country, where they would only have to pay the second year eight or ten piastres each as taxes.

After the Porte had shown thus much interest in the island, Cypriots scattered here and there heard of it, and those who were free from family burdens returned to their country, hoping they would find the exactions lightened, according to the imperial commands. Furthermore, about the same time fortune-hunters from Constantinople were debarred from taking the *aghaliqs* on coming to Cyprus, and the Turkish *zaims* and *sipahi* who were left in the island began to hold the four local *aghaliqs*, the Porte being really desirous to relieve the country of some of its many burdens. For many of the Turks settled in Cyprus were sufficiently rich and influential. They farmed their offices however from Constantinople, not from the Pasha for the time being. Nevertheless hardly twenty years passed, and the *rayahs* were rather fewer than more in number; because the commands of the Porte were again neglected, and the insatiate Pashas exacted taxes as before, or even threefold more greedily. Drought, the incessant ravages of locusts, and the failure of commerce by reason of the wars waged by the Sultan with the Venetians in Crete and the Morea, and other troubles innumerable, reduced the Cypriots to such straits that many fled to the Syrian coast with their families.

We are led, although with no great certainty, to conclude that on account of the desolate state of the island in the year after the conquest of Crete, or even before this, the Porte reduced Cyprus from a *pashaliq* and placed it under the supervision of the *Qapudan Pasha*, by whom there was appointed from time to time as its chief a petty governor or *musellim*, with a fixed salary of 12,000 pieces of Seville, or about 15,000 piastres, which impost was called *muzul*. For the collection of the *kharaj* there was sent from Constantinople a special collector, and it is said that he distributed among the *rayahs* 15,000 notices of assessment. Another tax, called *ma'ishet*, was claimed and paid every year to the *Qapudan Pasha*. This

being the state of affairs, the local aghas, who had grown in importance through their wealth, their dignity, and protection at the capital, set to work and obtained from the *Qapudan Pasha* the administration of these revenues: and whether under orders from Constantinople they farmed them, or collected them as agents, it was they who appeared then to be the masters and rulers of the island. It is easy to understand this from a narrative of the revolt of the famous Mehmed Agha Boyaji-Oghlu, which appears to have happened about 1680. This narrative I get directly from that worthy gentleman Monsieur Benoît Astier, Consul of France, who has, up to this present year 1788, presided in a highly becoming manner over the honourable guild of French merchants in Cyprus, and has always in his dealings both with governors and governed shown kindly feeling and given useful help: in whose honour I set down his statement in his own words.

A NARRATIVE OF AN OLD REBELLION IN CYPRUS, WHICH MONSIEUR ASTIER, CONSUL OF FRANCE, SET DOWN ON DECEMBER 20, 1764.

I learnt something from popular tradition, and I also obtained excellent information from the lips of an aged Turk of 97, and from a Greek almost as old, who had both been eyewitnesses of a rebellion which occurred in this island about eighty years ago, and lasted seven whole years. Cyprus was then, like Rhodes and the islands of the Archipelago, under the rule of the *Qapudan Pasha*. The yearly *kharaj* due to the Porte was collected by a *kharaji*; the *ma'ishet* was collected on behalf of the *Qapudan Pasha*; and the *nuzul* was assigned for the maintenance of the governor sent by that officer. It was fixed at 12,000 pieces of Seville (Spanish dollars) then worth fifty paras each.

The aghas of Levkosia who farmed these imposts, sometimes one sometimes another of them, fell to rivalry and quarrelling; then they took up arms and attacked one another, until Mehmed Boyaji-Oghlu got the mastery over them all, was proclaimed leader, and stood out as a rebel for seven years. He paid every year to the *kharaji* sent by the Porte the appointed *kharaj*, which these collectors had hitherto to beg for, and used to keep for their own ends. He appointed in all the *qaziliqs* men devoted to himself, who were the administrators. The Porte learning that this Boyaji-Oghlu had thrown off all pretence of subjection, sent to Cyprus Cholaq Mehmed Pasha with a force to restore order. They received him at Levkosia, but after a few months' space, when he tried to assert his authority over the said Boyaji-Oghlu, the rebel compelled him to leave Levkosia, and to retire to the *chiftliq* of Qubat-Oghlu, where he lived as a neat-herd, every care being taken to prevent news of his present condition reaching the ministry. Yet not long after news did reach them, and forthwith Chifut-Oghlu Ahmed Pasha was ordered to cross from Caramania to Cyprus, with an armed force to release Cholaq Mehmed Pasha, and to wipe out the rebel chief.

Ahmed Pasha crossed accordingly, landed at Acanthou, and marched straight to Kythraia, to seize at once on the mills, so that no corn might be ground, and he could stop the supplies of Levkosia, the rebel's stronghold. There he stayed for two months, and Cholaq Mehmed came to meet him. During this time he sent troops up to the gate of the capital, where they engaged and skirmished with those of the enemy; not with any idea of disabling thereby the rebel host, but to prevent the ingress and egress of any kind of supplies or merchandise.

The city then found itself without bread, and the Pasha, knowing that he had help at hand, though no one dared to declare himself on account of the rebel, proposed to Boyaji-Oghlu to allow him to withdraw, sending him a passport as a safe-conduct. The rebel, seeing that the Pasha had the stronger party within the city, left it by night with one

company of trusty guards, and marched first to Levkara, and then to Levka, where the Kiaya of the Pasha surprised him, killed 28 of his men, and took 32 others prisoners. From Levka he went to Kykkos, and so far strengthened himself that he was able to repel the Kiaya, who had followed him up. From Kykkos he went to Paphos, and thence to Kyrenia, where he caught one of the Pasha's famous spies, and hanged him on a tree opposite the fort. Pursued on all sides by the Pasha's troops he made for Ammochostos in all secrecy, hoping to fortify himself there, but before he arrived they had shut the gates, and the Pasha's force routed the few soldiers left to him. He fled with six men only to Pyla, then to Larnaca, intending to go to Lemesos, but he was caught in the *qaziliq* of Koilanion and carried to Levkosia, where the Pasha hanged him by night, and on the morrow he was exposed with his followers, who were hung up alive, on hooks through their chins. And thus, after a lapse of seven years, ended this rebellion. All his followers, and several rebel leaders were caught and put to death. Many strange stories are told of them, especially in connection with beautiful women, and a certain Frankish family S. A. which spent large sums for the honour of receiving this Boyaji-Oghlu, and to keep out of his way one of the ladies of the house, whom he tried by every kind of influence to subject to his lust.

Now that this rebel and his followers were destroyed, the Porte appears from this date to have constituted the island a government under the Vazir, taking away the administration thereof from the *Qapudan Pasha*, and a governor or *muhassil* was now sent by the Vazir for the time being. He was allowed the fullest executive and administrative authority, and was entrusted not only with the government of the inhabitants, but with the usual *boghcha*, or demand-forms of imperial taxes, and with the *qaftans* of the four local *aghaliks*. He was therefore governor, and collector of the imperial taxes, of the *nuzul* and *ma'ishet*, and administrator of the four *aghaliks*. So that upon one and the same person devolved the civil government, the military command, and the collection of all the imposts, whereas formerly one man administered the government, another exacted the *kharaj*, and other officers were appointed from Constantinople to the military commands. And this is the new order which still obtains in Cyprus. Although we have not any certain evidence of the time when, and the reason why, the island became the *Khass*, or special appanage of the Vazir, it will not be out of place to mention that in 1702, by reason of the revolution which dethroned Mustafa II. and put Ahmed III. in his place, the then Vazir, a prudent and experienced statesman, put down the rebellion, and received Cyprus as a gift from the new Sultan, as we learn from certain Italian sources: after which it remained in the hands of the Vazirs. Towards the end of the century, in 1692, a great plague desolated the island, sparing, we learn, hardly a third of its inhabitants.

About 1712 the wretched Cypriots had scarcely begun to enjoy a little rest after the plague, and other unceasing troubles which harassed the island and still harass it, when a new tumult and turmoil broke forth. Certain rascals from the Turkish fleet (Levendler or Qalionjiler), about twenty in number, landed at Levka, entered Levkosia armed, and lodged together in a *khan* or inn. There, in conversation with others of their kind, they disclosed that news had reached the Porte of the inhuman tyranny exercised indiscriminately by the then *muhassil*, and of the intolerable burden of taxes which he exacted from the *rayah*; and after waiting confirmation the Porte had sent them with firmans to depose him from his office, and further to sentence him, and the aghas who abetted him, to death: and they went on to brag that they had instructions to put things on a better footing to the rest and relief of all. These and the like stories they spread about among the lower classes, so as to gain these to their side. When night came they broke into the houses of the aghas first, caught them

and bound them on the spot, and hurried them off as prisoners to their khan, threatening that they would slaughter them as the chief causes of the evils; their aim being in securing the aghas to draw into their net many others, and finally to proceed to capture the *muhassil* himself. But their villainous craft was soon exposed, for some who pretended to be their friends, staggered by their extraordinary daring or perhaps won over by the aghas who were in custody, outwitted these knavish sailors, and learned that their whole story was false, and that they had no other aim but to snatch large sums of money, and to be off. When the aghas learned the game they made every kind of promise that if they would release them, and let them go quietly to their houses before their capture was known in the city, they bound themselves by oath to pay them all the money they wanted. Their promises deceived the rascals, and they were released, and in concert with the *muhassil* laid their plans for the arrest and destruction of these high-handed impostors. Accordingly on the morrow the *muhassil* and aghas sent to invite the chief of the sailors to come and take the sums promised by the aghas; adding that he would be received with fitting respect, and that the *muhassil* would arrange with him in what way he and his friends might mediate with the Porte, and secure the forgiveness of the local officials, as though it was hoped that their intercession and testimony would convince the Porte that the island was quite well governed. The wretches were deceived, and sent their leader with two others of the band to the Serai. The Governor straightway put them under arrest, and sent to the others to come and assist at their council. These remained in the khan, and the delay in their companions' return exciting their suspicions, they began to fly, but they were at once caught by the Janissaries, and paid the penalty of their wicked daring. Some of them the courts sentenced to be hanged, some the Governor impaled, and those who were already in his hands he strangled, and thus himself, the aghas, many other notables, and the city generally were delivered from the wiles of this band of miscreants.

Many years passed after the conquest, and the first-appointed bishops of Cyprus—concerning whom we have but dim and vague information—and their successors up to 1660, do not appear to have mixed themselves in the civil affairs of the rayahs, that is to say, in the matter of their taxes, *kharaj*, and other imperial imposts; probably because the Porte had no such great need of recognising them as the real leaders and representatives of the rayah in matters of finance, because the collection of taxes was separated from the general government of the island, which last was in the hands of the Pasha or Governor. It is however quite clear that the local bishops were recognised by the Porte, because they could not assume jurisdiction over their flocks and churches without an imperial *berat*, as we saw above, and as chiefs of the Christian community they had some simple public duties. Accordingly they never failed to meet the imperial officers on their arrival from Constantinople, with the clergy and people, to offer the usual *bakhshish* or gifts, whether customary or prescribed, to these Pashas, Governors or Mollas, and occasionally to pay them visits of ceremony: and all this to make their interference in the affairs of the rayahs acceptable and effective.

But somewhat later, when plague and dearth had thinned the population, and many had emigrated to escape their debts, and the island was growing deserted, the Porte, wishing to curb in some degree the rapacity of the authorities, to save the rayah from perishing under their exactions and tyranny, and to inspire some little hope into the poor creatures still left, probably thought it politic to recognise the Archbishop of Cyprus for the time being, with his three suffragans, as guardians, in a way, and representatives of the rayah; so that the rayah might gain courage from the hope that the bishops would be heard when they appealed to the Porte on his behalf, and those still in the island would remain, and those who had fled would

return to their birthplace: while the rapacious officials, conscious of the influence the prelates exercised with the Porte, would be afraid to vex the people as heretofore. A proof of some such intention on the part of the Porte is that it receives very graciously their *arz* or petition about taxes, and all complaints they may make, if so be they be sent to it direct under their seals, the Archbishop's name being written in Turkish with red ink, (his seal alone is found imprinted in the imperial *qayd* or register in red ink, while all the seals which accompany it, including those of the Patriarchs, are impressed in black ink) and those of his three suffragans in black. So that we may conclude that the Ottoman Porte was certainly assured after the conquest, the fact being of course confirmed by the Patriarch, that the Archbishop of Cyprus enjoyed *ab antiquo* the privilege, given him by the sovereigns on account of the loyalty and devotion of himself and his flock, and which he has preserved without a break up to the present day, to sign and seal with red ink: and this same vermilion seal is recognised by the Porte and by all its subjects. And I do not believe that any other red seal will be found in the registers.

Thus encouraged the Archbishops of Cyprus often appeared boldly in person before the Grand Vazir, stating their complaints and asking for a diminution of the taxes paid by the *rayah*, and begging for help and support in other necessities. Journeys of this kind on behalf of the commonwealth were made to Constantinople by Nicephoros, the two James, Germanos, Silvestros, by Philotheos twice, by Paisios and his suffragans, and only a few years ago, in 1783, by the present worthy Archbishop Chrysanthos, with Panaretos, Bishop of Paphos, Meletios of Cition, and Sophronios of Kyrenia. And they were often listened to, and obtained assistance. But often too through the malevolence of the Cypriots, they suffered imprisonment and banishment in the cause of their country and their flocks.

The late Silvestros, about the year 1730, in accordance with the general desire of the people, set forth to the capital to complain to the Vazir of the insufferable burdens of the island, but things took an adverse turn, and the Porte banished him and Joannikios, Bishop of Cition, to Avret-Odasi. Joakim, of Paphos, and Nicephoros, of Kyrenia, were, I know not how, released, and returned to Cyprus, where Joakim assumed the see of Cition, and Nicephoros the Archbishopric, probably as a vicegerent only. But after some months the exiles were allowed to return: they resumed their sees, and the cloud was dispersed which was supposed to have disturbed the harmony between these good prelates at Constantinople. Silvestros was succeeded by that accomplished teacher Philotheos, of the village of Galata, who had lived for some years at Constantinople and numbered among his pupils the sons of many distinguished families. His great patron was Critias, to whose children he had been private tutor. A man whose practice was not behind his learning, an ardent supporter of education, who adorned the Archbishopric with schools for Greek and music, and for training teachers: a friend to the poor, no miser, of noble character, an ornament to the name and dignity of an Archbishop. He raised the church in dignity, and the priesthood in education, to a degree to which none of his predecessors had attained. His first care was to relieve his country from the intolerable burden of taxation, and to curb the insatiable rapacity of its governors. So he set forth for Constantinople and worked upon the Vazir, and persuaded him to have pity on the *rayah*, and to reduce the assessment of *kharaj* by a considerable sum. But alas! he was slandered to the Vazir by certain of his enemies, ill-conditioned Turks, and others who were Christians only in name—among these jealous creatures were Kyusse Mehmed Agha, Alay Bey of Paphos, a certain evil minded priest of Paphos, a Marcellos, a Modites, a man of Choirokoitia and others—and sent in chains to Cyprus, where he was imprisoned and accused of exacting from the *rayah* without authority three and five piastres

a head: but upon enquiry he was acquitted of these slanderous charges. Yet he was thrust from his see, and a certain drunken youth Neophytus was elected by the said Cypriots, and the Patriarch being compelled to consecrate him, the monster was proclaimed Archbishop. The creature came to Cyprus, and was rejected and shunned by the Christians as an intruder, and no Cypriot; while their own Primate was in chains and prison on their behalf. In no long while, from vexation or rather from drink, he spat out his soul, and their champion Philotheos was freed, and set as a candle in its candlestick in his place. But persecution and fear had brought on an epilepsy, and the holy man, trembling in hand and foot and every limb, until the end of his life could not move without the support of two attendants.

Still in this wretched state this good Pastor never lost heart, and in his zeal for the common welfare he crossed to Beirut, and sent thence to the capital Joakim, Bishop of Paphos, Macarios, of Cition, and Nicephoros, of Kyrenia, with other well-disposed natives: there his friends gave such counsel and aid to the prelates and their companions that they persuaded the Vazir so far to lower his demands that he engaged that from the year 1754 the island should pay yearly on 10,066 warrants of assessment of $21\frac{1}{2}$ piastres, for the *ma'ishet*, *nuzul* and *kharaj*, with this condition however, which was accepted by both sides, that whether thereafter the number of rayahs should increase or decrease the aforesaid number of warrants should be without fail issued and paid, viz. 10,066 at $21\frac{1}{2}$ piastres each. To this agreement the island was bound definitely (*mahdud*) under an imperial rescript (*khatti humayyun*) signed by the Sultan's own hand. But the four bishops of Cyprus received also from the Vazir a firman recognising them as the *qoja-bashis* or guardians and representatives of the rayahs, with the perpetual right of presenting directly to the Porte petitions and complaints on their behalf.

About 1741 again an earthquake, and so violent that the minaret of the Mosque, formerly the church of S. Sophia, fell and wrought no small damage. In 1746 Bekir Pasha came to Cyprus, and at his own cost brought in the water which now supplies the town of Larnaca; we have already said enough about this in our account of Cition.

About 1755 the efforts of Archbishop Philotheos obtained an order from the Vazir, fixing the *kharaj* of the monasteries and monks of Cyprus at 4000 piastres, which the bishops for the time being undertook to pay to the *muhassil*, collecting this in due proportion from the monks living in the monasteries, from whom the *muhassil* should have no right to demand a *para* more.

In 1756 a great roar and rumbling of earthquake in the night and morning of January 27, which greatly alarmed the inhabitants.

In 1757 great dearth in the island by reason of the drought and the locusts, so that the people were cooking wild colocasia, a noxious root, and eating them, with other wild herbs. A great number fled from the island to Syria and Asia Minor. This dearth lasted nearly into the year 1758.

In 1759 the excellent Philotheos died, and the Primacy devolved upon his Archimandrite Paisios. He, poor man, had scarcely begun to rest from the toils of office when there followed the plague of 1760, of such severity that it swept off a third part of the population, Turks and Christians, and left whole villages desolate. Kassim Agha was then Governor, and the bishops and elders, with the concurrence of the Governor, determined to announce to the Porte this great destruction, and to beg for mercy and forbearance for the remaining rayahs, if only in the matter of the exorbitant *rishret* or *douceur*, which the Vazir exacted, over and above the usual payment, for his *καββάδιον*, or investiture.

There were sent accordingly Macarios, Bishop of Cition, and Ephraim, a schoolmaster

from Athens, afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, with testimony from the Governor, the local aghas, and the Molla, of the great destruction wrought by the plague—but even before this Ephraim had been by common consent despatched to the monastery of Mount Athos, whence he brought over to Cyprus the holy skull of S. Michael *Synadas*, which had the special virtue of dispersing the locusts which destroy crops and every green herb, and which have been from time immemorial a yearly scourge to the island. But certain Cypriots, enemies of Paisios, intrigued against him for their own ends, and frustrated the good he hoped to achieve for his country, so that not only was their suit rejected, but the Porte listened to the slanders against Paisios, and banished him. He heard of the intrigue, and fled to Beirut. A certain Cypriot deacon, one Cyprianos (afterwards Patriarch of Alexandria) was then living in Constantinople as tutor in families of consequence; he was induced by the enemies of Paisios, and by the Patriarch, acting under compulsion from the Porte, to accept in an underhand way the episcopal habit (τὸ καβὰδιον) and to pose as Archbishop of Cyprus by request of the Porte. He came to Cyprus loaded with debts and engagements, and by putting pressure on the monasteries and churches, and even on many of the surviving inhabitants, to meet these debts contracted in Turkey, obtained considerable assistance. This was bad, but yet another worse evil befell the country, for there was sent as an exile the famous Ajem Ali Agha, who was strongly supported by one of the Sultanas, and by her influence was invested with the Governorship, as a salve for his banishment, and proved an incomparable Sardanapalus and worshipper of Dionysus.

Meanwhile the debts with which the see was loaded were heavy and intolerable, and Cyprianos, the nominee of the Porte, felt that he was unfit for the office, and was coldly received by the clergy and people. He grew vexed, and of his own motion handed over his debts and his throne to its rightful owner Paisios, and went back, as a deacon, to Constantinople. At the prayer of the people Paisios returned from Beirut, but failed to appease the rapacity of Ajem and his train, so that the debt of the see mounted up to over 200 purses—the purse among the Turks represents 500 piastres—but all these troubles will be thought but a trifle compared to the horrors which befell the island a little later.

It was, I say, further permitted by Heaven that this unhappy island should suffer another unexpected blow, and encounter the most terrible danger; while the rumour of such great and complicated troubles terrified the inhabitants indiscriminately from the least to the greatest, as in the days of the conquest. Death had been rife, emigration frequent, men were driven from their homes by the exactions, and the harvest was small. All these causes had reduced the number of the rayahs liable to the payment of the twenty-one and a half piastres to hardly 7500, without counting 1500 cripples, blind people, old people, paupers and children of eleven years and under. The 10,066 warrants were exacted inexorably, while the extra payments extorted by the *muhassils* on behalf of the Vazir increased year by year. The inevitable expenses of the Palace and the administration were covered by the extortion from the richer families of forty or fifty piastres: the middle classes were squeezed to give thirty, and children, old and sick persons, ten, fifteen and even twenty. The harvests were scanty, commerce insignificant, distress evident everywhere. Twice and thrice the bishops renewed their complaints to the Porte. But, alas, they were not heard! The Porte was troubled with wars and rumour of wars, and could lend no ear to the wails of the Cypriots, or of many others of its subject states which were equally loud in lamentation.

At last in 1764 came that rock of offence, that cause of all our ills, the Muhassil Chil Osman Agha, over head and ears in debt, by reason of the huge sums either exacted from him, or offered by him to the Porte, to obtain the Governorship of Cyprus. The wretch hoped

to regain what he had paid, and fantastic wealth besides. But his evil fate exposed him to the wrath and indignation of the people, so that he was assassinated with eighteen of his *choquadars*. The fact that the imperial tribute was ready for despatch to Constantinople, the pillage and robbery committed by the mob, and the assassination itself, brought the whole population, great and small, Turks and Christians, into imminent danger of the Sultan's wrath, had it not been that God was pleased to inspire feelings of pity into the heart of the sovereign.

When Chil Osman had read the firman conferring on him the post of Governor, he allowed a few days to pass after the ceremonial visits, and then, through the Dragoman, Haji Joseph, proposed to the Archbishop and the rest, that, as his office was burdened with a debt of many purses, he had calculated that unless he received from every rayah whose name was entered on the demand warrants forty-seven piastres, he should not be able to meet his engagements. The prelates were astounded, and replied that as they had fared with his predecessors, so they hoped to fare with him, but to collect such a sum from the rayahs, thinned as their numbers were by death and emigration, was altogether impossible—they talked to him and implored him, but he remained inflexible, and began to threaten them that he would harry the monasteries and exact contributions from them, and inflict fines upon the bishops for their obstinacy. They were confused, and finding that their entreaties had no success they sent messengers secretly to Constantinople with petitions to the Porte, imploring mercy, and setting forth the implacable rapacity of the *muhassil*. The messengers, though after some delay, obtained through the *Silihdar Agha* speech of the Vazir, and carried away a strongly worded firman, commanding the said Chil Osman not to exact more than the sum fixed by the imperial rescript, or he would be punished. Meanwhile, the messengers were long in returning, and the Governor never ceased to press for promises and signatures about the matter in hand, and for the circulation of such among the rayahs. Paisios then took counsel with his suffragans, and they arranged to escape by night. They started, but, because the Bishop of Cition did not keep the secret, they were caught the next morning at Liopetri, at a spot called *the River*, by the Governor's men, and carried back to Nicosia, where Chil Osman ordered them to be guarded night and day in the Archbishop's house, fearing lest they should again escape, and accuse him to the Porte as a robber.

At last about the middle of October there appeared a *Vazir Choquadar* bearing the aforesaid imperial order. The Governor was sick with vexation, still October 25 was appointed for the reading of the document: not however publicly in full Divan, but in an apartment of the palace, in the presence of the Ulema, the aghas, the bishops, and a few Greeks and Turks, on the day when an ancient custom collects people from all parts of the island to the fair of S. Demetrios, held outside Nicosia. Here the villagers buy and sell what they want for their fields, and for their winter use, they make terms with their creditors, and transact various business. The persons above mentioned assembled accordingly to hear the order, which was read, when the Governor began in a reproachful tone to ask the Archbishop what harm he had done the rayah, that the Archbishop should accuse him to the Porte. Paisios replied, "God forbid, we came with tears to implore mercy on the poor rayah, but we never accused you." He had hardly spoken these words, when the floor on the side on which we Greeks stood, for I was among them, suddenly and utterly collapsed, and we were hurled into a black gulf, bishops and attendants, Greeks and Turks, with other victims, and the beams of the roof heaped on top of us. With no small damage and risk of our lives we freed ourselves, and were dragged out covered with dust and dirt, scarred all over, a sorry sight! We were carried to our houses, one with an injured back, another with a broken leg:

some had internal injuries, some were so terrified that they thought death imminent. The meeting was broken up, those present fled in alarm, and the people outside, hearing what had happened and the tumult within, believing it to have been a trap prepared beforehand to kill the bishops, rushed madly to the palace, carrying bludgeons and arms. They found the doors shut, they set them on fire, the palace was wrapped in flame, and the mob pouring in slew the wretched Chil Osman, with eighteen of his followers. They sacked and robbed the palace of all they could find, whether it belonged to government, to the murdered Governor or his train—a terrible tragedy. The news spread and all were dumb as corpses, Ulema, aghas and rayahs, all crouching in mute terror, expecting only that the sword of authority would fall on all alike, and that inexorable vengeance, and savage requital would be exacted for the blood thus savagely shed.

Three or four hours passed before there was any lull in the shouting in the streets, in the rush and roar of men running to the sack of the burning palace. The bazars were shut, and all the respectable people shut up in their houses, suffering paroxysms of terror. They believed that the city was wholly given over to revolt, murder and pillage, and the Turkish magnates, though sadly distressed, took prudent measures to disperse the mob, lest the rioting should increase, and be directed against the houses of the wealthy and prominent citizens. The Molla, by the *dellal* or crier, straightway commanded the villagers, Turks and Christians, in the name of the Sultan, to disperse and depart each to his village. They obeyed and left Nicosia forthwith. Orders were given for the burial of the *musellim* and the other victims: the fire in the palace was extinguished, and guards were set to watch the city within and without, and carefully to search everyone who entered the gates for concealed arms.

When night came the Ulema and aghas met in the Molla's house to consult about appointing a temporary administrator, and to contrive the most prudent method, and most specious pretexts, with which to announce the daring action of the mob to the government. How should they devise any reasonable justification and excuse, so that the Porte should not think that the island generally had risen in revolt? The murder of the sovereign's representative, the pillage of the treasury and robbery of the imperial funds, the burning of the Serai, or official palace,—here were three indefensible crimes, which would require tact and wisdom, and common feeling and action of both Turks and Greeks, to make them appear natural results of the tyrannical harshness of the murdered *musellim*, which had been such as inevitably to drive the people to the fury and daring which they had displayed. So they debated, and found some specious excuses, representing the Governor as a tyrant, and something like a traitor, and so concocted their report to the Vazir. I omit the details as unimportant. Meanwhile the Turks in their mosques, the Christians in their churches offered unceasing prayers and supplications, that God would be pleased to inspire the Sultan's heart with pity, and that the lives of the Cypriots might be spared. At last the news reached the Vazir, and he too softened down the affair as well as he could to Sultan Mustafa III., and after no long delay Hafuz efendi came as *muhasil*, to complete the term of the deceased Chil Osman, and later a *muvela* and *qapiji-bashi* to ascertain if what the magnates had written was true, to examine minutely into the causes of the slaughter, to exact the repayment of the sums stolen from the palace, and blood-money for the *musellim* and his followers.

The commissioners made their enquiry, and the kindly souls were won by gifts to declare the deceased the cause of the outbreak, and to justify the offenders. The relations of the murdered men presented themselves, and each received the price of blood. The

leading men among the rayahs promised to be responsible for the imperial taxes to the last *para*, the parts of the Serai which had been burnt were restored, and excommunications were hurled by the Greek clergy against those who had stolen things from the palace, if they did not restore them to their bishop, or parish priest, or to their church, or to certain mosques specially named, which they might do without fear: but very few people appeared, and very few things, and those of little value, were surrendered. The Molla and his party threatened the robbers with the vengeance of Mohammad, but all in vain. But the thieves who had taken the treasure guarded it well: the Christians devoted their souls to the fellowship of Judas, the Turks to the wrath of their Prophet: they would provide first for their bodies, and then take thought for their souls, though hereafter they should suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.

We succeeded, thank God, in satisfying the *muvvela* and the *qapiji*, and the Molla, who was our advocate: we escorted them out of the city, and despatched them to sing our praises to the Porte. Hafuz efendi remained, and now let us see what he did, whom I call the second cause of the real rebellion. In honest truth we cannot accuse him of being a bad man: their circumstances very often expose men in authority to popular dislike. He had to pay for his investiture and other things in Constantinople. Arriving in Cyprus he found things topsy-turvy. The expenses incurred on behalf of the *muvvela* and *qapiji*, payment for the property of the murdered men, the rebuilding of the palace, restitution of the stolen treasure, and innumerable other payments mounted up it was said to a thousand purses of aspers. The whole community, Turks and rayahs, gave leave and authority to Hafuz efendi as Governor to meet all the claims, and arrange matters as he thought best. The accounts were completed and examined, and the aghas and bishops decreed that the sum total should be divided between the Greeks and Turks. The former were to pay two shares, and the Turkish villagers one. In short, the Christians had to pay fourteen piastres a head, the Turks seven. Clerks and collectors were appointed, and the Christians began to pay. The Alay Bey, Mustafa Qubat-oghlu, who was charged with the collection of the Turkish quota, sent out men to the villages to get the cash. Whispers were rife that Hafuz efendi had in his greed made large additions to the sum of expenditure. The Turks began to be uneasy and to grumble that the aghas were in league with the *muhasil* to fleece them! "They were Turks, and they wouldn't pay," and in short raised such an opposition that in the Mesaoria they drove away the collectors, and put them in fear for their lives. These strong measures alarmed some of the leading country Turks: they began to plot, and, to make a long story short, on Holy Tuesday of 1765, three hundred Turks of the Mesaoria and Ammochostos assembled at Kythraia, and seized the water-mills which ground flour for Nicosia, so as to cut off the supply from the capital, and to put the aghas and Governor into such a strait that they would desist from demanding the seven piastres. This daring act greatly alarmed the city-folk; they determined to meet the assailants with force, and *sipahi* and *yenicheri* advanced fully armed to the outskirts of Kythraia. Finally matters were arranged between them, on the understanding that the Turks should not be troubled to pay their share, and so each party departed to their homes. Here the *musellim* and aghas were clearly wrong, in not determining to put down by force this petty rising, and in not taking such order as to check the insurgents, and prevent them from attempting, as they did later, a far greater and more desperate outbreak.

It was necessary however to collect the taxes, because those who had lent money demanded the repayment of their loans, and Hafuz was eager to send money to the Porte to show that the island and himself were loyal and ready: hence arose great talk and uneasiness

among the people. The suspicion rooted in the minds of the insurgents that the Governor and aghas were certainly working for their destruction made such a painful impression that the leaders of the revolt conspired to get into their hands one of the fortresses: possibly the fools thought that the clemency shown by the sovereign towards their first offences mere weakness or indifference. Accordingly on July 27, the day of the fair at the monastery of S. Panteleemon, at Myrtou in the district of Kyrenia, to which crowds flocked from all parts of Cyprus for worship and business, many of the ringleaders attended, and found there a certain Khalil, *disdar* or commandant of the strong castle of Kyrenia, a vain silly creature, whom they easily led astray, and made their leader, promising to secure his appointment as *musellim* of the island, because he would work for the relief of Turks and rayahs alike, and gain great credit both with the people and the Porte. They swore obedience to him on the spot, and the vain fool, eager for some kind of fame, set out for the fortress, and was soon followed by a crowd of rebel Turks. He made one his *kiaya*, another colonel of a regiment, and so on; distributing posts to those he thought capable, or who commended themselves to him, so as to set up a kind of government. He sent orders and threats to the villages, that if any one, Turk or Greek, refused to obey him he would burn and destroy their houses, their property, and themselves: and in many villages these threats were really carried out. He demanded a subsidy from the villagers, and bade them take heed that no one complied with the orders of the citizens about the fourteen and the seven piastres. They were not to pay a *para*: the disobedient were warned they would lose their heads. It is said that he collected a force of about 5000 armed men. He sent notices to Nicosia to demand the four aghas, who were the cause of all the trouble, and the four bishops, that he might obtain reports and petitions to be forwarded to the Porte begging that the Governorship should be conferred on himself, and much else that I must pass by.

The daring of this Khalil disturbed the *musellim* and the citizens of Nicosia: but it was now too late to check an insurrection which had spread so far. The traitor and rebel was in a strong fortress: the Turks outside the city, either through force or choice were nearly all on his side, the inhabitants of Nicosia began to suffer from hunger, the villagers were growing lawless, and the bishops, seeing no longer any way to escape the vengeance of the Porte, began to devise ways of leaving the island. The Archbishop Paisios, probably by the Governor's advice, left the city secretly, and after wandering in disguise over half the island, hiding in place after place from the rebels, escaped at last from the coast of Paphos on August 18, with Chrysanthos, Bishop of Paphos, and another Chrysanthos, Bishop of Kyrenia, and got to Asia Minor, and thence to Constantinople. Khalil advanced as far as the village of Dicomio with cannons and a large force, and threatened to destroy Levkosia if the aghas were not surrendered to him. The cowardly citizens took fright, closed the gates and sat huddled up in the citadel: again some kind of agreement was made, and the rebel retired to Kyrenia. But when he found the citizens were trifling with him, in January he marched to Levkosia, posted himself with his forces and artillery on the heights of Hagia Paraskeva, and began to throw shots into the city, whose guns replied. He invested the town, so that no one could enter or leave it. We suffered pretty sharply from hunger; flour failed, we ate broad beans and haricot beans, pulse and vegetables for nearly fifty days. What little flour we could get we had ground in hand-mills.

It was some time since the Porte had received news of the revolt, but either the government was dissembling, or believed that the natives could put it down. When however their information was confirmed by the bishops, a certain Ibrahim Bey, with two *caravels*, was ordered to start at once for Cyprus. To rid himself of the bishops the Vazir appointed

Suleiman efendi, an old and discreet man, to enquire into the doings of Hafuz efendi, and to take over the duties of *muhassil*, with other orders which we shall see presently. He then instructed the bishops to embark on the vessel by which Suleiman efendi was sending his household and effects to Cyprus, while the new Governor travelled by land. Ibrahim Bey landed at Lemessos, found the revolt growing more serious, and by playing the fox managed to smooth things down. The bishops reached Larnax in February, 1766, learned that Khalil had invested the capital and was bombarding it, and remained on board until Ibrahim Bey had deceived him, by writing that he brought Khalil's appointment as Governor: the rebel then raised the siege of Levkosia and withdrew to Kyrenia. The bishops sent him *bakhshish* from Larnaca, with assurances that they had praised his conduct to the Porte, in that he had prevented Hafuz from exacting money unlawfully, and that Suleiman efendi was coming to enquire into the whole matter. He was fool enough to believe them, and sent his *khanjar* as a token of their personal safety, to show, in fact, that they might safely return to Nicosia. A few days later Suleiman efendi arrived at Kyrenia. He told Khalil that he was come to enquire why, and with whose leave, Hafuz demanded so much from the Turks and rayahs: he made the rebel a present of a furred coat, addressed him as his dear son, and hinted that he brought his commission as Governor. Having done so much to mislead the insurgents, he continued his journey and arrived in Nicosia the week before Quinquagesima.

There, after conferring with Ibrahim Bey and the natives, he decided that it would be difficult to put down the rising, and wrote at once to the Porte. Orders were sent then to Kior Ahmed, a Pasha of two tails, to Kior Keloghlu of Caramania, and to the Alay Bey of Attalia, Ja'fer Bey, to transport to Cyprus a sufficient force to reduce the rebel Khalil and his following. Before the news of their coming reached Khalil or the people generally Hafuz efendi's term had come to an end, and Suleiman efendi was proclaimed Governor. The rebel, seeing now he had been deceived by his "dear father," marched against him and on June 1 again encamped at Mandia, full of wrath, and determined utterly to destroy the capital, and slaughter its inhabitants, his "father" and all, in revenge for the trick. Suleiman began to tremble before his son Khalil, ordered the gates to be shut, and a watch of Turks and Greeks to be set round the citadel. Then, affecting to believe that the bishops were the cause of the trouble which was endangering his life, he ordered them to sleep in the Serai, and to remain there until they saw what would happen, and the order was obeyed. Khalil fired into the city day and night, and the citizens replied, but no sally was made.

Ten or twelve days at the most elapsed before the Pasha and his companions arrived, with a force of two thousand men. Khalil immediately raised the siege, and returned to his castle, where he fortified himself and a large following. The Pasha reached Nicosia, and marched on to Kyrenia with Kior Keloghlu and the Bey of Attalia. Ja'fer Bey and Ibrahim Bey came by sea, and surrounded the castle with their galleys. Hemmed in on every side the silly rebel held out for forty days with his handful of adherents; pressed at last by famine, they were obliged to surrender. Khalil's head was cut off, and sent to Constantinople. The exploit won for Ahmed Pasha his third tail. Emir Ahmed, Khalil's Kiaya, who was the first to stir up trouble, was impaled. Other two hundred or more of the insurgents were hanged or impaled, and the country was relieved of the presence of a herd of miscreants.

Khalil and his crew were exterminated about the beginning of September, and by order of the Porte Ahmed Pasha and the others left the island, which was glad to be rid of the Caramanians, a set of savages, thieves and murderers. I have mentioned that the island debt exceeded 1000 purses, while the wretched inhabitants who were trying to pay it hardly amounted to 10,000 Greeks and 5000 or 6000 Turks. In 1767 about the beginning of

November the Archbishop Paisios fell ill. Anxieties and discomforts told upon him, he grew worse and lay bed-ridden; but advised to get a change of air he was carried down half paralysed to Scala, where in the house of a family called Calemera, near the sea, he gave up the ghost on January 1, 1768, and was buried with due honours in the church of S. Lazarus, near the door. He was a man of fine frank presence, dignified, with a full beard, quick-witted, of good intelligence and memory, fond of work, a fair Greek scholar, an excellent penman—his handwriting found many imitators—and expressed himself neatly in the vulgar tongue. He was trained by Philotheos, and left manuscript copies of many books: worldly-wise, inquisitive, in money matters exact almost to miserliness: eloquent, discursive, and of a commanding manner. He had been nearly forty years connected with the see, five years under Silvestros, seventeen as archdeacon and archimandrite under Philotheos, and seven as archbishop. He was persecuted, banished, and restored. He was a native of Koilanion, where the church of the Only-begotten Son was raised at his cost. As his fellow-villager I remained with him from the time he became archimandrite to the end of his life.

This excellent prelate departed to his Lord in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and by the common voice of the bishops and clergy Chrysanthos, Bishop of Paphos, was promoted to the Archbishopric, which he still adorns. The Pasha and his Caramanians had indeed left the country free from disorder, but it groaned and grumbled under an insupportable load of debt: its harvest had been poor, and provisions were scarce. In 1768 followed, as was expected, dearth and distress, especially among the villagers. These were troubles which none could escape, but still the island was perfectly peaceful, and the peasant was cheered by the masterful vigilance of the government. When the Porte in 1769 declared war against Russia, necessities for the conduct of a war which touched the very heart of the Empire were demanded from all its subject provinces, and Cyprus too was ordered to contribute some tons of biscuit, ten times as much as it could afford. But though the store of grain was scanty, for all its complaints and entreaties it could obtain no reduction of the appointed quantity. So stores were chosen, flour prepared, men appointed to knead it, with overseers: so many ways of spending money, and so many excuses for the officers in charge to waste or steal.

As soon as the Russian fleet entered the White Sea, great disorders followed in the Morea, ending in the utter ruin of the country and its inhabitants. It harassed all the islands of the Archipelago, and accomplished that remarkable and unexpected exploit, the burning at Chesme on June 24, 1770, the whole Ottoman squadron, spreading terror and confusion up to Constantinople itself. It swept the whole of the Mediterranean Sea, and subjected Cyprus to no less damage than the other islands. The French vessel (*Σαῦρία*) which crossed at stated intervals from the port of Kyrenia to the coast of Asia Minor had about 300 purses of imperial treasure on board, it was captured with the coin, by a Russian corsair. Various merchandise was confiscated because the merchants were the Sultan's subjects. The *muhassil* and leading men of both races took thought for the future, and in certain events chose the lesser of two evils. When Russian ships moored along their coasts, they treated with them in a wary fashion about provisions; bought black slaves, male and female, and dealt gently and cautiously with shipwrecked Russian sailors, letting them go free, and trying to elude the conquerors' wrath. The destruction of the Morea and other places could not fail to teach us to steer a middle course, and to display the leading men of both races as real defenders of their country.

The Porte however foresaw the necessity of strengthening the island, and in 1772 sent a certain Sadik Mehmed Pasha with 300 men, and a monthly allowance of 1600 piastres.

Orders were given that he should deduct this sum from the revenues of the island, but the Muhassil Haji Ismail Agha, who had paid up to the last *para* his debt to the Porte, refused the Pasha's supplies, and the leading citizens, Turks and Greeks, for all their poverty, were obliged to borrow to provide for his entertainment for eighteen months. He duly gave receipts for the money, but run as they might to the Porte with entreaties to be allowed to deduct it from the new assessment, they laboured in vain, they got nothing. The Pasha had calmed matters down, and was ordered to leave the island and to proceed to his province.

Peace was concluded between the Turks and Russians immediately after the accession of the new Sultan Abdul Hamid, January 21, 1774. About July the island began to recover itself a little, although in addition to the old taxes four hundred new warrants were added to the *kharaj* assessment. The inhabitants however, great and small, hoped for rest and peace, or at least to be exempt from fresh charges. It was some time since a wood-cutter of the deserted village of Clavdia, a one-eyed creature called Baqi, threw up wood-cutting, and joined the *levendler* or volunteers. He wrought a great deal of harm among the respectable villagers, and getting into the graces of an *odalik*, the slave-mistress of some notable, became *musellim* at Attalia. Hounded thence for his villainy, he returned to Cyprus and began to play the tyrant and robber at Larnaca. Here he was made *zabit* (magistrate), but being dismissed for his tyranny by the dragoman Christophaki, the blood-sucker set upon the latter and murdered him on Easter morning, 1750. Under Suleiman efendi, Governor in 1767, on account of his ineffable tricks and wiles, treacheries and persecutions, he was thrown into prison, banished, deserted, and left so poor that he would fain beg his bread in the streets. But the unhappy country which Providence allowed him to call his own was yet to suffer fresh tumult, the sad result of his crimes. Reviled and despised as a common plague, and unlettered as he was, Ismail Agha, *muhassil* in 1771, made him *defterdar*: it may have been from kindly feeling to Baqi, but more certainly because the aghas obstinately refused to pay the five hundred piastres, he asked to allow them to appoint whom they would. The agitator takes up his office, and begins to spread slanders and confusion: he gets rid of Haji Joseph, who was almost a sovereign among the Greeks, and whose office of dragoman had brought him dignity and riches, and houses,—the beam in the one eye of the High Treasurer. A new *muhassil*, Ali Agha, arrived. He knew the creature in 1760, when he was Kiaya in the house of his father-in-law Kasim, as shifty and hated by aghas and rayahs, and—but for the sins of the island—would have wiped him off the face of the earth. But Ali Agha fell ill, and the wily Baqi found means to evade the danger by persuading a doctor of his own kind to substitute poison for a purge. The *muhassil* died, and the Porte appointed his Kiaya to complete his term. He too unfortunately fell sick, and the one-eyed monster again appears at his side with his potions; begs, intreats and persuades the wretched Kiaya, who takes, drinks and drains the cup to the dregs, and forty days later he too is despatched to his grave.

Having succeeded so far, while the general suspicion was still thick upon him, the wretch, who was now Alay Bey, assembled the Ulema and aghas, and with infinite cunning and flattery persuaded them all, and the bishops as well, to write of him in favourable terms to the Porte, that he might be appointed to complete the unexpired term of the Governorship. Things turned out as he wished, so anxious was he to see himself Muhassil of Cyprus. At the end of the year one Hussein Agha came in his room, a silly drunken creature, under whom Baqi became again Alay Bey. The island's evil luck brought to its shores the Qapudan Pasha Hassan, who was on his way to chastise Tahir Omer, Governor of Acre, who in the recent war had proved himself a traitor, and the close friend of the Russians. The one-eyed

Baqi tries all his tricks, cozens and cheats the empty-headed Hussein, the aghas and bishops, and goes down to Scala as representative of the whole population to greet the Qapudan Pasha, to whom he offers gifts and obeisances. After the usual compliments, with the utmost address he implores and intreats Hassan Pasha to accept him as his *chiragh* or protégé, to assist him, and secure his appointment as the next Governor in Cyprus. He finds favour with the Pasha, obtains his promise and in 1775, all unworthy as he was, was appointed Muhassil, taking the style of Haji Abdu'l Baqi Agha. His wiles and rich gifts prevailed so far that he was maintained in office until 1783.

For the first year or two with consummate craft he feigned a kind of good nature, and made no attempt to resist the just demands of the bishops, and bore himself mildly as became a poor and friendless man. He inspired evil doers with fear, and it cannot be denied that he won the good opinion of the public, and that he did not try to load the rayah with new burdens. But still he was incurably greedy, not so much to make a fortune for himself, for he was liberal enough, but to satisfy the inhabitants of Levkosia and to make a name. He meddled in all kinds of business; took from the rayah cotton, silk, wheat, barley on account of taxes at his own rates, sold at high prices, and insisted on making a kind of monopoly of produce of little value, so as to embarrass both the traders and the peasants and rouse their resentment. Thus enriched, and, mere villager that he was, puffed up by his riches, he began to build palaces and summer houses, to store water outside the city, to acquire teams of oxen and farms and mills and gardens in every direction, extorting them from the peasants, and paying little or nothing in proportion to their value. At last he put a tax of eight piastres on the rayah, regardless of his poverty. The bishops, knowing and regretting the misery of their poor flocks, resisted and refused. In spite of them he sent his officers out to collect the money by force and threats. The Turks as well as the rayahs were greatly disturbed, and they compelled the bishops to leave the island secretly in August, 1783, and to go to Constantinople, to lay before the Porte their complaints, and report how greatly disturbed the island was on account of his tyrannical exactions.

The unexpected news of the bishops' flight excited Baqi's wrath, and he wrote overland at once abusing them to the Porte. The Porte made no further enquiry, but issued an order of banishment, that wherever caught they were to be exiled to Mount Athos. With threats and pressure he harried and worried the clergy and laity of Levkosia, who chose four monks in the room of the absent bishops. Baqi wrote and obtained their *berats*, and squeezed from them as many purses as he would. With these powerful agents he persuaded the Vazir to order the Patriarch to write to his brother of Antioch to consecrate them. But he failed to gain his point, and the bishops elect were not consecrated, much as they might wish to infringe the canons, and take possession of their sees. At Chios the unhappy bishops heard of their banishment, and of the search made for them by the Porte. They hid themselves in Smyrna: the Archbishop found a refuge in the house of the Dutch Consul and his wife Madame Baroni, a lady noted for her freedom of speech towards the Turkish officials both in Constantinople and Smyrna, as well as for her great generosity and good heart. And the other prelates were housed with various pious persons, until the anger of the Porte passed. Shortly after Meletios, Bishop of Cition, was sent secretly to the capital, and using the measures which were generally convincing there obtained the *ittlaq* or release of his colleagues. By imperial command the Archbishop Chrysanthos, Sophronios, Bishop of Kyrenia, and Panaretos, of Paphos, went to Constantinople, and in an audience of the Vazir exposed the tyranny and extortion of the one-eyed Baqi, and his persecution of rayahs and Turks. The Porte was satisfied, and ordered him with threats to come in hot haste to the capital, to justify

himself. He heard the commands and threats, and could not but obey, so terrified and trembling for his life, much against his will the wretch sailed for Constantinople.

Without waiting for his arrival the Porte nominated another *muhassil*, and the bishops were ordered to sail with him for Cyprus. The Bishop of Paphos started first and reached his country. The Archbishop embarked on another vessel, and was wrecked off Gallipoli. But by the divine mercy he escaped, and arrived unhurt at Levkosia. The Bishops of Citron and Kyrenia remained behind to await the arrival of Haji Baqi, and to be present if necessary at his trial. At last the coward Haji Abdu'l Baqi arrived, presented himself before the Vazir, was examined and found guilty of the charges laid against him. He was condemned, and stripped of his wealth and authority, and the crow remained the crow he was before, just escaping with his life. The bishops reached Cyprus loaded with a debt of over 700 purses, and found their country had been for a year past scourged with want and dearth; the crops had failed through the drought, the people were sunk in debt and misery, and hardly knew where to look for grain. Everyone was famine-struck, and business unprofitable and uncertain. Above all, the people had an evil habit of not ascribing their misfortunes to the proper source, nor the increase of their debts to the insatiate and heartless greed of the governors, but thoughtlessly laid the blame on their spiritual fathers and chiefs: and this not only now, but from of old. Ingratitude, alas, is a very old heritage among Cypriots. Many refuse to lend a helping hand to those whose love had prompted them to risk their lives for their compatriots.

What then? When things in Cyprus were reduced to this lamentable and miserable condition, the wicked Baqi (the Vazir by whom he was condemned having fallen, and the seals of the Empire being entrusted in 1784 to another) began to plot against the Cypriots, and especially the bishops: but his evil machinations turned against himself. He used all his influence, collected large sums of money, and again obtained his investiture as *muhassil* for the coming term. But quickly his joy vanished, like a shadow or a dream. The news of the scheme reached the island, and aghas, ulema and rayahs hurried off in troops to the Porte, denouncing him, trumpeting forth his tyranny, and declaring with determination that the population, to the very children, would leave the country if they saw their implacable enemy and oppressor but set a foot in it. They insisted moreover that he only sought the post to get his revenge on his accusers. The Vazir was satisfied of the villainy of the one-eyed wretch, and of his aims, and forthwith, by the Sultan's command, issued a terrible decree that, under pain of death, he should never dare to land in Cyprus. He was stripped of his office, and banished to Jaffa, a desert spot: and there, Heaven lending ear to the groans of a whole people, he was soon struck by the plague, and spit out in tortures his miserable soul. His countrymen preserved the memory of his crimes by raising piles of stones in the highways and crossways, to which each passer-by adds his stone and his curse.

But as my history must find its end in the end of this present December, 1788, a year which has been disastrous throughout the Ottoman Empire, I think it well to note here the new distribution of the imposts to be levied from the Rayahs, under the order of the reigning Sultan, dated 1785.

At that time it pleased the Porte, for high and secret reasons of state, to put up for sale the imperial revenues of many provinces, including Cyprus, which was now separated from the emoluments of the Vazirs, who for more than a hundred years had dealt with the island as their own property. From information received from other quarters, but chiefly from Michael, son of the Archbishop Chrysanthos, an old gentleman still residing in Venice, the revenues of Cyprus were sold for 1,562,500 piastres, or 312,500 sequins. They were divided

into 125 lots, each priced at 12,500 piastres. From each of these lots the buyers, Turkish capitalists and officials, enjoy by imperial decree, by way of interest, 2000 piastres.

In a year's space this interest, collected from the Rayah only, amounts to	P. 250,000
The Christian population pays yearly besides	P. 65,000
The Governor, for his investiture (<i>qaftan-parasi</i>) pays yearly to the Vazir	P. 32,000
Yearly assessment, not counting other dues paid by Turks and Greeks alike	P. 347,000

I judged it idle curiosity, and likely to rouse the suspicions of witless persons, to set forth in detail the state-revenue of the island collected from Moslem and Christians. Yet I possess a detailed and accurate account of the sums encashed in 1777 under the rule of Baqi. For the information both of the natives and the curious stranger, I may add this, that in spite of its scanty population the island pays yearly and inevitably to its masters more than it paid under the Venetians. Yet it is scourged by locusts, and often wasted by drought: it is deficient in the inhabitants, farmers, artisans and merchants, adequate to its extent, and necessary for the development of its soil.

As regards its administration, call it as you will a government or a tyranny, if anyone would compare the conduct of the former authorities, albeit Christians, with that of the rulers of to-day, conquerors and aliens in faith and race, he would find both equally oppressive to the people under them.

Briefly, according to the census of 1777, in the miserable days of the monster Baqi, the families of Greeks, Armenians and Maronites, rayahs paying taxes, rich and poor together, were distributed (omitting Levkosia) in 564 villages and towns, allotted to the various sub-districts and *qaziliqs* comprised in the four districts into which the island is divided, and subject finally to the one capital Levkosia.

You will find below a general estimate of the Turks and Christians, of both sexes and all ages, now inhabiting Cyprus; although I cannot say whether in the eleven years which have elapsed since the last census the population has increased or decreased. But there are those who think the estimate excessive, and it may be admitted to be approximative, rather than ascertained with curious exactitude.

Families of Christian subjects assessed for taxes in 1777.

District of Levkosia.

Levkosia itself contains		Families	755
Sub-district of the Mesaoria	Villages 61	„	1,144
„ Ammochostos and Carpas	„ 40	„	957
„ Orine	„ 48	„	869
„ Kythraia	„ 49	„	926
		198	4,651

District of Paphos.

Sub-district of Paphos	Villages 45	„	691
„ Kouklia	„ 18	„	201
„ Chrysochou	„ 38	„	577
„ Avdim	„ 16	„	236
		117	1,705

District of Larnaca.				
Sub-district of Larnaca	Villages	47	Families	974
„ Lemessos and Episcopi	„	70	„	915
„ Koilanion	„	19	„	348
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		136		2,237
District of Kyrenia.				
Sub-district of Kyrenia	Villages	31	„	391
„ Morphou and Pentaya	„	43	„	807
„ Levka	„	39	„	696
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		113		1,894
Sub-districts 17.	Villages	564.		Families 10,487
Number of living souls.				
Christian population, males, about				12,000
Females and children, at least				25,000
				<hr/>
				37,000
Turkish population, according to native accounts				15,000
Females and children, at least				32,000
				<hr/>
				47,000
				<hr/>
				84,000

There are grave doubts about the number of Moslem, who, according to many European travellers of authority, are more than the Christians. You will find it so stated in the work of Mr John Hawkins, an Englishman and acquaintance of my own, a mineralogist, who went over the island two years ago, and noted all that was curious and interesting. His companion, also an Englishman, was a botanist, and wrote a full account of the herbs of the island used in medicine.

M. DE VEZIN.

Michael de Vezin, of French origin but born in London, was during sixteen years His Britannic Majesty's Consul for Aleppo and Cyprus. He died at Larnaca in 1792, aged 51, and was buried in the little graveyard adjoining S. Lazarus' church. His widow, Elizabeth Pfauz, a German born in Venice, remarried D. Gottlieb Harles, Professor at Erlangen, who translated M. de Vezin's notes into German, and published them in M. C. Sprengel's *Reisebeschreibungen*, vol. xii. pp. 63—86, 8vo, Weimar, 1804. From this work I have restored them to their original language. The German translator takes the Turkish Piastre at a little less than two-thirds of a Saxon Thaler.

Cyprus is the largest island, Sicily excepted, in the Mediterranean. It is about 200 English miles long, its greatest breadth is 70, and its circuit 480: its soil is very fertile. It is divided into four Provinces, and these again into sixteen Districts: the former are called Paphos, Amathusa, Lapitho and Salamina.

The Turkish inhabitants are reckoned at about 60,000: the Greeks are now not more than 20,000 though in earlier days their number far exceeded that of the Turks. But the oppressive taxes constantly imposed on them, and the incredible contributions exacted from them, caused a great emigration of Christians. There are also Maronites and Armenians, but in very small numbers. No Jews at all: under no pretext are they allowed to settle in the island, and even those who only pass through it must provide themselves with good passports from the Consul of some Christian nation in whose dominions they are tolerated. Altogether Cyprus has rather more than 80,000 inhabitants.

Nicosia or Levcosia is the capital of the whole island. It lies almost in the middle of it, in the province Lapitho, and is the seat of a Greek Archbishop, entirely independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople, whose income, which is free of all taxes, amounts to 30,000 piastres a year. He has three suffragan bishops, one at Cherigno, one at Larnaca, and the third at Baffo or Paphos, whose joint incomes amount to 60,000 piastres. It is also the seat of Government.

Cyprus is administered by a Musellim or Governor (Vice-Pasha) who is also Muhassil or Receiver General of the Grand Signor's revenues, and lives at Nicosia, where all the higher courts hold their sittings. Usually he would be changed every year, but Haji Baqi Agha, who was raised to this dignity by the influence of the Archbishop and his friends, held it several years, until in 1784 dissension arose between him and the bishops about the traffic carried on by them and their relations to the detriment of his own. The Archbishop and his suffragans travelled in all haste to Constantinople, there to seek help. The Governor was in fact recalled, but the whole affair cost the bishops so much money that up to this day, as they pretend, they have been unable to pay the debts they then incurred.

The Musellim and two other persons leased the island from the Grand Vazir. The agreement was for 620 purses of 500 piastres, or 310,000 piastres for one year; but with the condition that the lease should be surrendered to anyone else who would bid more. Each *chiftliq* or private estate paid a proportionate sum to the proprietor at Constantinople. The bishops and the dragoman of the Serai, who is connected by marriage with the Archbishop, kept in communication with the High Admiral or Qaptan-Pasha at Constantinople, and so arranged that the island should there be ceded to the said High Admiral and others, and a new Musellim sent to Cyprus from Rhodes, a man who never does the least thing except

on the advice of the Archbishop, his three suffragans, and the dragoman of the Serai. The last named is now Chief Collector of taxes and duties. The differences between the former Musellin and the bishops were the reason that the island is now farmed out for the fixed yearly sum of 900 purses, or 450,000 piastres. The income of the Governor is undefined, he can amass just as much as his conscience allows. The bishops do their best to keep on good terms with him.

The dragoman of the Serai, through whose hands all public and private business passes, gets from the Governor a salary of 2000 piastres a year, but his private gains are very much more important, so that in his fourteen years of office he must have amassed a considerable fortune. This man has often entire power over the Governor, who cannot read and must perforce believe what the dragoman tells him. It is a very common case to find Turks who have mounted to the highest positions without the least acquaintance with official business.

The last Pasha who ruled the island was Bekir, a man of great reputation. He spared no pains to restore to Cyprus its old importance, and among other charitable works he brought water to Larnaca from Arpera, six miles away. Many wells were dug, and the water led from its source to three aqueducts, the longest of which stands at the head of the salt-lake, about two miles from Larnaca. The aqueducts, which threatened lately to fall, were restored and improved, to the great satisfaction of the Governor, the bishops and the poor, by voluntary contributions collected by the writer.

[Then follows a list of officials, civil and military, identical with that given by Alex. Drummond, *Excerpta Cypria*, p. 195.]

There are a few Janisaries in Nicosia: most of them serve on board the Grand Signor's warships, which they call *caravelas*.

Other important cities in the Island.

Famagusta was once the key of Cyprus, and is very well built. The outer walls are still in good condition; all the inner works are in ruins, as well as the greater part of the city. The harbour is small and shallow, and the bay not so good as that of the Salines. Merchant-captains come here to caulk their ships, the harbour being the most convenient for that purpose. The air of the city is very unhealthy, owing to the quantity of standing water in the neighbourhood: these pools used to be from time to time dried up. Outside the city are more houses, which make up a village, with good gardens, bearing lemons, pomegranates and other delicate fruits. The officers of the Porte at Famagusta are the Alay Bey, commandant, and a Qazi or judge: the Sanjaq Bey, or bearer of the great standard, the Qol-aghasi, captain of the castle, which contains many fine cannons. Some bear the figure of S. Mark, others the imperial arms. A few are mounted on carriages, and these are so badly adjusted that they cannot and must not be moved. Of the rest some are burst, some spiked, lying here and there about the fort.

In the year 1784 came an order from the Porte to the Governor Haji Baqi Agha to enquire and report about the gunpowder for the great gun, which was found at the time the island was taken from the Venetians. The Governor enquired particularly from the writer, if he did not know, or had heard, that an English, Dutch, Austrian, Tuscan or Danish merchantman (the writer being Vice-Consul of all these Powers) had carried off the powder. All of us Consuls wrote in reply, to save the Governor and the island from blackmail, that we had heard that the previous Muhassil had taken the stuff away, but in what vessel we knew not. For this information the Governor expressed his warmest thanks.

Larnaca is the town where the Franks reside. It lies a mile away from the Bay of

Salines, has a Zabit (Digdaban or Vice-Governor) appointed by the Musellim at Nicosia, a Qazi from Constantinople, a Serdar or captain of the police, and in the Marina, or town on the shore, which forms a town by itself, a Qol-aghasi, or commandant of the fort, which is so greatly decayed that one would think it could scarcely be worse: it has only twelve guns, besides two or three which are altogether useless. There is also a Chief Collector of Customs at the Custom House on the shore, who has a Greek assistant, and a chief and second clerk. The Zabit pays to the Governor for his post a hundred piastres a month; he gets no pay, but receives certain fees from the natives, and what he can squeeze from the people who are brought before his judgment seat. He is generally very poor. The Qazi pays 180 piastres a month to Constantinople for his post. As he too has no fixed salary, he gleans his income from the lawsuits which come before him, and from certain fees for Ilams &c. The Serdar pays 500 p. a year for his post. He gets from every newly married Greek in the District of Larnaca 45 paras: this is all his income except what he can make by petty extortions.

All Christian vessels, except those of Ragusa, pay half-yearly 15 piastres anchor-money, which is divided between the officials at the Custom House, and the fort, and the Consul.

The French Consul is now no longer paid by the Chamber of Commerce, but by his Government. He has with him a French dragoman, also paid by his Government, who serves (according to the latest orders regulating the French establishment in the Levant) as Chancelier. When the Consul retires from his office he gets a moderate pension for his life.

The Venetian Consul was heretofore appointed by the Great Council in Venice, which had the right of choice only: all the Consular business went to the Council of the Savij, by whom all decisions thereon were taken. The Consul's pay consists in 2 per centum as fees on all merchandise imported or exported, which is paid without deduction at the Custom House. All expenses connected with the Consulate, such as gifts to the Turks, to Janisaries &c. the Consul has to pay himself.

The Republic of Ragusa has also a Consul, who is in business. He has no salary, but takes 2 p.c. like his Venetian colleague. In accordance with an agreement with the Porte Ragusans pay only this 2 p.c. as duty: but then they are tributaries of the Porte.

In 1785 a Russian Consul also established himself here, and hoisted his flag, like those of England, France, and Venice. When the war broke out between the Porte and Russia he went off in great haste. As a Greek he was much courted by his co-religionists, and all their grievances were settled by him.

Naples has a Vice-Consul, who gets 600 piastres a year to meet gifts to the Turks &c. But the Neapolitans have no commerce at all with Cyprus, and there are only three or four inconsiderable merchants here of that nation.

Spain has since March, 1787, a Vice-Consul appointed by the Minister in Constantinople, but he has neither subjects nor business. In May, 1788, for the first time in the memory of man a Spanish frigate and a brig appeared off the island. Their Commander promised the Vice-Consul to report on his position at Madrid, and to exert himself to secure for him, if possible, a sufficient salary to uphold the honour of his nation.

The English Consul, who since 1786 has also the superintendence of the Consulate at Aleppo, has the largest business connection in the island, and accordingly the greatest influence.

The Bay of Larnaca, or of the Salines, is the meeting-place of ships for all this part of the Levant. It is safe at all seasons, and when vessels meet with bad weather at Damiata, Jaffa, or even on the open sea they fly here for shelter, or come expressly to take provisions. French ships especially leave behind them in the Boghaz or Bay of Damiata their cable-tow

with a buoy, and come to Salines: when the bad weather is over they return and take up their tow. Throughout the greatest part of the year South and West winds prevail, rising generally an hour before mid-day.

Limasol also is a resort for ships in all weathers. The town is well enough, particularly as to business. The English Consul has here a Greek as Vice-Consul to give assistance to British ships calling here, and to see what is wanted in the town and neighbourhood. Limasol has a Zabit, a Qazi, a Serdar and an Ashab-aghasi, or commandant; but the fort, like the rest, needs many repairs. Paphos—very few vessels touch here, though in good years it is very convenient to load wheat here, when the Governor allows the export. It has an Alay Bey, a Qazi, a Serdar and a Qol-aghasi. Cherigna—few ships come here, but the French keep always two small vessels at the service of the Porte, to carry the Miri, or revenue accruing to the Grand Signor, from this town to Selefka in Caramania, and bring back other Government officials with their suites. Hitherto one has been a sloop, the *S. Louis*, the other a little brig, the *Maria*. These vessels are also at the disposal of the Governor, and when necessary, visit various ports of Caramania, Rhodes and Damietta. In the last war the writer by their means put all his belongings into safety; he considered them only as ships in the service of the Grand Signor, and of no other Power besides. There are here a Zabit-agma, a Qazi, a Serdar and a Qol-aghasi, commandant of the castle, which was once very strong, and well able to withstand for a long time the attack of an enemy: now it is in quite as bad a condition as the rest.

All the Turks in the Government service, in Nicosia, Famagusta, Larnaca and other parts have no pay. They buy their posts, but to recoup themselves for their outlay, and make something over, the Governor surrenders certain of his privileges for their support. The Turks who are called sherifs pay yearly to the Governor $7\frac{1}{2}$ piastres, the rest $19\frac{1}{2}$ p. The tribute paid by the Greek is fixed at the yearly sum of 70 piastres for the rich, and 40 for the poor: even boys of twelve years pay something. From the Greeks especially is the tax exacted which is called *ghurema* (disbursements for service and quarters) when some great personage travels through the island, or when other persons are sent round by the Governor. After their departure the tax-collector makes his demand under the name of *provata* on every person in the towns and villages through which the traveller passed. These gentlemen travel too entirely at the public cost.

Yearly produce.

The Saltworks of Larnaca yield every year 10,000 cartloads of pure white salt. Each cartload (araba) carries 1000 okes of 400 drams. Each oke is about $2\frac{3}{4}$ Eng. lbs.: a cartload of this salt sells on the spot for $5\frac{1}{2}$ p. The Salines at Limasol yield 15,000 cartloads, but the salt is far inferior to that of Larnaca, and the cartload costs only 3 piastres. The quantity of salt from both places might be much greater if a little more care were taken for its orderly collection.

Cotton, the chief article of produce, brings in about 3500 kintals (the kintal, or cantar, equals 100 rotoli, the rotolo 720 drams). The price of cotton varies greatly, depending chiefly on the orders from Europe. Thirty or forty years ago the kintal cost from 60 to 75 piastres. Twenty years ago and onwards the price was 150 to 275 p. the kintal. In 1784 it fell again to 135, and even 120 p. But as a rule in our time the kintal fetches between 160 and 175 p. When the island has a population corresponding to its size, and the locusts, which for a hundred years have been its unceasing scourge, are exterminated, it must yield

an enormous quantity of cotton, and one may safely assert that if the land fell to another lord these locusts would be easily destroyed within three years.

Cyprus produces about 9000 okes of white silk: the oke sells at 8 to 12 p. according to the demand. In 1745, 40,000 okes were collected: at that time it was worth 6 to 7 p. the oke. Fine yellow silk is produced at Baffo and the neighbourhood to the extent of 4000 okes. It is worth from 3 to 4 p. less than the white. It goes chiefly to Cairo in Egypt.

The country produces about 250,000 mozas of wheat. The moza contains eight caffisis [Persian *kafiz*, a bushel-measure] and each caffisi weighs between 16 and 17 okes (taken at 44½ lbs. English) according as the weigher is more or less tired, or the grains are heavier. The present mode of weighing differs greatly from that used in the rest of the world. They turn and shake the measure, press the wheat down with all their might, then heap up as much as they can on the top in the shape of a sugar-loaf. The moza costs now ten piastres. The wheat from Baffo is the best.

Barley, of which about 500,000 mozas are harvested, sells at four piastres the moza. It is weighed like the wheat.

Madder (lizari) brings in 500 kintals, at 95 to 100 p. the kintal. The French buy the greater part. Sheep's wool, 600 kintals, at 45 to 50 p. It goes to Leghorn.

Oil—25 kintals, at 90 p. Very little is exported, it is mostly consumed by the natives, and by seamen.

Of the white wine called Commanderia 150,000 couzas are produced. Each couza holds 2⅔ Eng. gallons, and is sold at the beginning at one piastre. The best of it goes to Venice, but all this wine, if exported fresh, turns in part to vinegar; after the month of August the risk is less: it depends mainly on the weather, and the place where the vines grew. This kind, which is kept for a very long time, has this peculiarity that in successive years it loses regularly 12 p.c. of its bulk, but it gains immensely in goodness when it deposits its lees of thirty to eighty years. These lees are very dear, and although the price of the new wine, one piastre (as given above), seems very low, yet a larger quantity called old wine is sold in Larnaca at first hand for 3 to 4½ and 5 p. the couza: and the really old and more generous wine, which is comparatively rare, fetches from 6 to 7 p., or even more. The yield of red wine, for ordinary use or shipment, is about 170,000 couzas, worth half a piastre each, just as the vintage turns out. Brandy is made to the value of 10,000 dollars.

Of manufactured goods the following are produced and sold in Nicosia. Silk stuffs—40,000 piastres. They are sought after chiefly in the Greek islands, for they are coarse, and have little value in Europe, except a few pieces used as cushion-covers.

Ordinary linen—to the value of 25,000 p.

Printed cottons and calicos—40,000 p.

The business with France, both export and import, has been hitherto in the hands of two houses, and is reckoned at 300,000 p. The goods received by these houses from France, taking one year with another, may be stated thus:—20 bales of cloth (called Londrins seconds). 3 bales of pepper. Indigo, 12 barrels. Cochineal, 6 barrels. Sugar, 4 barrels. Martinique coffee, 4 barrels. Iron, 1400 kintals. Cloves, 4 barrels. Cinnamon, about 10,000 piastres worth. Lace from Lyon, 20,000 p. Gold-embroidered stuffs, 20,000 p.; and they get for these about 50,000 p. in imperial crowns, and the change on Constantinople.

The business with the (late) Venetian Republic, export and import, is valued at 450,000 p. The goods imported from Venice by merchants of that city are:—Cloth, 10 bales. Ordinary window glass, 100 cases. Vitriol, 50 barrels. Pine boards, 50,000. Mirrors of all

kinds 20,000 p. worth. Chests and wardrobes of Venetian work, 3000 p. Headkerchiefs of all kinds, about 20,000 p. Silk stuffs of all kinds, 50,000 p. Nails, 15,000 p. Venetian sequins to the value of 30,000 p. are paid on bills of exchange and orders on Constantinople.

The so-called business with Tuscany is carried on by merchants of all European countries, and by some Greeks in the island. It is inconsiderable in proportion to the exports from Cyprus, which are mostly carried on Ragusan vessels. During the peace between England and France it revived a little. Two brigs sailed under the Imperial flag up to the breaking out of the last Turkish war. Cotton, silk, wool, colocynth, madder, storax in cakes, go to Leghorn, and are bought chiefly with bills on Constantinople.

English business consisted in silk, in exchange for which a few English articles were introduced: but since the increase of duty on silk in England, and the increased price in Cyprus, the writer has not dared to speculate in it. The war also between the Porte and the Empires on its borders caused great losses. Only a little colocynth and storax goes to England. The finer class of cotton is still at too high a rate for the English market, and one would not be wise to meddle with it.

The sixteen Districts of Cyprus are:—

Nicosia—here is the capital: it has manufactures, and produces wheat and barley.

Cerigna—here are the old harbour and fort of that name.

Citherea—produces fine white silk and some oil: and has 32 water-mills for grinding corn.

Lapitho—has the best cotton and oil.

Morfu or Omorfo—cotton, wheat and barley.

Poli of Chrissofu—cotton, wool, pitch, tar.

Baffo or Paphos—yellow silk and cotton.

Afdimo—tobacco, silk and cotton.

Cuelia—excellent cotton, wheat and capers.

Kilan—wine, bad silk, for sieves and some common handkerchiefs.

Limasol—salt, wine, brandy, and carobs (a kind of S. John's bread).

Larnaca or Larnica—salt, wheat, barley, capers and a few dates.

Famagusta and Carpas—silk, garden produce, hardwood for export and for building peasants' dwellings.

Messarea, the great plain of the island—cotton, wheat, barley, capers and a few dates.

Orini—wine (commanderia), garden produce, and good hams.

Marathos—fine cotton, wine, fruit.

UMM ḤARÁM.

I reprint here my translation of a Turkish manuscript, which preserves an account, compiled about 1800, of the Musalman shrine near Larnaca, known as the Khalat i Sultan Tekye. Within its precincts, under a megalithic monument, lie the venerated remains of Umm Ḥarám bint Milhán, a lady of the kin of Mohammad, who in the spring of A.D. 649 left Syria with her husband 'Ubáda ibn aṣ-Ṣamit in the train of Mo'áwiya for the conquest of Cyprus, and died by a fall from her mule on the spot where she is buried. For biographical and other details the reader may refer to the original paper in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, January, 1897.

In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

The fulness of devotion to Umm Ḥarám, daughter of Milhán: may the Merciful, the Most High and Holy One, be well pleased with her. Lauds without number and praise without limit are most meet to be ascribed to the Majesty of Him, the Self-Existent, who pours forth abundantly blessing and beneficence, who, having distinguished with perfect honour the noble companions and venerable female friends of Mohammad the chosen, crown of apostles and prophets (may the favour and blessing of God Most High be upon him), and having exalted them above all the elect and the vulgar, favoured them with perfect grace, and made them the source of many virtues.

The best of prayers and greetings innumerable are most meet and due to the beloved of God, the prince of Paradise, that ensample to the exalted prophets, the last and first, who illuminated the brilliant hearts of his chosen companions (may God be pleased with them all) with the light of *the saying*—"My companions are like the stars, and if ye follow anyone of them ye shall be led in the road of salvation": and made them to guide their adherents. He more especially delighted the taste and quickened the noble heart of Umm Ḥarám (may God accept her) with the pleasing announcement, "Thou art of the first." And, again, the same prayers and greetings are most fitting to all his family, companions, followers, and friends, who, through their intimacy with that personage of angelic endowments (to whom be the most perfect greetings), having been confidants of his secrets in his solitary retreats, have used their knowledge to confirm the sacred law; so that his followers received into God's mercy may be venerated until the day of judgment; and who in holy and religious war have made mighty effort, wherefrom Islam and the faith arose, and the Book and Qor'án came to light.

And then—This weak, poor, and lowly servant, abounding in faults, a suppliant for the mercy of his Lord, the Mighty One, a servant of the poor of Umm Ḥarám (may God be pleased with her), the Sheykh Ibráhím, son of Sheykh Muṣṭafá (the High, the Highest, give them both pardon), has been honoured with the honour of being in the glorious service of that exalted lady, the intercessor interceded for, who (through the mercy of the Lord of the worlds and the guidance of the prince of the apostles) was made a manifestation of wonders and of sanctity, a source of chastity and purity of life. Sheykh Muṣṭafá Efendi, a pillar of the verifiers of truth, a quintessence of those who examine closely, a chief among the wise, my blessed and pardoned father, besides the beautiful account written by him in the year 1177 concerning the venerated intercessor, when on a visit in the year 1210 to the Threshold

of Felicity [Constantinople] collected on loose sheets many accounts of acts of excellence and virtue, which he extracted and arranged from the books of Traditions, Biographies of the Prophet, Histories of the Companions, and Names of the Narrators existing in its libraries, and while still purposing to compile from these another greatly profitable volume, according to the saying "Death is a cup, and man the drinker," he drank of the cup of death, and delivered up his victorious soul. The mercy of God be upon him, mercy in abundance.

And now through the grace of the Lord of the worlds, and the inspiration of the aunt of the prince of the apostles, and the favour of the precious saints, having (in accordance with the interpretation preferred by the commentators on the sacred traditions, and with the tenor of the legends and histories) translated the sacred sayings copied and collected by the said deceased, and having arranged and written them down in three chapters and an epilogue, under the title "The End of Devotion to Umm Ḥarām," I present the same as a precious gift to the present Muḥaṣṣil of Cyprus, Seyyid Ḥasan Āghá, a helper of the faith and despiser of the infidels. May it be that on condescending to peruse it, His Excellency, by reason of his perfect love to the honoured intercessor (may God be pleased with her), live free from cares and sorrows. And God is He who gives prosperity and guidance.

Chapter I explains what differences exist in the holy name of this exalted lady (may God be pleased with her, and turn her intercession to our profit), and what was her relationship to the lord of the sons of Adam (may the favour and blessing of God be upon him).

According to the distinct statement of al-Ḥáfídh al-Dhahabí, in his book called *The Names of Traditionists*, her holy name is Rumeysa. In the *Jāmiʿ as-Saghír* it is expressly called Ramla; according to others it is Sahla. But most of the guardians of traditions say distinctly "no name of hers is known," but that her holy title is famous as Umm Ḥarām. This statement al-Ḥáfídh ibnu 'l-Ḥajar sets forth precisely in his book, called *Iṣāba*, on the names of the companions, and with this the statement of 'Alí al-Qārí in his comment on the holy *Mishkát* is in full agreement. Umm Ḥarām is the same as Umm Muḥtarama, the honoured mother. The lord of men (may the favour and blessing of God be upon him) showed her perfect love in saying to her, "O my mother," and thence she is entitled "the honoured mother." The noble name of her father, one of the Anṣárs of the Banú Najjār, is Milḥán. Men still visit her house in Qubá, saying, "it is the fortunate house of Umm Ḥarām": so it is a place of pilgrimage. Her august husband was 'Ubáda ibn as-Ṣāmit, whose surname was Abu'l-Walí. 'Ubáda was the first governor of the province of Palestine. He died at the age of seventy-two years, and was buried in Jerusalem. And this exalted lady was the sister of Umm Suleym, the venerable mother of Anas ibn Málík. In certain histories it is said that Umm Suleym gave suck to the most honoured Prophet (may God be pleased with them both); and as to the kinship it is alleged by Abú Moḥammad ibn Qutb ibn Yaḥyá ibn Ibráhím that verily our Prophet (may the favour and blessing of God be upon him) gave leave to the honoured mother to search on his holy head for lice, for being his maternal aunt he might be intimate with her, for her ancestors were of his tribe. According to a story derived from Ibn Wahb, she is called his aunt because she gave him the breast; and most of the guardians of traditions give preference to this tradition, and do not concern themselves with any other. And Umm Suleym was the foster-sister of Amína, as say sundry among the guardians of traditions. And in one of the traditions of al-Bukhárí it is said, "and she was his maternal aunt," making this kinship clear; and Umm Ḥarām, together with Umm Suleym, at most times tightened their belts and girded their loins for the service of the Prophet, showing perfect love. May God be pleased with them both.

Chapter the Second sets forth the holy wars in which she took part, and the purport of the traditions about her.

There is a story handed down by the servant of the apostle of God (may the favour and blessing of God be upon him), Anas ibn Málík, that that bulbul of the garden of eloquence, that nightingale of the flower-garden of fair speech (to him be the best of praise), honoured with a visit the fortunate house of Umm Ḥarám bint Milhán (may the Merciful One be pleased with her), and after he had condescended to eat food, that sainted woman searched his august and sacred head for lice; and while thus laying down his sacred head, and proposing to make manifest much divine wisdom and heavenly mysteries, he fell asleep. Now when he rose up from his holy slumber with a manifestation of joy and display of delight derived during that interval from the enjoyment of divine revelations and godly visions, that revered lady questioned him as to the cause of his smiles, and his perfect joy and cheerfulness. Thereupon that depositary of the divine secrets replied in sweet and life-giving speech: "From the presence of God came to me inspiration and good tidings: a company of those of my faith will, as though sitting on the seats and thrones of kings, spread holy war and forays, for the exalting of the word of God, with longing to approve themselves to God, and will conquer the isles of the seas, and the cities of the coasts thereof, and these of my people will enter into high heaven among those who enter first, without the trial of torment or chastisement. Thus from the presence of God inspiration and good tidings came to me." Thus saying, he gave that holy lady good news, and made her enlightened heart to rejoice. That honoured lady, too, growing eager for such high emprise, and, anxious to take her part with the victors by sea, proffered her request, and with "*Thou art of the first*"—an irrefragable word—was declared of the first of the troop which was to war at sea, and was thus gladdened with good tidings, and rejoiced in heart; and, according as the Prophet said, so it was. Hence it is clearer than the sun that the announcement that his followers would be stablished, that his religion would be made clear and manifest, that the believers would after his death enter upon expeditions and make war for the exalting of the faith, even to the subduing of many islands and cities, and that God Most High would make those who die martyrs worthy of entering Paradise with those who entered first therein, without torment or chastisement, is of the signs of prophethood and of the number of miracles.

In Chapter Third is set forth when they went out to conquer, and from what quarters they came.

In the twenty-seventh year of the Flight of the Prophet (to whom be the most perfect of greetings), under the third Khalífa, 'Othmán ibn 'Affán (may God be pleased with him), leave and permission were given for the waging of war by sea; and Abu Dhar and 'Ubáda ibn aṣ-Ṣámit and his honoured wife, Umm Ḥarám, and Shaddád ibn Aws, and Abu 'l-Dardá, and Ṭalha and Sa'íd ibn Zeyd, and 'Abdu'lláh ibn Nawfal, who were of the greatest among the companions of the apostle of God, and the companions of 'Omar (may God be pleased with them), with very many soldiers, started from Medina, the illuminated, and entered Damascus; and by order of 'Othmán ibn 'Affán, Mo'áwiya ibn Abí Sofyán was appointed to the command. They arrayed a large body of troops and marched out of Damascus, and by way of visitation entered Jerusalem. And after the visitation, by way of Ramla they descended on Tripoli of Syria; and from the ports at Tripoli and the neighbourhood they collected ships and boats, and embarking on them, and circling about the seas, they came to the island of Cyprus. And on landing at a spot about two hours distant from the port of Túzla, the holy

woman (may God be pleased with her) was set with all honour on a mule; and on arriving at the place where now her luminous tomb is seen, they were attacked by Genoese infidels, and falling from her beast she broke her pellucid neck, and yielded up her victorious soul, and in that fragrant spot was at once buried. And it is clear that that irrefragable prophetic word, "Thou art of the first," is of the number of the manifest miracles of Mohammad. It is by the perfect divine favour of the Giver of all gifts in the other world that the beloved of God and honoured Prophet (may the favour and blessing of God be upon him) has given life to the hearts of the believers by saying—"If any of the male companions or female disciples be buried in a holy place they will intercede for such dwellers in that place as are worthy of their intercession." So likewise in this life it is by the grace of God that—as it is said by the Imám Munáwí (on him be the mercy of the Almighty), in his comment on the *Jámi' as-Ṣaghír*—whenever the people of Damascus are sorely tried by droughts and other troubles, and with full trust appeal to that honoured lady, asking from the Giver of all good and munificence rain and rest, and deliverance from trouble and attack, the Dispeller of all cares and sorrows, God Most High, out of respect to that honoured lady, dispels their anxieties and troubles and grants them His rain and grace. And especially there is no doubt that for those who with earnest endeavour and in full faith make the customary and acceptable visitation to the honoured tomb and revered shrine which contain her sacred body, the Giver of blessings in unequalled wisdom satisfies all their needs. It is the perfect favour and grace of God Most High and Exalted that He has made the aunt of that most glorious of created beings an intercessor for the inhabitants of this island and the visitors who earnestly appeal to her, and that when we confide in her exalted person we attain all our desires and aims in this world and the next. What great fortune and felicity is this! "*This is the grace of God, which He gives to all His servants who seek it; and God is the Lord of the greatest grace.*"

Conclusion, setting forth sundry of the miracles and graces of that exalted lady.

One of the miracles of that exalted lady (may God be pleased with her) is this:—On her journey from Jerusalem to Ramla she alighted on her way as a guest at the house of a Christian monk. She beheld in the house three huge stones like columns, and to show a marvel and display saintship she desired to buy the said stones from the monk. The monk, fully persuaded of the impossibility of transporting the stones and carrying them away, gave them as a present to the exalted lady. She accepted them, and said—"Let them remain by way of trust; in due time they will be taken away," and departed. And on the evening of her burial the said stones, by the might of the Lord of the worlds, moved from their place, and walking in the sea—a wonderful sight—appeared in this fragrant place; and one of them set itself at her sacred head, one at her holy feet, and the other stone, as though suspended over them, rested there by the power of God. And now, if we look to be instructed, the elevation and juxtaposition with other stones of a stone so huge must be deemed an impossibility. It is, therefore, clear and manifest that the stone is suspended. These marvels are of the number of the prodigies and saintly works of that source of wonders, and of the signs of her high rank. And even now many holy marvels of hers are seen, and those witnessed by pilgrims who seek her trustfully, and by the servants who live about her pleasant shrine, are such as none may number and count. May God be pleased with her, and benefit us through her intercession. We pray Thee, O God, for uprightness in her service, and to exalt us under her banner, through the favour of the chief of the apostles; and praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds.

Al-Fátihat.

CLARKE.

The Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D., Fellow of Jesus College, and Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, died on March 9, 1822. His *Travels in various countries of Europe, Asia and Africa*, sumptuously printed and illustrated, were issued in quarto volumes between 1810 and 1823. I transcribe from Part the second (Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land), Section the first (1812), pp. 308—356, omitting the notes, chiefly references to Dapper, Heyman and other travellers, whose remarks on Cyprus I have already edited for the *Excerpta Cypria*.

Dr Clarke visited Cyprus in H. M. frigate *Ceres* between June 6 and 16, 1801. He notes the temperature during his stay as varying between 77 and 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

About six o'clock in the evening of June the third 1801 we made land north-east and by east. It fell to my lot to give the first intelligence of its appearance, being aloft upon the look-out in the phuttock shrouds. Cape Blanco, anciently *Curias* promontory, then hove in view (to use the language of seamen), and soon after the whole island was seen indistinctly looming amidst thick fogs. It appeared very high and mountainous. We had such light breezes and frequent calms, that we did not reach Salines Bay until 3 o'clock p.m. on Saturday the sixth of June. We had coasted the whole island from its western extremity, and so near to the shore that we had a distinct survey of the features of the country. We saw the fortress and town of Baffa, anciently Paphos, backed by high mountains. The coast towards the west much resembles the southern part of the Crimea; the villages and cultivated places being near the shore, and all behind being craggy and mountainous. From Baffa to Limassol near the spot where the ancient city of *Amathus* stood, the coast appears very fertile, and more so than any part of the island that we afterwards visited. Towards the south-western district the country is well covered with forest trees, and particularly the neighbourhood of Baffa. Limassol produces the finest muscadine wine of Cyprus; some of this pours like oil, and may be kept to a great age. The wine called *Commanderia*, is, however, held principally in esteem among the natives.

As we sailed into Salines Bay, anciently that of *Citium*, now called 'Αλίκες, from a cluster of salt lakes near the sea, the town of Salines appeared covered with that white fog, so much dreaded, and so well known in Italy, by the name of *Mal-aria*. The mountains behind the place were partially concealed by this unwholesome vapour. It rose from the shore and buildings like smoke. Whenever this appearance is presented the heat upon the island is excessive. Few of the natives venture out of their houses during mid-day; and all journeys, even those of caravans, are performed in the night; the dews are then neither abundant nor dangerous; in this respect Cyprus differs entirely from Egypt, and from all the neighbouring shores. Its ports are more sultry than any other in the Levant. Salines and the towns situated on the eastern and north-eastern coasts of the island are subject to such dangerous temperature, that, in the months of June and July, persons fall victims to the afflicting malady called a sun-stroke, or coup de soleil, if they venture out at noon without the precaution of carrying an umbrella. The inhabitants, especially of the lower order, wrap their heads as if exposed to the rigour of a severe winter; being always covered with a turban over which, in their journeys, they place a thick shawl, many times folded. The great heat experienced upon the eastern coasts of Cyprus is owing to two causes; to the situation of the island with respect to the Syrian, Arabian, and Libyan deserts; and to its mountainous nature, preventing the cooler winds, the west, and north-west, from the low shores to the east and north-east.

We had scarce entered the bay, when we observed, to the north-east, a lurid haze, as if the atmosphere was on fire: and suddenly, from that quarter, a hurricane took us, that laid the *Ceres* upon her beam-ends. At the time of this squall, I endeavoured to ascertain the temperature of this blast. We found it so scorching, that the skin instantly peeled from our lips; a tendency to sneeze was excited, accompanied with great pain in the eyes, and chapping of the hands and face. The metallic scale of the thermometer, suspended in a port-hole to windward, was kept in a horizontal position by the violence of the gale; and the mercury, exposed to its full current, rose six degrees of Fahrenheit in two minutes, from eighty to eighty-six; a singular consequence of north-east wind to Englishmen, accustomed to consider this as the coldest to which their island is exposed. All the coast of Cyprus, from Salines to *Famagusta*, anciently *Salamis*, is liable to hot winds, from almost every point of the compass; from the north-east; from the east; from the south-east; from the south; and south-west. The north-east, coming from the parched deserts of Curdistan; the east from the sands of Palmyra; the south-east, from the great desert of Arabia; and the south, and south-west, from Egypt and Libya. From the west, north-west, and north, the inhabitants are shut by high mountains, lying open to the beams of a scorching sun, reflected from a soil so white, that the glare is often sufficient to cause temporary blindness, without even the prospect of a single tree, beneath which one might hope for shade. In the middle of the day, few animals are seen in motion, except the lizard, seeming to sport with greatest pleasure where the sun is most powerful, and a species of long black serpents, abounding in Cyprus; one of these we killed, four feet three inches in length. Sometimes, also, a train of camels may be noticed, grazing among dusty thistles and bitter herbs, while their drivers seek shelter from the burning noon.

We found at anchor, in this bay, the *Iphigenia*, Captain Stackpole, from the fleet, with several transport-ships, waiting for supplies of cattle and water. On the following morning, June the seventh, about ten o'clock we landed, and carried our letters of recommendation to the different Consuls residing at *Larneca*, about a mile from Salines towards the north. Here the principal families reside, although almost all commercial transactions are carried on at Salines. We dined at *Larneca* with our own Consul, collecting, during our walk to and from his house, beneath the shelter of umbrellas, the few plants that occurred in our way. In our subsequent visits, we soon found that the malaria we had witnessed from the deck of the *Ceres*, veiling all the harbour with its fearful mist, could not be approached with impunity. Our lamented friend, and exemplary commander, Captain Russel, was the first to experience its baneful influence; being seized with a fever, from which he never afterwards recovered. Indeed, the fevers of Cyprus, unlike those caught upon other shores of the Mediterranean, rarely intermit; they are almost always malignant.

The strictest attention is therefore paid by the inhabitants to their diet. Fortunately for them, they have no butter on the island; and in hot weather they deem it fatal to eat fat meat or indeed flesh of any kind, unless boiled to a jelly. They likewise carefully abstain from every sort of pastry; from eggs, cream, and milk. The island produces abundance of delicious apricots, from standard trees, having a much higher flavour than those of Rosetta, but equally dangerous to foreigners, and speedily causing fever, if they be not sparingly used. Those of *Famagusta* are the most celebrated. They are sent, as acceptable presents, to *Nicotia*, the capital. The apricots of *Larneca* are also fine, and may be purchased in the market at the small price of three shillings the bushel. Many different varieties of the gourd, or pumpkin, are used in Cyprus for vegetables at table. The young fruit is boiled, after being stuffed with rice. We found it refreshing and pleasant, partaking at the same time the

flavour of asparagus and artichoke. We noticed also the beet-root, melons, cucumbers, and a very insipid kind of mulberry, of a white colour. The corn of the island, wherever the inhabitants have courage or industry enough to venture on the cultivation of the land, in despite of their Turkish oppressors and the dangers of the climate, is of the finest quality. The wheat although bearded, is very large, and the bread made from it extremely white and good. Perhaps there is no part of the world where the vine yields such redundant and luscious fruit. The juice of the Cyprian grape resembles a concentrated essence. The wine of the island is so famous all over the Levant, that, in the hyperbolical language of the Greeks, it is said to possess the power of restoring youth to age, and animation to those who are at the point of death. Englishmen however do not consider it a favourite beverage, as it requires nearly a century of age to deprive it of that sickly sweetness which renders it repugnant to their palates. Its powerful aperient quality is also not likely to recommend it, where wine is drunk in any considerable quantity, as it sometimes causes a disorder of the bowels even after being kept for many years. When it has been in bottles for ten or twelve years, it acquires a slight degree of effervescence; and this, added to its sweetness and high colour, causes it to resemble Tokay more than any other wine. This, however, is not the state wherein the inhabitants of Cyprus drink their wine. It is preserved by them in casks, to which the air has constantly access, and will keep in this manner for any number of years. After it has withstood the changes of a single year, it is supposed to have passed the requisite proof, and then it sells for three Turkish piastres the gooze. (*Couza*, about twenty-one pints. The value of the piastre varies continually: it was worth about twenty pence when we were in Turkey.) Afterwards, the price augments in proportion to its age. We tasted some of the *Commanderia*, which they said was forty years old, and was still in the cask. After this period it is considered quite as a balm, and reserved, on account of its supposed restorative and healing quality, for the sick and the dying. A greater proof of its strength cannot be given, than by relating the manner in which it is kept; in casks neither filled nor closed. A piece of sheet lead is merely laid over the bung-hole; and this is removed almost every day, whenever persons visit their cellars to taste the different sorts of wine proposed for sale. Upon these occasions, taking the covering from the bung-hole, they dip a hollow cane or reed into the liquor, and by suction drawing some of it, let it run from the reed into a glass. Both the *Commanderia* and the *Muscad* are white wines. When new, they have a slight tinge of a violet hue: but age soon removes this, and afterwards they retain the colour of Madeira. Cyprus produces also red wines; but these are little esteemed, and used only as weak liquors for the table, answering to the ordinary "*Vin du Pays*" of France. If the people of Cyprus were industrious, and capable of turning their vintage to the best account, the red wine of the island might be rendered as famous as the white; and perhaps better calculated for exportation. It has the flavour of Tenedos; resembling that wine in colour and strength; and good Tenedos not only excels every other wine of Greece, but perhaps has nowhere its rival in Europe.

This island, that had so highly excited, amply gratified our curiosity by its most interesting antiquities; although there is nothing in its present state pleasing to the eye, instead of a beautiful and fertile land, covered with groves of fruit and fine woods, once rendering it the paradise of the Levant, there is hardly upon earth a more wretched spot than it now exhibits. Few words may forcibly describe it; Agriculture neglected—inhabitants oppressed—population destroyed—pestiferous air—contagion—poverty—indolence—desolation. Its antiquities alone render it worthy of resort; and these, if any person had leisure and opportunity to search for them, would amply repay the trouble. In this pursuit, Cyprus

may be considered as yet untrodden. A few inscribed marbles were removed from Baffa by Sir Sidney Smith. Of two that the Author examined, one was an epitaph, in Greek hexameter and pentameter lines; and the other commemorated public benefits conferred by one of the Ptolemies. But the Phœnician reliques upon the island are most likely to obtain notice, and these have been hitherto unregarded. The inhabitants of Larneca rarely dig near their town without discovering either the traces of ancient buildings, subterranean chambers, or sepulchres. Not long before our arrival, the English Consul, Signor Peristiani, a Venetian, dug up, in one place, above thirty idols belonging to the most ancient mythology of the heathen world. Their origin refers to a period long anterior to the conquest of Cyprus by the Ptolemies, and may relate to the earliest establishment of the Phœnician colonies. Some of these are of *terra-cotta*; others of a coarse limestone; and some of soft crumbling marble. They were all sent to our Ambassador at Constantinople, who presented them to Mr Cripps. The principal figures seem to have been very ancient representations of the most popular Divinity of the island, the Pantamorphia Mater; more frequently represented as *Ceres* than as *Venus* (notwithstanding all that Poets have feigned of the Paphian Goddess), if we may safely trust to such documents as engraved gems, medals, marbles, and to these idols, the authentic records of the country. Upon almost all the intaglios found in Cyprus, even among the ruins of Paphos, the representations are either those of *Ceres* herself, or of symbols designating her various modifications. Of these, the Author collected many, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

Among the gems found in Cyprus, we noticed intagliated scarabæi with similar symbols; and obtained one whereon Isis was exhibited holding a lion's cub, precisely according to the appearance presented by the statue discovered at Larnaca. Since these antiquities were found, the inhabitants have also dug up a number of stone coffins, of an oblong rectangular form. Each of these, with the exception of its cover, is of an entire mass of stone. One of them contained a small vase of *terra-cotta*, of the rudest workmanship, destitute of any glazing or varnish. Several intaglios were also discovered, and brought to us for sale. We found it more difficult to obtain antient gems in Larneca than in the interior of the island, owing to the exorbitant prices set upon them. At Nicotia, the goldsmiths part with such antiquities for a few *parás*. The people of Larneca are more accustomed to intercourse with strangers, and expect to make a harvest in their coming. Among the ring stones we left in that town, was a beautiful intaglio representing Cupid whipping a butterfly; a common method, among antient lapidaries, of typifying the power of love over the soul. Also an onyx, which there is every reason to believe one of the Ptolemies had used as a signet. It contained a very curious monogram, expressing all the letters of the word *ΙΙΤΟΑΕΜΑΙΟΥ*.

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The signet stones of Cyprus, although cut in a variety of substances, were more frequently of red carnelian than of any other mineral. Some of the most diminutive size were finely executed in red garnet, the carbuncle of the antients. Others were formed of plasma, onyx, bloodstone, topaz, jasper, and even of quartz. Of all these the most antient had the scarabean form.

CHAPTER XI.

It will now perhaps be interesting to ascertain from what Phœnician city the antiquities discovered at Larneca derive their origin; and if the Reader will give an Author credit for the difficulties he has encountered, in order to ascertain this point, he may perhaps spare himself some trouble, and render unnecessary any ostentatious detail of the volumes it was

necessary to consult. The antient geography of Cyprus is involved in greater uncertainty than seems consistent with its former celebrity among enlightened nations. Neither Greeks nor Romans have afforded any clue by which we can fix the locality of its Eastern cities.

Certain of them, it is true, had disappeared in a very early period. Long prior to the time of Pliny, the towns of Cinyria, Malium, and Idalium, so necessary in ascertaining the relative position of other places, no longer existed. Both the nature and situation of important land-marks, alluded to by the antient geographers, are also uncertain. According to Strabo, the *Cleides* were *two* islands upon the north-east coast; Pliny makes their number *four*; and Herodotus mentions a promontory that had the name given to these islands. If we consult the text of Strabo, his description of Cyprus appears to be expressed with more than usual precision and perspicuity. Yet of two renowned cities, *Salamis* and *Citium*, the first distinguished for the birth of the historian Aristus, and the last conspicuous by the death of Cimon, neither the situation of the one nor of the other has been satisfactorily determined. D'Anville assigns a different position for these cities, and for the present towns of Famagusta and Larneca; although Drummond, "*Vir haud contemnendus*," as he is styled by a late commentator upon Strabo, and also Pococke, whose proverbial veracity is beyond all praise, from their own ocular testimony reconcile the locality of the antient and modern places. "At Larneca," observes the former of these writers, are undeniable proofs of its having been the antient Citium. Perhaps the antiquities now described may hereafter serve to confirm an opinion of Drummond's, founded upon very diligent inquiry, and repeated examination of the country. During the time he was Consul at Aleppo, he thrice visited Cyprus, and upon every occasion industriously surveyed the existing documents of its antient history.

The sepulchral remains, occupying so considerable a portion of the territory where the modern town is situated, appear to have been those of the Necropolis of Citium; and this city probably extended from the port all the way to Larneca, called also Larnec, and Larnic (Larnaca is the name in most common acceptation among foreign nations; but the inhabitants call it Larnec, and the Abbé Mariti writes it Larnic. The Bay of Salines is also sometimes called Larneca Bay); implying, in its etymology, independently of its tombs, "*a place of burial*."

Descending to later authors, we find this position of Citium strongly confirmed by the Abbé Mariti, who discovered very curious testimony concerning it, in a manuscript preserved at Venice. From his very interesting account of Cyprus, we learn that the erroneous notions entertained with regard to the locality of the city, originated with Stephen de Lusignan; who was deceived by the name of a neighbouring village, called *Citi*, from a promontory at present bearing that appellation. Mariti places Citium between Salines and Larneca, upon the authority of the manuscript before mentioned, and the ruins he there observed. It is, as he remarks, of some importance to determine the true situation of a city once so renowned, on account of the celebrated men it produced, and the splendid actions of which it was the theatre. Yet it is singular, that this writer makes no mention of its Phœnician origin. Concerning this fact so well ascertained, a few observations may therefore suffice.

Citium, from whose ruins we shall now consider both the modern towns of Salines and Larneca to have arisen, was founded, together with the city of Lapethus, by a Phœnician King, of the name of Belus. Its inhabitants, according to Cicero, were originally Phœnicians. Cyprus, from its vicinity to their country, and its commercial advantages, was the first island of the Mediterranean that came under this dominion. Eusebius observes, that Paphos, a Phœnician city in Cyprus, was built when Cadmus reigned at Thebes. It is moreover affirmed by the learned Bochart, that before the time of the Trojan war, Cinyras, King of Phœnicia,

possessed this island of Cyprus, having derived it from his ancestors. To this monarch Agamemnon, according to Homer, was indebted for his breastplate. The cities of Urania and Idalium were also founded by the same people: the former received its name from Urania Venus, whose worship, as related by Herodotus, was transferred to Cyprus by the Phœnicians from Ascalon. Citium derived its name from the Hebrew appellation for the island, Chetim; the *Chitim*, or *Cittim*, of the Holy Scriptures. It was famous as the birth-place of Apollonius, a disciple of Hippocrates; and of Zeno, who, being shipwrecked upon the coast of Attica, from a Phœnician merchant became founder of the Stoics, and had for his illustrious followers, Epictetus and Seneca. According to Plutarch, it was with the sword presented by a King of Citium that Alexander triumphed over Darius. This weapon was held by him in such estimation, that he always wore it upon his person. The same author also informs us that at the siege of Citium, Cimon, son of Miltiades, received the wound whereof he died.

It is quite uncertain when this city was destroyed. Mariti believes that event did not take place later than the beginning of the third century. In 1767, an excavation being made to procure from its ruins materials for building, the workmen discovered a marble bust of Caracalla, some medals of Septimius Severus, Antoninus Caracalla, and Julia Domna, with Greek inscriptions. Upon their obverse sides were exhibited the Temple of Paphos, with the legend KOINON ΚΥΠΡΙΩΝ. Some of them had the image of Caracalla on one side, and that of Geta on the other. There were also others with the head of the Emperor Claudius.

Many circumstances occurred to excite our curiosity concerning the interior of the island; although we despaired of being able to penetrate as far as Baffa, the antient *Paphos*, on account of the plague, then raging over all the western part of Cyprus, and particularly at Baffa. The ruins, and other antiquities of this place, are numerous.

Sir Sidney Smith removed some inscriptions already alluded to; and the English Consul at Larneca presented me the hand of a colossal marble statue, found there, of the most exquisite sculpture. We also hoped to enrich our collection of plants, and make some observations concerning the minerals of Baffa, especially a beautiful variety of crystallized quartz, as diaphanous as the rock-crystal of the north of Norway, called *Yeny Maden* or *Madem* by the Turks, and sold by Armenian merchants in the Crimea for diamonds. Before we left that peninsula, Professor Pallas had particularly requested information with regard to the locality of this stone. Among the substances offered for sale as false diamonds, there is nothing more common all over the Mediterranean than highly-transparent quartz; hence the various names of "*Gibraltar diamonds*," "*Vesuvian diamonds*," "*Baffa diamonds*," and many other. We have also, in our own country, the "*Bristol diamonds*." All natural resemblances of the diamond have, however, been lately eclipsed by a very different mineral, the white Topaz of New Holland. This stone, when cut and polished, with the exception only of the white Corundum, possesses a degree of lustre and limpidness superior to every other excepting the real diamond.

The antient mines of Cyprus, now entirely neglected, appear to have been situated towards the Paphian extremity of the island; for if the natives exhibit any mineral substance remarkable for its beauty, utility, or hardness, they name it, by way of eminence, "*a Baffa stone*." Amianthus of a very superior quality is found near Baffa, as flexible as silk, and perfectly white; finer, and more delicately fibrous than that of Sicily, Corsica, or Norway. The Cypriots call this mineral "*the Cotton stone*."

Early on the morning of June the eighth, having procured an order for mules and asses, and a firmân to authorize the expedition, we left the Ceres, and set out for Nicotia, the

Leucusia or Leucosia of the Greeks, and present capital of Cyprus. We were detained at Larneca until the evening, by the hospitality of the English Consul, Signor Peristiani, who had prepared a large party of ladies and other inhabitants, all eager to represent to us the danger of travelling during the day; and to gratify very reasonable curiosity—for a sight of strangers, and for news from Egypt. Among the party was the English Consul from Berytus, from whom I obtained a silver tetradrachm of Tyre, in the highest state of preservation. The interesting costume presented in the dress of the Cyprian ladies ought not to pass without notice. Their head apparel was precisely modelled after the kind of *Calathus* represented upon the Phœnician idols of the country, and upon Egyptian statues. This was worn by women of all ranks, from the wives of the Consuls to their slaves. Their hair, dyed of a fine brown colour, by means of a plant called *Henna*, hung behind, in numerous long straight braids; and in some ringlets disposed near the face were fastened blossoms of the Jasmine, strung together upon slips from leaves of the palm tree in a very curious and pleasing manner. Next to the Calmuck women, the Grecian are, of all others, best versed in cosmetic arts. They possess the valuable secret of giving a brown colour to the whitest locks, and also tinge their eye-brows with the same hue; an art that would be highly prized by the hoary courtezans of London and of Paris. The most splendid colours are displayed in their habits; and these are very becoming to the girls of the island. The upper robe is always of scarlet, crimson or green silk, embroidered with gold. Like other Greek women they wear long scarlet pantaloons, fastened round the ankle; and yellow boots, with slippers of the same colour. Around the neck, and from the head, were suspended a profusion of gold coins, chains, and other trinkets. About their waists they have a large belt or zone, fastened in front by two large and heavy polished brass plates. They endeavour to make the waist appear as long as possible, and the legs, consequently, short. Naturally corpulent, they take no pains to diminish the size of their bodies by lacing, but seem rather vain of their bulk; exposing their bosoms, at the same time, in a manner highly unbecoming. Notwithstanding the extraordinary pains they use to disfigure their natural beauty by all sorts of ill-selected ornaments, the women of Cyprus are handsomer than those of any other Grecian island. They have a taller and more stately figure; and the features, particularly of the women of Nicotia, are regular and dignified, exhibiting that elevated cast of countenance so universally admired in the works of Grecian artists. At present, this kind of beauty seems peculiar to the women of Cyprus; the sort of expression exhibited by one set of features may be traced, with different gradations, in them all. Hence were possibly derived those celebrated models of female beauty conspicuous upon the statues, vases, medals, and gems of Greece; models selected from the throng of Cyprian virgins, who, as priestesses of Venus, officiated at the Paphian shrine. Indefinite as our notions of beauty are said to be, we seldom differ in assigning the place of its abode. That assemblage of graces, which in former ages gave celebrity to the women of Circassia, still characterizes their descendants upon Mount Caucasus; and with the same precision that enables us to circumscribe the limits of its residence, we may refer to countries where it never was indigenous. Foremost in the list of these, may be mentioned Egypt. The statues of Isis, and the mummies, exhibit at this hour the countenance common to the females of the country; nor did the celebrated Cleopatra much differ from the representation thus afforded, if the portrait given of her upon Mark Antony's medals may be considered as authority. There are some countries (for example, Lapland) where it might be deemed impossible to select a single instance of female beauty. Here, it is true, the degraded state of human nature explains the privation. But among more enlightened nations, a traveller would hardly be accused of generalizing

inaccurately, or partially, who should state that female beauty was rare in Germany, although common in England; that it exists more frequently in Russia than in France; in Finland, than in Sweden; in Italy, than in Greece; that the Irish women are handsomer than the Spanish; although learned antiquaries would assure us that both were originally of Pelasgian origin.

The gardens of Larneca are very beautiful, and constitute the only source of delight the women of the place seem to possess. They are, however, no ornament to the town, being inclosed by high walls. Almost every house has its garden; the shade and verdure thus afforded is a delightful contrast to the glare of a white and dusty soil, everywhere observed around. In these gardens we noticed two sorts of jasmine, one common in European countries, and the other derived from Syria; the double-blossomed pomegranate, a most beautiful shrub; also lemons, oranges, plums, and apricots. The *Phaseolus Caracalla*, kept in the green-houses of the Seraglio gardens at Constantinople, flourished here in the open air. They had also the *Arbutus Andrachne*, growing to an enormous size.

We left Larneca in the evening, and found a very good road to Nicotia; travelling principally over plains, by a gradual and almost imperceptible ascent, towards the north-west. Mountains appeared in the distant scenery, on almost every side. The soil everywhere exhibited a white marly clay, said to be exceedingly rich in its nature, although neglected. The Greeks are so oppressed by their Turkish masters, that they dare not cultivate the land; the harvest would instantly be taken from them if they did. Their whole aim seems to be, to scrape together barely sufficient, in the course of the whole year, to pay their tax to the Governor. The omission of this is punished by torture, or by death; and in cases of their inability to supply the impost, the inhabitants fly from the island. So many emigrations of this sort happen during the year, that the population of all Cyprus rarely exceeds sixty thousand persons; a number formerly insufficient to have peopled one of its towns. The Governor resides at Nicotia. His appointment is annual; and as it is obtained by purchase, the highest bidder succeeds; each striving, after his arrival, to surpass his predecessor in the enormity of his exactions. From this terrible oppression the Consuls and a few other families are free, in consequence of protection granted by their respective nations. Over such a barren tract of land, altogether desolate, and destitute even of the meanest herbage, our journey was neither amusing nor profitable. It might have suggested reflections to a moral philosopher, thus viewing the horrid consequences of barbarian power; but when a traveller is exposed to the burning beams of an Eastern sun, mounted on a sorry mule dislocating his very loins, fatigued, and breathing hot pestilential vapours, he will feel little disposition to moralize. We rejoiced indeed, when, in a wide plain, we came in view of the little huts where we were to pass part of the night, previous to four more hours of similar penance.

The venerable pair with whom we rested in the village of Attien were the parents of our mule-drivers, and owners of the mules. They made us welcome to their homely supper, by placing two planks across a couple of benches and setting thereon boiled pumpkins, eggs, and some wine of the island in a hollow gourd. I observed upon the ground the sort of stones used for grinding corn, called *querns* in Scotland, common also in Lapland, and in all parts of Palestine. These are the primeval mills of the world; and they are still found in all corn countries, where rude and antient customs have not been liable to those changes introduced by refinement. The employment of grinding with these mills is confined solely to females; and the practice illustrates the observation of our Saviour alluding to this custom in His prediction concerning the day of judgment: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

In these little cottages we found very large establishments for bees, but all the honey thus made is demanded by the Governor; so that keeping these insects is only considered as the means of an additional tax. The manner, however, in which the honey is collected, is so curious, and so worthy of imitation, that it merits a particular description; the contrivance is very simple, and was doubtless suggested by the more antient custom, still used in the Crimea, of harbouring bees in cylinders made from the bark of trees. They build up a wall formed entirely of earthen cylinders, each about three feet in length, placed, one above the other, horizontally, and closed at their extremities with mortar. This wall is then covered with a shed, and upwards of one hundred swarms may thus be maintained within a very small compass. Close to this village grew the largest Carob-Tree we noticed in all our travels. It is, by some, called St John's bread-tree; the *Ceratonia Siliqua* of Linnæus. It was covered with fruit, the pods being then green, and had attained the size of our largest English oaks. We could neither discover nor hear of antiquities near this village; except one large reservoir for water, pointed out as an antient work, although probably of Venetian origin. This is still in a perfect state, lined with square blocks of stone, about twenty-five feet deep, and fifteen feet wide. It is situated in a field close to the village.

Two hours before sun-rise, we again set out for Nicotia. The road lay through an open country; but high mountains were everywhere in view, as on the preceding evening: some of these, as we drew nearer to them, exhibited very remarkable forms, standing insulated, and with flat tops, like what are usually called table mountains. On our right, we observed one that rose out of a fine plain, having a most perfect conical form, except that its vertex appeared truncated parallel to its base. Upon the road we noticed distinct masses of the purest transparent selenites, or crystallized sulphate of lime, as diaphanous as the most limpid specimens from Montmartre, near Paris. It seemed as if they had been dropped by caravans passing the road; although we could learn nothing, either of the place whence they were derived, or the purpose for which they were intended. A ridge of mountains bounded all the view in front of our route; at length at the distance of two hours and a half from Attien, we beheld the city of Nicotia, situated in the middle of one of the fine plains common in this part of the island, at the base of one extremity of the mountain barrier. As we advanced towards it, we were struck with the magnitude of its fortifications; these, although neglected, still remain nearly entire, surpassing in extent and beauty those of almost every other city. The moat is half a mile wide; it is now dry, or at best an unwholesome swamp. Beneath the walls, the bed of this moat abruptly terminates in a deep and wide fosse. The ramparts are still mounted with a few pieces of artillery. The road winds round the wall towards the gate, which had once a portcullis. We found the entrance filled with beggars. The guard demands a toll from all Greeks passing through. As we rode into the town, we met a long train of women, dressed in white robes, the beautiful costume of the capital, filling the air with their lamentations. Some of these were of the middle age, but all were handsome; as they came on, they exposed their faces and breasts to public view, tearing their hair, and weeping piteously. In the midst of the procession rode a Turk upon an ass, smoking his pipe in the most tranquil manner, and wholly indifferent to their cries. Upon inquiring the cause of this tumult, we were told that these women were all prostitutes, whom the Governor had banished the city, and whom they were therefore conducting beyond the gates. Their dress was modelled after a very antient form, and highly elegant; it consisted entirely of fine white linen, so disposed as to veil at once the whole figure, unless when purposely cast aside; and it fell to the ground in long graceful folds.

We went to the house of Mr Sékis (the English Dragoman as he is vulgarly called), a rich Armenian merchant, who enjoys the English protection for transacting whatsoever

business their nation may have with the Governor. His house was in all respects a palace, possessing the highest degree of Oriental magnificence. The apartments were not only spacious, but they were adorned with studied elegance; the floors being furnished with the finest mats brought from Grand Cairo, and the divans covered with satin, set round with embroidered cushions. The windows of the rooms, as in all Oriental houses, were near the roof, and small, although numerous, and placed close to each other. They had double casements, one being of painted glass, surrounded by carved work, as in the old Gothic palaces of England. These perhaps derived their original form from the East, during the Crusades. So many instances occur to strengthen the opinion, that I may be liable to unnecessary repetition, when allusion is made to this style of building. The custom of having the floor raised in the upper part of a chamber, where the superiors sit, as in our old halls, is strictly Oriental; it is the same in the tents of the Tartars. We were permitted to view the Harem. This always consists of a summer and a winter apartment. The first was a large square room, surrounded by divans; the last an oblong chamber, where the divans were placed parallel to each other, one on either side, lengthways; and at the upper extremity was the fire-place, resembling our antient English hearths.

About half an hour after our arrival, the worthy old Armenian came home; and throwing himself at full length upon the divan, began to fan himself with a bunch of coloured feathers, while his secretary opened and read to him our letters. Refreshments were instantly served, and pipes brought by his attendants; soon after this he proposed that we should accompany him to the Governor's. As we descended, he shewed us his beautiful garden, filled with standard apricot-trees laden with ripe fruit, and our wine, as he said, for dinner, already cooling in marble fountains, beneath the shade of orange, citron, lemon, fig, vine, and pomegranate trees.

We entered the court-yard of the Governor's palace, and observed several beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, standing without any attendants, each fastened by a chain to its fore leg, and to a spike in the ground. This custom exists, as a kind of parade, in almost all the palace-yards of Pashas who are governors, and are called *Musselim*. We were conducted first into the chamber of the *Dragoman*, or interpreter, where we found a crowd of persons assembled upon business. Here again pipes were brought while our *firmans* were examined, and some questions put concerning the state of affairs in Egypt, the death of the Emperor Paul, and the victory gained by Nelson over the Danes. We were then led through several passages, until we came to the Governor's apartment, who having heard our names and business, desired us to be seated upon the divan opposite to him. As this man affected all that haughtiness with which Franks were formerly received, in times when the English name was not quite so much respected as it is now in Turkey, I shall particularly specify the ceremony attending our visit. The custom shewn in the reception of strangers, is the same over all the Ottoman empire; and in all countries the punctilios of hospitality are best exercised by proud men. It is only our equals who lay aside ceremony.

The Governor of Cyprus was no Pasha, nor had he any other rank than what his wealth had procured in his temporary station at Nicotia; an honour annually purchased of the Capudan Pasha, as before stated, by the highest bidder. One short year of dominion, wholly dedicated to the exercise of a vain ostentation, and to unbounded rapacity, was therefore all that awaited him, in return for the expenditure whereby the post had been obtained. It was truly amusing, therefore, to see the manner of displaying his new sovereignty. Our credentials were of a very superior nature; because, in addition to our *firman*, we carried with us letters from the Capudan Pasha, and the Commander-in-chief, both of the fleet and of

the army. At sight of these, however, his new-made Excellency affected to turn up his nose, muttering between his teeth the expressive word *Giaur* with considerable emphasis, and taking up the skirts of his pelisse (as our venerable friend the Armenian kneeled before him, to act as our interpreter), that they might not be defiled by the touch of an infidel. This insolence was the more remarkable, as the Turks, except when in a state of open rebellion, generally salute the Grand Signor's firmân; even the haughty Pasha of Acre always made sign of obeisance when it was produced. After thus endeavouring to make us feel our inferiority, he next strove to dazzle our senses with his splendour and greatness. Having clapped his hands, a swarm of attendants, most magnificently habited, came into the room, bearing gilded goblets filled with lemonade and sorbet, which they presented to us. A high priest of the dervishes then entered, and prostrated himself before the Governor, touching his lips with his fingers, crossing his hands upon his breast, and raising his thumbs afterwards to his ears. All these marks of reverence ended, he rose and took his station upon the divân, on the left side of the Governor. Next came a fresh party of slaves, bringing long pipes of jasmine wood with amber heads to all the party; these were suddenly followed by another host of myrmidons in long white vests, having white turbans on their heads, who covered us with magnificent cloths of sky-blue silk, spangled and embroidered with gold. They also presented to us preserved fruits and other sweetmeats; snatching away the embroidered cloths, to cover us again with others of white satin, still more sumptuous than before. Then they brought coffee, in gold cups studded with diamonds; and the cloths were once more taken away. After this, there came slaves kneeling before us with burning odours in silver censers, which they held beneath our noses; and finally a man, passing rapidly round, spattered all our faces, hands, and clothes, with rose-water—a compliment so little expected at the time, and so zealously administered, that we began to wipe from our face and eyes the honours which had almost blinded us. The principal dragoman belonging to the Governor next presented each of us with an embroidered handkerchief; “gifts,” he said, “by which infidels of rank were always distinguished in their interviews with his Master.” The handkerchief consisted of embroidered muslin, and was enclosed in a piece of red crape. These presents we in vain solicited permission to decline; adding, that “as private individuals, meanly habited, in the view of travelling expeditiously through the island, we hoped he would not form his ideas of Englishmen of rank either from our appearance or pretensions.” Upon further conversation, we found that all intercourse with Baffa and the western side of the island was cut off by the plague, which had begun to shew itself even in the neighbourhood of Nicotia; we therefore resolved to return to our more humble host in the village of Attien the same night; when to our great surprise, the Governor requested that we would spend a few days with him: and, as we stated this to be impossible, he even threatened to detain the frigate at Salines for that purpose. We were, however, resolute in our determination; and therefore representing to him the illness of our Captain, and our utter inability to remain an instant after the *Ceres* had got her cargo on board, we took our leave, accompanied by an officer of his guard, whom he permitted to attend us among the goldsmiths of the place, in search of medals and other antiquities.

It is to these artificers, bearing the name of *qûyûmjî*, almost universally in Turkey, that the peasants of the country, and lower order of people in the towns, carry all the pieces of gold or silver they may chance to find in the soil, to be exchanged for modern trinkets. They are generally men in a small way of trade sitting in a little stall, with a crucible before them, a touchstone, and a handful of very ordinary tools. Their chief occupation consists in making coarse silver rings, of very base metal, for the women, and in setting signets for

Turks of all denominations. There is hardly a Mahometan who does not bear upon one of his fingers this kind of ornament. The Turkish signet is generally a carnelian stone, inscribed with a few words from the Qorán, a proverb in Arabic, or a couplet in Persian. We found, as usual, ample employment among these men; and were so much occupied in the pursuit, that we even neglected to visit the Cathedral of St Sophia, built in the Gothic style by the emperor Justinian, when he raised the edifice of the same name in Constantinople. We have the testimony both of Drummond and Mariti for the architecture exhibited in this building. The cathedrals both of Famagusta and Nicotia are described as Gothic. If it be true, therefore, that the Nicotian church was erected by Justinian, we have authority for the existence of that style of architecture, in a high degree of perfection, so long ago as the middle of the sixth century, six hundred and forty years before the conquest of Cyprus by Richard the first; and certainly long anterior to the introduction of any specimen of the architecture called Gothic in Great Britain. Other instances of still higher antiquity exist in Egypt and Palestine.

Our success in collecting gems was so great, that the number of our acquisitions in Nicotia exceeded the total of what we had been able to procure since our departure from Constantinople. We found also silver medals of Antoninus Pius, Severus, Faustina, and of the Ptolemies. The bronze were all of late date, and almost all after the time of Constantine. We also made diligent inquiry concerning the *Yeny Maden* crystal. Some detached and very ordinary specimens of crystallized quartz were shewn to us, by the name of *Baffa stones*; but the inhabitants were unable to polish even these. All the stones found in the island, capable of being polished, are sent to Grand Cairo for this purpose. This fact, while it serves to shew the wretched state of the arts in Cyprus, also conveys a proof of their flourishing state in the present capital of Egypt, beyond the notions usually entertained of that remote city. Among our intaglios were numerous representations and symbols of Isis, Ceres, and Venus, a very beautiful gem representing Mercury leaning upon a sepulchral Stelè; of Ambis, kneeling with the dove upon his left hand; and one of very diminutive form, but of exquisite beauty, meriting a more particular description: it is a highly transparent garnet. The subject engraven represents a colossal statue, whose two arms extended touch the extremity of the stone. Before this figure is seen a person kneeling, in the act of worshipping the idol. This corresponds so accurately with the descriptions given of the statue of Jupiter Serapis at Alexandria, whose two hands touched the sides of the temple, that it is probable the gem was intended to preserve a memorial of the image. It has no resemblance to the appearance of any Grecian Deity; the calathus, or rather the pileus, upon its head, is like that seen upon Indian or Chinese idols; and this further coincides with the history of the worship of Serapis, transferred by one of the Ptolemies from Asia to Egypt.

In the evening we mounted our mules, and again returned to Attien. Our good friend Mr Sékis had laden an ass with all sorts of provisions for our journey, but we would only accept a basket of his apricots. These he said were nothing in comparison with the apricots he received annually from Famagusta, yet they were the finest we had ever seen. We met caravans of camels in our way to Attien, marching according to the order always observed in the East; that is to say, in a line, one after the other; the whole caravan being preceded by an ass, with a bell about its neck. Camels never seem to seek the shade; when left to repose, they kneel down, exposed to the hottest beams of the sun. Trees, however, are rarely seen in this part of the island; the inhabitants relate, that eastward of Nicotia, towards Baffa, the country being more mountainous is also well covered with wood. The rivers of Cyprus are dry during the summer months. Sudden rain swells them into torrents. Some fell during

the second night we passed at Attien. In the morning, two hours before sun-rise, we set out for Larneca; and, having to cross a bridge, found it shaking so violently with the impetuosity of the water, that we feared it would fall. The antient Cypriots pretended that their Paphian Altars, although exposed to the atmosphere, were never wetted by rain. Probably they would not have escaped drenching during the showers which had caused this inundation. We reached Larneca at eight o'clock, and were on board the Ceres before ten. Captain Russel's fever had much increased. The apricots we brought for him seemed to afford a temporary refreshment to his parched lips and palate, but were ultimately rather injurious than salutary. The symptoms of his melancholy fate became daily more apparent, to the great grief of every individual of his crew.

During our absence the English Consul had been kindly endeavouring to procure for me other reliques from the interesting vestiges of Citium. Before I left the island, he obtained, from one of the inhabitants, a small, but thick, oblong silver medal of the city; considered, from its appearance, as older than the foundation of the Macedonian empire. A ram is represented couched in the front. The obverse side exhibits, within an indented square, a rosary or circle of beads, to which a cross is attached. Of these rosaries, and this appendage, as symbols (explained by converted heathens at the destruction of the temple of Serapis), having in a former publication been explicit, it is not now necessary to expatiate. That the soul's immortality was alluded to, is a fact capable of the strictest demonstration. The Consul from Berytus also presented to me a magnificent silver tetradrachm of Tyre, with the inscription "Of Tyre Holy and Inviolable"

ΤΥΡΟΥ ΕΡΑΣΜΕΑΙΑΣ ΤΥΑΟΥ

and also a monogram, marking the year when it was struck; namely, 183 of the Seleucidan æra.

We left Cyprus on the sixteenth of June, steering for the coast of Egypt, and first made land off Damiata.

ALI BEY.

The author of the *Travels of Ali Bey* announced himself as Ali Bey el Abbassi, son of Othman Bey of Aleppo, prince of the Abbassides, and directly descended from Abbas, son of Abd El Motaleb and uncle of Mohammad. Under this fantastic designation, and the garb of a *Sherif*, or member of the family of the prophet of Islam, was veiled the person of a Spaniard, long resident in Paris, Don Domingo Badia-y-Leyblich.

He left Spain for Tangier on June 29, 1803, and visited in order Fez, Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus (March 4 to May 12, 1806), Egypt, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo and Constantinople. His *Travels* leave him at Bucharest, December 19, 1807. He was born at Barcelona, April 1, 1767, and died September 1, 1818, at a spot a two days' journey from Mazarib (the first castle on the pilgrim road from Damascus), having left that city with a caravan starting for Mecca, with which he hoped to make his second visit to the holy places of Islam. It is said that some of his papers and effects were ransomed by Lady Hester Stanhope. All that is known of his life may be found in the preface to the Catalan translation of his *Travels* published at Barcelona in 1888 under the title *Viatjes de Ali Bey el Abbassi per Africa y Assia*.

His work was published in an English translation in 1816, but as this was not at hand, our extracts are translated afresh from vol. II. pp. 73—155 of the original French edition, Paris, 3 vols. 8vo, 1814. The Atlas accompanying this edition gives a map of Cyprus, a portrait of the author, and many pleasant engravings from sketches by his hand. From this volume we have copied the letter of Chrysanthos, Archbishop of Cyprus (1767—1810) to Ali Bey, to which allusion is made on page 75. From the historical notes on the Church of Cyprus of Philippos Georgiou (Athens, 1875) it may be inferred that of the personages with whom Ali Bey made acquaintance in Nicosia the bishop *in partibus* (rather a suffragan or *χωρεπίσκοπος*) was Spiridon, of Trinitus: the bishop of Larnaca ("un homme de bon sens, d'un jugement droit, et fort instruit") and Paphos ("qui, quoique jeune, me parut être un homme fin et rusé"), nephews of the Archbishop: and the steward or *οικονομος*, Cyprianos, who in 1810 procured the banishment to Eubœa of the aged and gouty Chrysanthos, and of his nephew, another Chrysanthos, bishop of Citium, and his own elevation to the archiepiscopal throne, from which he was translated on July 9, 1821, to a halter attached to a plane tree in the courtyard of the Serai at Nicosia, by Kuchuk Mehmed, Musellim of the island.

[THE MASTER OF THE VESSEL UPON WHICH ALI BEY WAS TO MAKE THE VOYAGE FROM TRIPOLI OF BARBARY TO ALEXANDRIA MISTOOK HIS COURSE, AND BROUGHT UP AT LAST OFF THE ISLAND OF SAPIENZA, NEAR THE S.W. POINT OF THE MOREA. ON LEAVING THIS THEY FELL INTO A TERRIBLE STORM, BEFORE WHICH THEY WERE DRIVEN TO THE COAST OF CYPRUS.]

After three days of high winds and a raging sea we anchored in the roadstead of Limassol, on March 7, 1806.

How can I describe the frightful state of our ship? all the sails torn and none to replace them! the hull making water everywhere, the pumps almost incessantly at work: everyone ill, and more than twenty men prostrate, and apparently at their last gasp. One man had died on the 4th and his body was thrown into the sea: two others were on the point of death, two went mad. The ship's crew helping one another to jump ashore all fled: the captain only remained on board with two or three Turkish sailors. We were in a hurry to land, the natives seeing our terrible state of distress kept away from the vessel, no one would go on board, and the governor of the town was obliged to order a few calkers to plug at least the worst holes in the hull, so as to save the ship which seemed every moment to be on the point of going to the bottom.

It was suggested that the bad water of the island of Sapienza had made us ill, and that the vapour of some quintals of saffron had vitiated the air on board; but the worst of all was

that for several days running while we were driven before the storm more than eighty persons were shut up between decks, without the smallest opening for fresh air: all were wretched and downcast, they had nothing but a little uncooked food to eat, and the refuse of all this crowd was thrown down into the hold. One can picture the condition of these unhappy beings. Luckily for me, the after-cabin which I had to myself had no communication whatever with 'tween decks.

When I landed at Limassol some Turks and Greeks came to me. I asked them for a lodging, and they took me to a nice house which I occupied with my servants. The Turkish governor, an agha, came presently to offer his services, and sent two lighters, with one of his officers to land my baggage. Nothing was examined at the Custom House. I was treated with as much politeness as I could have met with in the best organised European city.

My man of business here was the chief Greek, Demetrio Francoudi, then Vice-Consul of England and Russia and Consul of Naples, a very rich man who spoke Italian well, and was much respected by Greeks and Turks.

Lodging with this M. Francoudi was an Englishman, M. Rich, who was on his way to Cairo on the business of the East India Company. This interesting young man, who spoke fluently Turkish and Persian, and had adopted the costume and manners of the Moslem, joined me very often at dinner, and always spoke of the Mamlouk Elfi Bey with enthusiasm.

In M. Francoudi's house was also a black eunuch, one of the four principal officers of the Sultan's palace: he was called Lala, and was on his way to Medina, as guardian of the tomb of the prophet. On his arrival he had been mortally wounded by some soldiers who were assaulting one of his servants, and this poor man, as gentle a being as you can imagine, fell a victim to this accident.

One of my servants was ill from the fatigue he had undergone on the ship. Others lay in the Mosque in the same condition. On March 21 one of the women died, another passenger on the 25th, and a second servant fell ill on the 23rd.

CHAPTER V.

Finding myself in the island which the Greek poets have immortalized by their description of the charming adventures of the mother of Love, I wished to visit the celebrated sites of Cythera, Idalium, Paphos and Amathus. Accompanied by M. Francoudi, his son and four servants, I started at five in the morning of March 28, 1806, travelling East.

After crossing the river of Amathus which runs South to fall into the sea at no great distance, I soon came upon the ruins which I shall describe further on. Leaving the seashore at this point, and following the road to N.E., I got among the mountains, at mid-day we encountered a storm, and at 1.15 arrived at the village of Togni.

The country we traversed is charmingly picturesque. From Limassol to the ruins the road is by the seashore, and the country is a series of plains sloping gently towards the hills, all beautifully green. Above the hills rises a chain of high mountains, whose summits are crowned with snow. The soil, rich and reddish, is extremely fertile. The hilly parts of the road have gentle gradients, and the richest vegetation adorns the landscape.

The village of Togni, though the houses are ugly and badly built, is prettily situated on the slopes of two hills, on one side live the Greeks, on the other the Turks: a little river runs between them, under a bridge of a single arch, on which is built the Greek Church dedicated to S. Helena.

The next day I left at 7.15 a.m. and travelling East in an hour crossed the river Scarino

which runs S.; and at 9 o'clock another stream running also S., at half past nine the road turned to N.E., we were crossing higher hills, and reached the top at eleven. Then descending gently in half an hour we passed a village called Corno, and at noon halted at the Greek convent of Aïa Tecla. We left at half past one, going N.N.E. at two o'clock we crossed a stream, and at three saw the village of Teraforio close to us on the left. Then after leaving on the right another village called Tisdarchaui, and crossing a small river, we kept straight on and at six entered Nicosia, the capital of the island.

The early part of our ride took us through hills, rising one above another and wonderfully green, a landscape worthy of the goddess to whom the island was dedicated. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, just such as one would wish for a garden. The higher mountains are formed of *roche cornée* in every shade of colour from apple-green to a blackish green: pieces of hornblende are found of great brightness and beauty.

I halted a moment to examine these rocks, when M. Francoudi said, "these rocks are called *Roca di Corno*." I asked him whence had they this name, and he replied, "from a place which we shall see presently." This was the village of which I spoke above. If fortuitous, this identity of the vulgar and mineralogical name is certainly remarkable: or, if otherwise, what mineralogist founded or named the village of Corno? I could learn nothing of the origin of the village, so it must be ancient. It may contain at most thirty houses; its situation is delightful, in the middle of a little valley full of olive and carob trees. The inhabitants are nearly all engaged in making earthen vessels. The mountains round are covered with wild cypresses in beautiful clumps and thickets. The tree takes its name from the island. In the great groups of *roche cornée* one sees veins or filaments of quartz. I did not see the least trace of granite. These hills are certainly metalliferous, for they contain mica, as well as the oxides of copper and iron.

At 2 p.m. we crossed a stream, and entered a plain of poor clayey soil: it may be a league in diameter, and ends E. in little hills of pure white clay, quite barren and bare. Leaving this desert you find the soil of an inferior kind of vegetable mould. After this the plains have none of the beauty and fertility of the S. of the island.

The convent of Aïa Tecla is well placed on the slope of the same mountains. One monk lives there with several servants and labourers who cultivate the rich fields belonging to it. The Archbishop of Nicosia, the real prince of the island, enjoys the revenues of this and many other monasteries. The church is in good condition, and underneath it runs a spring of excellent water. The convent has cells and rooms for the convenience of travellers.

The extent of Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, represents a town which would easily hold 100,000 inhabitants: but it is a desert: you see large gardens and great open spaces full of ruins and rubbish. I have been assured that it does not contain more than a thousand Turkish families and as many Greek.

The situation of the city on an elevation of some feet in the middle of a wide plain allows it to enjoy pure air and a fine view. The enclosing walls are scarped, with a revetment of cut stone, and broken by salient and re-entering angles, so that it is capable of a regular defence, and wears an imposing appearance. It has three gates called after Paphos, Chirigna and Famagosta. The last is magnificent; it is composed of a vast cylindrical vault which covers all the ramp or ascent from the lower level of the plain to the higher on which the city is built. Half-way up the slope is a flattened dome or segment of a sphere, in the middle of which is a round skylight. This monumental work, built as it is of huge cut stones or coarse marble, is worthy of the old inhabitants.

There are a few fine streets in the Greek quarter, but the rest are narrow, crooked, and

above all unpaved and very dirty. There are some fine, and a few very large houses: that in which I stayed, belonging to the *Dragoman of Cyprus*, the principal officer of the Greek community in the island, is quite a palace from its adornment of columns, gardens and fountains. The way in which the houses are built is exactly the opposite of that which obtains in Barbary. In that part of Africa the largest house receives its light from the door only. Here on the contrary there is not a wall interior or exterior but has two rows of windows placed one above the other. And to such an extent does this prevail that in the room which I generally used, which was only twenty-four feet by twelve, I counted fourteen windows and a door. The upper row is closed by a *jalousie* without, and a glazed window within: the lower row has *jalousies*, windows and shutters. The arrangement has a good effect in rooms with a high roof. Note that party walls have windows just like outer walls. The roofs and part of the staircase are of wood. The corridors and passages are also closed with *jalousies*. The floors of all the rooms are of marble, also the jambs of the windows and doors, and the first few courses of the building: the rest of the walls is constructed of rough stone, badly baked bricks and lime. The houses are not covered with tiles; the roofs are flat and extremely weighty. This pernicious practice certainly accounts for the disappearance of all the ancient buildings, of which the palace only is left. This palace, called Seraya (*Sérail*) is a vast and badly arranged pile used as the residence of the Governor General.

The ancient cathedral of Aïa Sophia, a superb Gothic edifice, is now a Turkish mosque. They have daubed the columns with a thick coat of lime, giving them the appearance of monster cylinders: and they have added two towers or minarets, well built, but out of keeping with the rest. As their law requires them to say their prayers with their faces towards Mecca, and as this cathedral was not built originally for Moslem worship, the Turks have been obliged to put up within it wooden screens aligned in the direction of Mecca so as to face correctly during prayer.

All the bishops of the island were assembled at Nicosia to meet a newly arrived Governor General, and many persons of consequence had come also to pay him their respects. The day after my arrival the Bishop of Larnaca came to see me, with a numerous following. I thought him a man of good sense, sound judgment and well educated. The next day I had a visit from the Bishop of Paphos, a young man but smart and sly. The third bishop, of Chirigna, was seriously unwell. The Archbishop, confined to the house by extreme old age and gouty pains sent his bishop *in partibus* who acts in his stead. He came to call accompanied by the *archimandrita*, the steward and more than fifty priests. The three dignitaries offered me in the Archbishop's name a thousand excuses: in spite of his condition he had wished to have himself carried to my house, but his staff prevented him. Among other persons of note who were frequent visitors I paid particular attention to M. Nicolaos Nicolidi, who in the absence of the *Dragoman of Cyprus* was charged with his duties.

The third day I paid my visit to the Governor General, who received me with great ceremony, surrounded by a great number of officers, soldiers and servants armed to the teeth. At the door of the saloon stood a sentry, with an axe on his shoulder. The Governor rose to receive me, and made me sit at his side on a magnificent sofa. He is a man of intelligence, full of life, and said to be well educated. We had a long conversation, chiefly on politics. MM. Nicolidi and Francoudi, who accompanied me, interpreted for me, because the Governor speaks neither Arabic nor any European language, and I do not know Turkish. He was splendidly dressed, with a superb fur coat. His Persian pipe was brought and he offered it to me, but I declined as I do not smoke. Six pages, fifteen years old, all of the same height, beautiful as angels, and richly clothed in satin with superb cashmere shawls, brought us

coffee and then incense and sprinkled me with rose water. On my taking leave the Governor escorted me to the door of the room.

I passed on to the room of the Governor's brother, a nice old man: he offered us coffee, and took quite a fancy to me when he heard I was preparing for the journey to Mecca, whither he had gone himself several times. He gave me some advice on the subject, and we parted well pleased with one another.

After my visit to the *serai* I went to the palace of the Archbishop. At the gate I found the archimandrite and the steward, with twenty or thirty servants, waiting to receive me. At the foot of the staircase a crowd of priests took me and carried me to the first gallery where the bishop *in partibus* received me with another train of priests. In the next gallery I found the Archbishop. This venerable old man though his legs were terribly swollen had insisted on being carried there by the Bishop of Paphos and five or six other persons to meet me. I reproached him tenderly for the trouble he had taken on my behalf, then taking his hand I followed him into his room.

Dr Brunoni, an Italian, residing at Nicosia, who had adopted the costume, manners and customs of the Greeks, was my interpreter. He is a man of fine wit, full of tact and entirely free of prejudices.

The venerable Archbishop told me of the terrible vexations which he had suffered last year at the hands of the Turkish rebels. We talked of these at length and I tried to console him, and after the usual honours of coffee, incense and scented waters, we separated with feelings of hearty affection.

I then visited the steward and archimandrite in their apartments, meeting there the Bishop of Paphos and the bishop *in partibus*. When I left them what was my surprise to find the venerable Archbishop again in the gallery! He had been brought there to wish me a last goodbye. I cannot say how much I was touched by this gracious act, I tried to address him in friendly reproach, but the words died on my lips.

The Archbishop of Cyprus, an independent Patriarch in communion with the Greek Church, is also the prince or supreme spiritual and temporal chief of the Greek community in the island. He is responsible to the Grand Seigneur for the taxes and conduct of the Greek Cypriots. To avoid entering into the details of circumstances, and to excuse himself from the burden of part of the temporal administration, he has delegated his powers to the *Dragoman of Cyprus*, who has thus become the chief civil authority: he has practically the rank and attributions of a prince of the community, because the Turkish Governor can do nothing to a Greek without the participation and presence of the Dragoman, who is also entrusted with the duty of laying at the foot of the Grand Seigneur's throne the wishes of his fellow-Christians.

During the previous year there had been a great rising of the Turks against the Dragoman. They gained possession of the city of Nicosia and behaved atrociously to the Archbishop and other Greeks; they even killed those who refused to give them money. The Dragoman fled to Constantinople, where he not only proved the Greeks to be in the right, but obtained an order for a Pasha with some Caramanian soldiers to march against the rebels, who had entrenched themselves in Nicosia. In this critical situation the steward was the guardian angel of his community, such talent and tact did he show in turning aside the fury of the rebels. After several fights these opened negotiations with the Pasha, who accepting the mediation of some of the European Consuls gave his word that he would punish no one. The rebels opened the city gates, and as soon as the Pasha was within, regardless of his promise he caused several of them to be beheaded. This event has humiliated the Turks, and

given the Greeks a certain air of boldness and even independence. The Dragoman was still at Constantinople, but though I could not make his personal acquaintance I saw from his works that he was a man of tact and intelligence.

In spiritual matters the Archbishop of Cyprus is an independent Patriarch, and has no relations whatever with the Patriarch of Constantinople. He is in correspondence with the Patriarch of Jerusalem through respect to the Holy Places; the clergy attached to these have property in the island.

The Archbishop appoints to bishoprics and other ecclesiastical dignities and offices on the presentation of the people: he grants licenses for marriages within the prohibited degrees.

The Archbishop, bishops and other high dignitaries cannot marry. A mere secular priest may have a wife if he was married to her before his ordination as a priest: but were she to die, he could not take another. The present Archbishop is a widower and has a son. Monks are vowed to perpetual celibacy.

Priests are distinguished by a hat or cap of black felt, angular for those who are married: round like an inverted cone for celibates and monks. Bishops wear a little violet riband round the head, and often dress in cloth of the same colour. Other priests generally wear black.

The Greeks are extremely submissive and respectful towards their bishops: in saluting them they bow low, take off their cap, and hold it before them upside down. They scarcely dare speak in their presence. It is true that for this community of slaves the bishops are rallying points. It is through them that it preserves some kind of existence, so that it suits the people to give their prelates political importance, such as even the Turks allow them, judging by the deferential and respectful manner which they observe towards the bishops. These, on their part, parade in their houses and followers a princely luxury; they never go out without a crowd of attendants, and to ascend a flight of stairs they must needs be carried by their servants.

The Greeks pay their bishops tithe and first-fruits, fees on dispensations and others, and large voluntary offerings. These princes of the church receive the imposts assessed on the community so as to pay to the Turkish government its annual claim, and to share with it a kind of monopoly. The government has never succeeded in learning how many Greeks there are in the island. They own to a total of thirty-two thousand souls: but well informed persons raise this number to a hundred thousand. Last year a commissioner was sent to make an exact enumeration of the Greek families, but he was "got at," loaded with gold, and went away—his task unfulfilled. This handling the taxes brings enormous gains to the spiritual heads of the people, who suffer in silence lest a worse evil befall them.

The Greeks pay the government a yearly tribute of 500,000 piastres for the pay of a garrison of four thousand Turkish soldiers, but this number is very far from being complete. The Sultan raises besides two or three hundred thousand piastres from taxes on cotton and other products. These sums, added to those exacted by the Governor General and the local governors, probably bring up the total amount paid by the Greeks of Cyprus to the Turks to a million piastres. But the bishops and other leading men get as much again, and more.

The Greeks are quite as jealous as the Turks, and keep their womenkind in such out of the way places that it is impossible to see them. Those whom I met in the street were covered and hidden by a white sheet, just like Turkish women. Those who go about with their faces uncovered are generally old or ugly. Their costume is not ungraceful, but a kind of conical cap which they wear on the head displeases me immensely. The men have often good figures, and generally good complexions. Persons of any position always wear long coats,

like the Turks, from whom they are distinguishable only by their blue turban: but many wear other colours, and even white, without offending the Turks. I remarked that everybody, even shepherds, workmen and the poorest classes were always neatly dressed. The Greeks, who have no opportunities of studying the higher branches of science, are in that respect very much behindhand. Yet one traces among them the old intelligence of their race, and not unfrequently finds men full of fire, and of high character. But the mass of the community, degraded by slavery, is poor-spirited, ignorant and cowardly.

They use the calendar as it stood before the Gregorian corrections, so their reckoning is now twelve days behind that of Europe. They are equally behind the sun, so that unless they amend it the time will come when their calendar will put the month of July in the winter solstice, and the frosty season in the dog-days.

Their Lent, which they observe very strictly, lasts a week longer than that of the Catholics. During this penitential season they eat neither meat, fish nor cheese. They have scruples even about the use of oil, so their food is reduced to bread and a few olives. They believe themselves the only orthodox Christians because they think they have preserved the primitive Greek rite, and they call Latin Christians schismatics. They have all the sacraments recognised by the Roman Church, but they consecrate the Eucharist with unleavened bread. The sanctuary of their churches is divided by a wooden screen covered with paintings which bear the stamp of the bad taste of the Lower Empire. This screen has a large door in the middle, and a smaller one each side, which serve as entrances to the sanctuary, in the midst of which is a square pedestal, covered with plaited stuff, and surrounded by a small wooden railing. On this you find a few small pictures, the missal and other things. The priests, who alone can enter this part of the church, say the mass, I am told, with all these doors closed, and only at certain moments fixed by their ritual are they opened. The faithful stand in the nave, their imagination does duty for the mysteries which they cannot see. The women take their place in a high gallery, shut off by thick lattice work, where they cannot be seen.

The Greeks all wear moustaches, and shave their chins like the Turks; but oldish people and priests often grow beards. They are forbidden to carry arms, but they all have a knife or dagger concealed about them. The commerce of the island, of which cotton is one of the principal branches, is almost entirely in their hands; the Turks in this matter play but a secondary part. The indolence of their character is well known, satisfied with the climate and people of Cyprus they smoke their pipes quietly, and never bestir themselves except when they can do some outrage to a Greek under pretext of a real or seeming misdoing. The greatest crime is forgiven when the accused puts into the scales the amount of gold which the greed of the judge thinks equal to the gravity of the offence. Property is only respected when the owner is stronger or better protected than the spoiler. One frequently sees a wretched Greek villager ousted by a Turk who enters into possession of his patrimony. To avoid these odious vexations many natives place themselves under the protection of some European consul, who is allowed to grant this favour to a certain number. These *protégés* enjoy all the immunities of the subjects of the nation which protects them. They are distinguished by a tall black cap of bear's skin, called *calpàc*. I have however seen Greeks who were not *protégés* wearing the *calpàc* unnoticed by the Turks.

The mosques of Cyprus, except that of S. Sophia, which the Turks call Aïa Sòfia, are shabby and ugly. Every Friday before the mid-day prayer the Imam ought to preach a sermon in Arabic; but here as no Turkish Imam knows Arabic the sermon is reduced to a few short phrases which they learn by heart and repeat over and over again like parrots, neither

understanding nor understood. Although Arabic is the sacred language of Islam, there are probably not ten persons in the island who can understand it. I took satisfactory observations, and determined the latitude of Nicosia $35^{\circ} 13' 14''$ N., and the longitude $31^{\circ} 6' 30''$ E., of the Observatory of Paris.

It is remarkable that the gesture of negation, that is to say the native way of marking dissent, is to toss up the head just as one might do in Europe to indicate contempt or derision, while here contempt is shown by pushing the tip of the tongue between the lips, and saying *ptou*, as though one were spitting. To express dissent by shaking the head is a thing unknown in Cyprus.

CHAPTER VI.

I left Nicosia at eight o'clock on the morning of April 3 for *Cythera*. Travelling in a N.E. direction I passed at nine o'clock a village called *Diamiglia*, and three quarters of an hour later I had reached my goal. The great plain of Nicosia stretches to the outskirts of *Cythera* which is surrounded by mounds of clayey soil. How a poetic imagination would warm up at the sight of these spots consecrated of old to the mother of Love! I had met at Limassol an English traveller, Mr Rooke, who had visited *Cythera*, and told me that his fancy had filled up the blanks of the real scene, so that he had pictured to himself as present the goddess surrounded by her court. My brain, little given to illusions, failed here to supply me visions in contrast with what offered itself to my senses: the Graces, Nymphs and Loves would not lend their charm to the view of poor *Cythera*, which I can only compare to the most wretched hamlet of the Comté Venaissin, or the Limagne of Auvergne. It is just a slip of country of irregular shape, with orchards and mulberry trees, about a league from N. to S. but quite narrow.

The existence of the place depends on a spring to the N. which divides into two streams and pours abundant water into the end of a valley lying between hills of pure clay, which are quite bare, and have never been more fertile than they are now. A few houses are scattered about this valley, and some mills which supply Nicosia with flour. The soil is not particularly good, but the scarcity of water in the island makes it necessary to turn to account all possible modes of irrigation, and the valley, wherever the water can reach it, is well cultivated. There are vegetable gardens, and many mulberry trees; these trees are not isolated or planted apart, as in Europe, but crowded together into a kind of thicket, not unlike a nursery. They remain small and slender, but it is supposed that they produce more leaves, and these can be picked by hand from the lowest to the highest branch of the shrub.

At the present time what *Cythera* can show is a wood of mulberry trees for silkworms, a few carobs, olives, fruit trees and vegetables, in the hollow of a valley which the scant circulation of air, the reflection from the clay hills, and the neighbourhood of a range of volcanic mountains on the north must render in summer a truly infernal hole. The natives say this is not a hot season, but as man is everywhere a creature of habit I trust rather to what I deduce from the situation of a place than to what I hear from its inhabitants.

In this journey my only companions were a servant and Doctor Brunoni who acted as my interpreter and *cicerone*. At the request of the Archbishop we were lodged in the house of the parish priest, a kind worthy old man.

I should have been glad to see some of the women, who enjoy a reputation for beauty; but neither in the streets nor in their houses could I find one passably good-looking. The doctor pretended that there are some really beautiful, but that they are the most dissolute wretches in the island, and that they give rise to numberless lawsuits, which are taken for

trial before the Magistrates at Nicosia. Possibly the heat of the climate, the isolation of the houses which stand each apart, the mulberry thickets, and the absence of the men, who are away during the day in the markets of Nicosia, are the causes to which one may assign the dissolute character of the women of *Cythera*, for these are all circumstances favourable to debauch.

It is said confidently that the ancient *Cythera* was situated on a low hill about a mile away. I do not think that there could ever have been gardens there: at any rate there is no trace of such now. But I am going to describe other and more interesting remains.

I was told on leaving Nicosia that I could, on the way back from *Cythera*, visit the ruins of the Palace of the Queen; but there was an air of indifference about the remark, as though there was nothing particularly worth while going out of the way to see. Half-way on our road the doctor had pointed out the site of the ruins, on the highest peak of the chain to the north of Nicosia. I examined it with my glass, and thought I could distinguish things which stirred my curiosity. I determined to visit them on my return from *Cythera*. From the priest's house where we lodged one can see the mountain. After dinner I took leave of our host, and we started towards the N. and N.E. to see first the spring which waters *Cythera*.

At the foot of the clay hills which lie S. of a chain of basaltic mountains, the water rushes out abundantly in five places, and in less volume by other channels, and forms at once a small river. It is transparent, light, perfectly pure, and very cold (they say) in summer: a proof that it issues from a great depth in the mountains: it is evident enough that its source is not in the clay hills. The natives believe that it comes from the mountains of Caramania on the main land, and that it passes under the sea. Strictly speaking this is not impossible, but it is more probable that it rises in the heart of the basaltic mountains, and passes, at a great depth, under the clay hills; but without touching them, or it would lose its good qualities, especially as these hills are later, and superposed on the primordial mass of the mountains.

My curiosity was satisfied, and I left with indifference poor *Cythera*, which has preserved but very little of the beauty which marked her out once for the abode of the goddess of all the Graces. We ascended northwards up to the first line of mountains which overlook the clay hills and the great plain to the south, then turning east and following the higher ridges of this line, which is covered with lava and volcanic products, and skirting the chain of basaltic mountains on our right, we resumed two hours later a northerly course, and halted at the monastery of S. John Chrysostom, situated close to the peak upon which are the ruins of the Palace of the Queen, called also Buffavento. This monastery, a building very much like that of S. Thecla, belongs to the Holy Places at Jerusalem. Three Greek monks, a sister of the Prior, old and a widow, and a servant young, stout and good looking are the only inmates. The gardeners or labourers live outside the walls.

The next morning, April 4, I started accompanied by two guides. The doctor was afraid to follow me, and my servant was too stout to scale the rocks. I started on a mule and reached the foot of the mountains, about half an hour's climb from the ruins. There I was obliged to dismount, so steep was the path. In a quarter of an hour we had reached the foot of the peak where there are two quadrangular heaps of ruins. The peak itself is a rock nearly perpendicular on every side. There was no further trace of a path, so we climbed this natural wall, taking advantage of jutting rocks, projections, holes, anything to which our hands and feet would cling. Sometimes we had to help one another with a stick, at another the guide would stop to see where he could get the best foothold, so as to get over the parapet in front of him; and, to complete the picture, we had always beside us a horrible precipice.

At last, after much trouble, we reached the gate of the palace and took a few moments' rest. This singular edifice may be described as consisting of four separate blocks, some higher than the others. Let me call the first the guardrooms, the second the storerooms, the third the court or state apartment, and the fourth the sleeping quarters of the owners on the very highest point of the mountain. This last block was perhaps intended to serve also as a chapel or oratory. There are vaults below. The building I should ascribe to præ-historic times. I am told that no mention of it exists in any history worthy of credit, and on no part of it did I find any trace of an inscription or hieroglyphics.

The walls are built of stone quarried on the spot, cemented with lime. Several of the corners are of bricks, still red, and well burnt. Some which I measured were two feet long, one foot broad, and two fingers thick. The jambs of the doors and windows are of marble composed entirely of fossil shells of a thousand different kinds, quite well preserved. Some rooms still preserve their roof. When one thinks of the labour and cost involved in the building of such a palace, on such a site: when one reflects on its antiquity, one is astonished indeed. It was decorated with all the luxury known at the epoch of its construction. The window openings are well proportioned: the marble was certainly brought from a great distance, as well as the lime and the bricks which could not have been made on the spot. The beauty, I might even say the magnificence, of the apartment probably used by the court, even the provision of water for a building so vast and situated on such a height, make one believe that the founder of the palace was a sovereign endowed at once with great talents, no ordinary spirit, and immense wealth.

If we care to suppose that the building was a simple fortress one might fix very nearly the date of its erection, without regard to the silence of history, for it may have been connected with no memorable event, nor attracted particular attention. On looking at it simply as the dwelling of some great personage—I have seen such among the African mountains, the abodes of Arab sheikhs—I should say that it had been built just as those were, when there were no houses in the country. But when I consider the magnificence and luxury of this palace, a monument of the art of its age, and its remarkable and impregnable position, I recognise the abode of a mighty sovereign. It follows then that the *Palace of the Queen* was certainly built and inhabited in a præ-historic age: that it was erected by a king of the island, a rich and powerful sovereign: and that it was at the same time a fortress which defied attack, and a luxurious home, in which the charms of society tempered the display of warlike power. But who was the prince who created it?

The name *Palace of the Queen* has been handed down from father to son by an unbroken tradition, for there is not a man now in the island who does not know it by this title.

Every faith must have its mysteries, and in the convent of S. John Chrysostom I was shown an old picture, painted on wood, about two feet square, which represents *the Queen*, the foundress, according to the monks, of both the palace and the monastery. She is depicted at her prayers before an image of the Virgin Mary. The artist has made *the Queen* as beautiful as he could, but he has dressed her in modern Greek costume. At the foot of the picture is an inscription, half effaced, in Greek, in which one may still read her supposed name Maria, daughter of Philip Molinos, etc. The monks pretend that in their convent was preserved an ancient manuscript which affirmed that this princess was their protectress. But no one has seen it, and a comparison of the two buildings exposes the anachronism. It is quite certain that when the *Palace of the Queen* was built nothing was yet known of Marias or Philips or Molinos, still less of a monastery of S. John Chrysostom.

These poor Greeks, since the days of the Lower Empire, can see nothing anywhere but monks and monasteries. The upper portion of the palace they call a church, although it is composed of two small square rooms, with narrow doors, without the slightest sign of ever having been a place of assembly. Other ruins close to the foot of the mountain they take to be the remains of a monastery; these however are as old as the rest. For my part I consider them redoubts or advanced forts to defend the approaches to the palace. A little lower down on the slope on which the convent stands one does find the ruins of a real church. Comparison with these proves the absurdity of the origin ascribed to the others. But let us lift up our thoughts and seek for this remarkable monument an explanation which shall correspond better with the form of its ruins and with its enchanting situation.

The name *Palace of the Queen*, as I have said, has been transmitted and preserved by an uninterrupted tradition. In the far distant ages in which it was built, had it been a man who directed the work, he would doubtless have made a castle, eked out by an apartment sufficient for his own use. But the luxury and taste which prevail in the portion which I call the hall of the Court, or of assembly, makes me think it was the work of a woman.

This portion is composed of four square halls, ranged one after the other, each with large windows looking north and south, so that on all sides one gets a view over nearly all the island: the doors, placed in the middle, are large in proportion; so that at once on entering one sees all four rooms; this has a grand effect. One cannot suppose that this block was designed for defensive purposes, its construction is not adapted thereto, and its situation offers no advantages. Again it cannot be considered as a place of habitual residence, for the vast windows opening down to the ground, and exposed to all the winds, are against the idea. Nor can one suppose it to have been a place designed for worship, unless it were that of the goddess of the Graces, because it is entirely wanting in that mysterious gloom which marks ancient temples. I can find no explanation for this range of rooms except that of a gallery or apartments for uses of Court or assembly. The taste and elegance displayed in the construction make me think it the work of a woman; and when we find the traditional name *Palace of the Queen* preserved so carefully for so long a time it is certainly entitled to our respect.

When I consider the position of this building I am surprised that hitherto no traveller has mentioned it from a truly historical and philosophical standpoint. Mr Rooke himself, who had allowed his fancy to roam through these spots haunted by so many memories of the past, told me nothing whatever about this singular edifice, which towers over most of the island, and especially over Cythera and Idaliun. Chariots could reach it, they say, in old times. Cythera and Idaliun are the two nearest places in which water is found in such abundance that the mighty mistress of the palace could have supplied her gardens. Well, then, suppose this mistress were...! Yes, you guess it, a veritable Venus, or one of the types of the Venus of poetry... If other travellers have visited these ruins, and have explained them in a more acceptable way, do not tell me of it; do not destroy the pleasant illusion which I cherish that I have dwelt though but for a moment in the home of the Graces, and that I have penetrated into the highest, and perhaps the most secret nook of the goddess of Love. Doubtless when she would fain dispense her favours to mortals, she came to accept their incense at Cythera, at Idaliun, and retired forthwith to enjoy the company of gods in her heavenly abode, placed high above the clouds... Ah, Rooke; like you, I am carried away by my imagination. Anyhow, if we compare the construction, position and antiquity of this building with what traditions and tales say about it, we get the probable result that it was the work of a woman: that this woman had great power in Cyprus: that Cythera and

Idalium should be considered as having formed parts of her gardens: that had there been a poet in the island he would doubtless have glorified these things while he sang the apotheosis of his heroine: that he would have made her one with Venus, daughter of Jove: an allegory of the fecundity of matter, or, better still, of the universal law of attraction, which preceded by long ages the civilisation of the Greeks or even that of the Egyptians, their teachers. According to this supposition poetic genius gave immortality to an object which was naturally far from deserving it.

In the highest room, which is roofless, is a wild cypress. I carried off a branch with its fruit, and then climbing the wall I picked out the highest stone of the building.

From this point one enjoys a magnificent view. Excepting a little corner hidden by the mountains of Paphos, or Mount Olympus, you get a bird's eye view, as on a map, of nearly the whole circumference of Cyprus. On the north, at the foot, as it were, of the mountain, you see the little town of *Chirigna*. I took an observation, and comparing the position of Nicosia, I determined the latitude of *Chirigna* to be $35^{\circ} 25' 0''$ N. and the longitude $31^{\circ} 1' 30''$ E. of Paris. The horizon on the sea is of so vast a stretch that the sight confuses sea and sky in a kind of chaos or thick mist. There is no spring on the rock, I suspect that in old times there was one. Perhaps that in the convent of S. John Chrysostom is an ancient spring diverted from its original direction. On this peak one breathes a remarkably pure air, but the temperature certainly allows me to affirm that the goddess, at least during her sojourn here, could not have been so lightly clothed as it has pleased painters and sculptors to imagine. The peak soars into the air in complete isolation from the adjoining range, and forms a kind of lightning conductor. I have several times observed from the plain that the clouds which rose from the other mountains, and were driven by the wind, clung round its summit: a phenomenon favourable to the religious illusions of a mystic mind.

At nine in the morning I left the *Palace of the Queen*. We encountered as much danger and trouble in descending the rock as we had in ascending it. At the foot of the peak I mounted my mule, and at ten o'clock joined the doctor and my servant at the monastery. We rested an hour, then descended the lower slopes of the basaltic mountains and the clay hills at their foot, and reached the plain at half past twelve. It requires then two hours and a quarter to come down from the ruins of the palace on the summit of the peak to the plain.

Keeping to the S.W. I crossed the torrent of Nicosia, which is waterless except during the rainy season. A quarter of an hour later we passed a village called *Caimaki*, and reached Nicosia at two.

Next day, April 5, I left the capital at a quarter past eight, and crossed the great plain in a S.E. direction: then crossing some clay hills, I turned S. about half past eleven, and following the left bank of a very small river, which we crossed at noon, soon entered Idalium. This place, once so famous for its groves, is only a wretched village, situated in a valley almost entirely surrounded with hills of pure clay, absolutely barren and most melancholy. The houses are miserable and badly built, the inhabitants extremely poor: there are just a few trees and vegetable-gardens, wheat and barley alone are sown. In short the modern Idalium, which resembles the poorest village in the plains of the Beauce, is as sad a place as you can imagine. The people of the place believe that the ancient Idalium was on a slight mound, a mile away from the modern village. I went there, but saw no relic of antiquity. But I saw quite clearly the peak of the *Palace of the Queen*.

Finding nothing worthy of notice I started again at a quarter past two. I passed a village in a dreary country lying between low hills of clay entirely barren, returned to the

plain, and leaving on the left the village of *Aradipo* at a quarter past five, at six o'clock I was at Larnaca. This is a town next in size to Nicosia, the seat of a bishop, and the residence of all the consuls, of a few European merchants, and of several Greeks protected by different nations, with whose subjects they share the privileges and immunities of their several flags. Hence you meet here with something of the same civilisation and freedom as in the towns and ports of Europe.

The day of my arrival the Turkish Governor, a *Sherrif*, came to call, with a great carbine at his side. The next day the Bishop came with a large following. The consuls and the notables of the town paid me the same honours.

The roadstead of Larnaca struck me as too open and unprotected, but its position opposite the Syrian coast makes it a common port of call.

A mile from Larnaca is a village called Seala, where the English consul lives, as well as two others, and there it seems is the landing place.

I got good observations and fixed the longitude of Larnaca at 31° 27' 30" E. and the latitude 34° 56' 54" N.

At a quarter past two in the afternoon of April 8 I left Larnaca, travelling S.S.W. I soon came upon an aqueduct of some length, but of poor construction. At a quarter past three I stopped for half an hour or so in the garden of a country house. As I left it the weather began to break, and though I pushed on, the rain caught me on the road. It was six o'clock when I reached *Mazzotas*. The plain which we crossed was rather fertile. At two or three miles from the road it is bounded by the sea, on the other side, at a somewhat greater distance, by mountains. *Mazzotas* is a poor village on good soil at the foot of the hills.

At half past five on the morning of the 9th I started towards the S.W. and at six turned due west after crossing some fertile country called by the natives *Lacomicos*, which they say was anciently inhabited by a people of that name. I was told that to my right lay the ruins of an ancient town called *Alamina*, not to be confounded with *Salamina*. At seven I crossed a stream, an hour later another, and at a quarter to nine halted on the banks of the river S. Helena. At the mouth of this river is a tiny port with a wide roadstead of the same name, because the princess Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, landed there on her return from the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I left at ten, following the seashore. At two I passed close to the ruins of Amathus: in another quarter of an hour I crossed the stream of the same name, and at a quarter past three reached Limassol.

On Wednesday, April 23, I left Limassol for Paphos at a quarter past seven in the morning. Our route lay first W.S.W.; two hours later, leaning more to the W., we passed Colossi, then crossing the stream that flows S. We reached Episcopi and rested there until a quarter to four. Continuing our march in the same direction at half past four we passed S. Thomas, and at six entered *Lataniskio*, where I was to pass the night. The plain of Limassol reaches to Colossi; from the middle of this tract projects *Cape de Gatta*. Colossi is a village surrounded by gardens, with plenty of water. There exists still a strong tower, or square fort, said to have been built by the Knights Templar, and a great aqueduct close by, still in use. Both are built of a coarse marble.

Episcopi is larger than Colossi and most pleasantly situated. Every house is surrounded with gardens, trees, plots of cotton and sown fields. The village lies at the foot of the mountains which slope down to the seashore, and commands a view of a fine plain and of the sea. There is water in abundance, the soil is excellent—advantages which make Episcopi a delightful place, infinitely more worthy of the goddess of the isle than Idalium and Cythera.

It was formerly a very rich town, with large sugar-works. One sees still the ruins of an aqueduct, immense stores or vaulted halls, and several Greek churches with fresco-paintings. To-day it is a village of little importance, inhabited by Turks and Greeks, each in their own quarter. The women appeared to me to enjoy considerable liberty, but I saw no beauties—perhaps my unlucky star kept them out of my sight.

Beyond Episcopi the road ascends hills of pure limestone rising sometimes perpendicularly from the seashore, and what makes it still more dangerous is that the track is a mere inclined slope of smooth bare rock on which horses scarcely find a foothold. After this perilous climb the road continues over the hills, through woods of cypress, oak, lentisc, amid aromatic herbs, which embalm the air.

S. Thomas is a very small village in the mountains. *Lataniskio*, a little larger, is similarly situated in the middle as it were of this range.

From *Lataniskio* you see perfectly well C. de Gatta, the point looks about seven leagues off, to the S.E. The greater part of the inhabitants of *Lataniskio* are Turks, honest, hard-working people, neatly dressed, and chiefly in white. All grow beards, which are long, thick and generally reddish. Their meals are served after a cleanly decent fashion. They would be happy if they were not worried by the government which treats them worse than it does the Greeks. The very poorest of them pays a hundred piastres a year. These good mountaineers inspired me with regret and pity: they are faithful Musalmans and worthy therefore of a better lot.

Next morning, April 24, I left *Lataniskio* at half past eight. I went down a deep ravine, at the bottom of which is a fine spring. This, like several others which I have seen in the island, is ornamented with a small fountain of ancient date. The ravine has a perpendicular fall of two hundred and forty feet, on its face are exposed an infinite number of layers of limestone or coarse marble. The parts which are less steep are covered with trees.

At a quarter past nine I passed *Yalectora*, now a poor village, but once larger and rich, to judge by the ruins still conspicuous of churches and other buildings. It is built on a slope, surrounded with magnificent valleys, many of them cultivated. At a quarter to twelve I had left this range of hills, and crossed a stream close to its mouth: the coast at this spot trends from E.S.E. to W.N.W. My course was nearly N.W. until I reached Couclia, an ancient palace on a high hill, half a league from the sea, and quite close to a village of the same name, now little but a collection of ruins, giving shelter to some ten families. The palace is built of stone, and composed of a vast courtyard with stables and stores. The rooms are on an upper floor; but the whole structure is falling into ruin.

Some authors take Couclia to be the ancient Cythera, others the ancient Arsinoe. The natives look upon it as the garden, or favourite abode of Queen Aphrodite (a Greek name for Venus). The palace commands a view of a wide and fertile plain, well watered by streams and some rivers. It is now an appanage of one of the Sultanas, but let and sub-let to persons who neglect the fields and let the trees die: this district which might really be an abode of bliss, supplying food to thousands, will gradually become a desert. The manager or principal tenant of Couclia was a Greek Christian, who lived in the palace. He was absent just then, so I postponed my visit to, and examination of, the few antiquities existing near the place until my return from Paphos.

From Couclia you see the sea half a league away to the S.S.W., and a Turkish village called Mandria a mile away, pretty much in the same direction.

Just as I was leaving, a Greek priest guided me to a spot in the middle of the hill, some few fathoms from the door of the castle, and showed me two pieces of beautiful mosaic,

recently uncovered, about three feet in diameter. I am surprised that some art-amateur has not laid bare the rest, for the layer of earth upon it is but a few inches thick. The priest told me that there had once been a palace of Aphrodite here.

I left Couclia about half past four, and travelling in a N.W. direction crossed a river by a graceful bridge of a single arch: on it is a Turkish inscription. At five I crossed another river, and the villages of *Dimi*, *Ascheia* and *Coloni*, each a short distance from the other. At last at a quarter to seven we reached *Yeroschipos*, a Greek word meaning "sacred garden," the name which the place has borne from the most remote ages. It is pointed out as the site of the sacred garden of Venus, when the goddess dwelt at Paphos.

On the wide rocky platform which overhangs the sacred garden there is a small village towards the N.W. called also *Yeroschipos*, inhabited by Turks and a few Greeks. I lodged in the house of one of the latter called Andrea Zimbolaci, an agent of the English Consulate, whose flag was flying above the roof. A gentlemanly and courteous person, he had adopted entirely the costume and manners of an Englishman. His eldest daughter was a worthy habitant of the "sacred garden of Aphrodite," she is the most perfectly beautiful person I have seen in Cyprus. Her face, though not very white, is really a model of grace and loveliness; yet I found in her the defect characteristic of all the Cypriot women, that is to say, an air of reserve and silliness, and a bosom all unlike to that of the fair Europa, described by Metastasio in the line *Quel bianco petto, rilevato e mobile...* her figure, in short, like that of the rest, was too loose; perhaps the native costume does not give it sufficient support. I noticed her golden hair, and remembered that in Africa the women use a dye of this tint. I asked her father to tell me frankly if his daughter used the same. He admitted that she did, and told his wife to show me a dish which contained a kind of powder, brought from Alexandria, used by all Cypriot women for this purpose. So it is to Africa that they are indebted for this part of their beauty. Since we are in the isle of the Graces, no one will, I think, take it amiss that I speak of the fair sex whenever I have an opportunity. Zimbolaci's daughter was married unfortunately to the captain of a merchant vessel, whose appearances (it is true that they were very rare) always ensured to his wife a volley of blows. The unhappy woman, who was about twenty years old, passed a life of loneliness and widowhood.

I noticed in the house a Musalman maidservant, extremely fair, and though pretty, with a certain rustic air which made her exactly like a girl of the Swiss mountains. Of course it is not among the Moslem that we must seek the remains or the type of the old Cypriot beauty. Musalman women are beautiful, no doubt, but one remembers that the Turks, themselves of Tartar origin, have mingled their blood with that of the Georgian, Circassian and Mingrelian inmates of their harems. It is among the Greeks that we ought to seek the type of the Venus de' Medici; but how find it when they never allow themselves to be seen? Possibly the little charm there is about other Greek women enhances that of the Cypriots. Perhaps the coquettish and dissolute manners then prevailing in the island turned the heads of painters, sculptors and poets as much as beauty would have done. I confess that, putting aside the conventual style which I notice about all modern Greek women, the result perhaps of the depression and stupor of their political position, their round and expressionless faces, their loose bosoms, and their awkward gait do not give one a favourable idea of the much vaunted beauty of their ancestors; and I am judging by women considered good-looking in their own country, and who really were so in my eyes.

The next day, Friday, April 25, I paid my visit to the sacred garden of Venus. It is a plain, a mile broad and stretching about two miles along the seashore, to which it falls in a

gentle slope. Limestone rock in horizontal strata, with a perpendicular fall, encloses it on the higher side; you could fancy the garden were underground, because to enter it from any side you must descend through a ravine: and though the wind may be blowing wildly above, as was the case when I was there, the garden below enjoys entire calm.

From different points in the slope flows good clear water, and one can see that formerly it had more issues still. It might easily be distributed over the inclined plane of the garden. The rock has various windings, giving diversity to the scene and allowing the garden to be divided into several parts, each of which might have its grottos or rooms cut out of the rocky border.

The principal entrance appeared to me a kind of ramp or stairway cut in the rock at the side of the present village, the vault of which has fallen in, leaving the passage open overhead, and strewn with ruins. This confirms me in the opinion that the sacred garden was entered through a grotto just like those which still exist beside it. Perhaps the neophyte was detained there to undergo some trial, or to take part in the initiatory mysteries.

If this were so, when he was restored to the light in the midst of the garden he might well believe himself transported to some heavenly region. The rock here is certainly mined in many places, for you can see openings or slips, and, if my guess be right, who shall describe the gloomy labyrinth which the initiated had to traverse before they reached the garden? We are acquainted with the terrible rites of Isis and Osiris: we know too that Pythagoras, when he wished to participate in the mysteries of Diospolis, was obliged to submit to the cruel operation of circumcision. Was this too, as I suspect, a condition of initiation to the mysteries of Aphrodite? I mean the primitive rites, long before those which were in use in the shrines of the goddess.

The whole garden was sown with grain and a little tobacco. I found no trees except in a few clefts of the rock, and little spontaneous growth, except a few wretched plants which I added to my collection. Thus this famous garden, a charm erewhile for the people of Greece and Asia, is now only the home and field of a poor tenant.

About the middle of the garden are the remains of a Greek church called *Aïa Marina*; I noticed the capital of a fluted column, of gray marble, very simple and graceful. Just below the village of *Yeroschips*, in the garden, is the chief spring. This too issues from the slope of the rock, and gives excellent water, like all the springs in the garden, in great abundance.

The same day, at half past nine, I left the village travelling W.N.W., and leaving on the left the port of *Paphos* or *Baffa*, at half past ten we reached *Ktima*, the residence of the Turkish Governor of Paphos, and of the Greek bishop of that see. This post, the second of the Turkish dignities in the island, had been held for a great number of years by *Alai Bey*, an old man of most polite manners, who had earned the respect of both Turks and Greeks. I was to lodge with him: he received me with ceremony, for I was conducted on horseback to the door of his room, and a great repast was served immediately. After our meal I went to the house which had been prepared for me, made my ablution and then went to the mosque. It is a small but neat building, formerly the Greek church of *S. Sophia*.

The town of *Ktima* once of some size is now a labyrinth of ruins; with the appearance of a city of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants it contains only two hundred Turkish and twenty Greek families. The bishop's palace, with its outbuildings, is in a separate quarter, but the bishop (who was away) seems to have fixed his residence in a town in the interior, said to be large and peopled by Greeks only.

I got good observations, and fixed the latitude of *Ktima* at $34^{\circ} 48' 4''$ N. An occultation

of Jupiter's second satellite gave the longitude 2 h. 0. 9 E. of the Observatory of Paris: and a lunar distance gave 1 h. 59. 40. Hence the mean longitude is 1 h. 59. 54 in time, or $21^{\circ} 58' 30''$ in degrees E. of Paris.

The port of *Baffa* is half a league to the S. of Ktima, and therefore in latitude $34^{\circ} 46' 34''$ N., while its longitude is the same as that of Ktima $29^{\circ} 58' 30''$ E.

The next morning, Saturday, April 26, I received a visit from the venerable Alai Bey, and left for old Paphos, which lies on the seashore about a mile away. As I approached the town I saw at first nothing but a few scattered rocks standing alone in the plain. My surprise was great when I came up to them and examined them and found that each rock was dressed on the inner side with great neatness, and they formed regular houses! and how was it not increased when I found underground the semblance of a town dug out of the rock! The roofs of these subterranean houses are vaulted and low; some have no arch at all. The walls are perpendicular, and carefully smoothed, and the angles neatly squared. Some of these buildings give the idea of a palace, with courts, galleries, columns, pilasters, and all possible luxury of architectural ornament, all hollowed and carved out of the live rock, with mouldings exquisitely finished, and a polish still perfectly preserved. One cannot look at the work without admiring the authors of so vast a plan, which dates, I think, long before the books and coins of the highest antiquity. The rock is a sandy limestone, of a yellowish white colour and fine grain: the strata slope slightly from the horizontal. In one of the buildings I noticed some broken columns, whose capitals remain attached to the architrave, because they are of one block with the cornice—a very unusual feature.

One might indeed take these buildings to be catacombs, on account of their position, and the many narrow niches which seem to have been designed to receive coffins; the lack, however, of these niches in many of the rooms, and the communication existing in others between one niche and the next, as well as the style of the ornament used in them, make me think that they were designed for human habitation.

The vast extent covered by the ruins leads one to believe that many interesting objects might be found in them, if anyone undertook a well-planned and continuous scheme of excavation, such as those of Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose antiquity is nothing in comparison with that of old Paphos.

The tradition which marks this place and *Yeroschîpos* as the abode of Venus is too well supported to be called into question now, while the vast grottos still visible quite agree with the current ideas on the mysterious initiations to the worship of that goddess. But that the goddess of Paphos is one with the goddess of Idalium and Cythera, and therefore with the queen of the palace whose ruins crown the highest peak of the mountains north of Nicosia—this I do not believe: for the architecture of the palace is of a style far later than that of the remains at Paphos.

Admitting this, we can establish with fair probability that Cyprus had two Queens Aphrodite or two Venuses, of whom the first reigned at Paphos, *Yeroschîpos* and Conclia: and the second, in less remote times, lived in the palace on the mountains near Nicosia, and gave her laws to Cythera and Idalium. Poets confounded these two præ-historic personages, and made of them one goddess or sovereign of Cythera, Idalium and Paphos. In each of these cities temples were dedicated to her, as to a single being. This at least is the result of my observations. I leave it to the wisdom of my readers, who, although they may not agree with me, will, I hope, be able to say *se non è vero, è ben trovato*; for I love truth, and am always ready to sacrifice to her any system which does not rest upon mathematical demonstration or incontestable fact. Unfortunately, when we deal with things so remote one is somehow compelled to be content with probabilities or condemned to silence.

It is worthy of note that old Paphos, situated as it is on the seashore, is a monument of the stationary condition of the Mediterranean, which has not in the course of so many centuries retreated one single inch from its general level. The rocks out of which old Paphos is hewn were, of course, formed by the sea; but that was at an epoch much anterior to our globe's last cataclysm.

I observed the passage of the sun from the middle of these ruins, and found the latitude $34^{\circ} 48' 4''$ N., and as they lie due W. of Ktima the position of that town, and of the port of Baffa is confirmed.

In the afternoon I left the ruins to go to new Paphos, a seaport half a league away, called by the Turks and the charts Baffa. A considerable town must have existed here, for one still finds heaps of columns, arches and other ruins. Now there are but few habitable houses and some gardens. The port is small and blocked with sand, so that only the smallest boats can enter. On a rocky point to the S.W. is a fort, built by the Turks and furnished with cannon. The moment we were seen the flag was hoisted. The venerable Alaï Bey had given orders that I was to be saluted with three guns on my entry into the fort, but it was late, and I went on my way without halting there. On the seashore opposite the harbour, on a little rocky eminence, there are some excavations like chambers, of which the entrance is blocked up. Above the hill the remains of many columns attest the presence in old times of some magnificent edifice. They are of dark gray marble and well polished. The natives say it was a palace of Aphrodite. Possibly the caves below are of the same epoch, but I think that the building, whose form one cannot determine, was a temple dedicated to her name or worship, and built long after.

I had a hasty look at the labyrinthine ruins of new Paphos, and returned the same evening to *Yeroschipos*.

The next morning, April 27, I looked at some other catacombs or underground houses, at a little distance from *Yeroschipos*, and left for *Couclia*, passing by *Coloni*, *Ascheïa* and *Dimi*. In the second of these villages are the remains and a few entire arches of an old aqueduct, which supplied the sugar-works of the district.

The principal tenant of *Couclia* expected us, and had prepared a great dinner. He complained that the Sultana, the owner of the farm, would spend nothing in repairs. Every day the place grew more ruinous. He pays twenty purses (ten thousand piastres) a year. Very few trees still remain, but one can guess from the water courses that there were formerly large gardens, as well as palaces and buildings of vast extent.

One very remarkable relic is seen amid the ruins of *Couclia*—masses of wall composed of two courses of huge stones, forming a base, and lying flat one upon the other: above these is another course of stones set on edge one beside the other, and forming by themselves the height and thickness of the wall. This colossal work looks as if it had been raised by the hands of giants. I could hardly trust my eyes, and tried at first to persuade myself that this mass was only petrified concrete. Its blackish hue and some signs of disintegration might help the illusion, but one cannot really be deceived. They are stones, and stones of such huge bulk that one may get tired of wondering at the labour that must have been expended in transporting and setting them up. Is this a fragment of Cyclopean work? Men say that these ruins and the mosaic of which I spoke just now belonged to a palace of Aphrodite. I admire the architects, and while contemplating the remains of this stupendous building, ascribed to a woman, I cannot help thinking of Catherine II. directing the transport of the base of the statue of [*Peter I., the grandfather of Peter III.*] her husband.

Close to these colossal ruins there are others, which appear to belong to mediæval times, inscriptions, bas-reliefs and some fresco-paintings well coloured. The wife of the farmer of

Couclia is very good-looking, though too stout. Her two servants are equally pretty, but all three have the round Greek figure. At Paphos, Ktima and throughout the district the women are said to be beautiful.

On the 28th, after a storm which lasted until mid-day, I left for Limassol by the road I had followed thence. I slept at *Lataniskio* where the kindly Turkish mountaineers were waiting for me with a delicious supper of cheese, cream and the like. The next day I reached Limassol.

A few days later I went to see the ruins of Amathus, a league west of Limassol.

Amathus was once an immense city, built on several hills close to the sea: it must have been of some strength too, judging by the heaps of ruin. But everything is broken up, and one finds little of any value. I noticed the remains of a temple of irregular architecture, built evidently at an epoch when art was already degenerate. On some arches one sees some Christian paintings of good colouring, but wretched drawing. At the top of a hill are the fragments of a column, and at a little distance another singular monument—two vases carved or formed out of the rock, still upright and of colossal size. One is nearly destroyed, the other fairly well preserved. These two vases, of giant dimensions, and placed one beside the other, ought to be destined to one purpose. Tradition about them is obscure enough, but their situation on the top of a hill near the column, and the figure of a bull in relief, carved most delicately on the four sides of each, answering to the four cardinal points, lead me to presume that they were intended for libations or sacrifices to Adonis.

There are many tombs hollowed out of the rock, and a large number of inscriptions graven on large boulders. There are catacombs too, or sepulchral grottos to the west outside the circuit of the walls of Amathus. Their entrance is blocked up, but one can just get in through a hole, creeping on one's belly for some fathoms, and lighted only by the torches one carries with one. A passage, a central and three other sepulchral chambers make up these catacombs. Thousands of bats, scared by the light of the torches, flittered round us, and struck our faces with their wings. I was reminded of the famous adventure of Don Quixote in the Grotto of Montesinos, and my fancy smiled for a moment in this melancholy den. But the thick darkness which encompassed us in spite of our torches, the damp which reeked on every side, the sepulchral niches hollowed out of the rock which gaped around us, the loathsome sight of the bats and their droppings which covered the ground for the depth of a foot and more, the silence of my guide, the only person who had entered with me, soon made me remember that I was in the home of the dead. As soon as I had finished my sketch I dragged myself out again, hurrying to enjoy the light of day. Such are the relics worthy of notice at Amathus. There are some blocks forming part of the city wall, but they are much dilapidated. The houses were constructed with rounded pebbles collected from the seashore. These were too hard and too smooth to adhere to the mortar, made perhaps of bad lime, so they have fallen out: the mortar has disappeared, and you can only make out the site of each house by the great piles of round clean pebbles.

The river Amathus flows at some little distance on the west of the city. I fancy it once ran through it, between the hills which were then within the circuit of the walls. The sea comes right up to the walls. A little village, which still bears the same name, lies half a mile away inland. A Turk and a Greek of this place were my guides over the ruins of the city.

An examination of the antiquities of the island of Cyprus confirms me in the notion that at epochs very remote the one from the other there existed two sovereigns called Aphrodite or Venus. First, the primitive, præ-historic Venus, sovereign of the catacombs or underground

palace of old Paphos, of Yeroschipos and Couchia: then the Venus of Idalium and Cythera, mistress of the Palace of the Queen on the summit of the mountain of S. John Chrysostom or Buffavento, who flourished in a much later age. The poets who were contemporary with the second Venus, to flatter her vanity, made no difference between the two, and later writers, misled by their works, ended by confounding the copy with the original type: careless of the anachronism they gave to the same Venus the attributes of her of Paphos, and her of Idalium and Cythera. The superstition, license, interest of Cypriots consecrated temples and celebrated the apotheosis of this woman in the spots where tradition or the poets, the only historians of their day, had fixed the abode of the goddess. The port of Paphos or Baffa, on the west of the island, facing Greece and the Archipelago, and exactly between old Paphos and Yeroschipos, seems to have been the landing place of the Greek pilgrims. The offerings devoted to the construction of the magnificent temple whose fine columns still are seen in pieces on the little hill of new Paphos or Baffa, opposite the port, would have helped to make this city a centre of wealth and luxury, as is proved by the huge masses of ruins.

I do not remember ever having read a description of Cyprus. I do not know even what other travellers have thought about it. But whatever may be their opinion, mine is that the Venus of Paphos is not the same as the Venus of Cythera and Idalium.

If the island were under a government which encouraged and befriended the arts, it is probable that well directed excavations would bring to light objects as interesting as those discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Cyprus generally lacks water: the mountains near Paphos and Episcopi supply it abundantly, but in the rest of the island there are only a few streams and torrents which have little or no water in summer. With a little effort I think that enough water for the needs of the island might be drawn from among the mountains of Paphos: and judging by the remains of aqueducts which are found everywhere, even in the driest parts, I suspect that in ancient times there existed a general system of irrigation. One can see too that there must have been good roads and paths. But few traces of such remain, and the present roads are in the worst possible condition.

The island is the prey of two terrible scourges. One is the multitude of vipers, or serpents about two or three feet long, whose bite is said to be mortal. What proves that it is not always so is the boast of certain quacks that they can cure it with prayers, amulets and superstitious rites, to which a few successes give some measure of credit. The number of these reptiles obliges the natives of all ages and classes, even the poorest, to wear boots always. I saw several of these snakes, they move very slowly.

Another plague is the locusts, which increase year by year in a fearful manner, yet no one makes the slightest effort to destroy them—an extremely easy matter. I sent a memorandum on this subject to the Archbishop of Cyprus, which he acknowledged in a most flattering letter.

Were the population to increase to that degree which I think the island could bear: if a liberal constitution were to assure liberty and private property, and effaced as far as possible the rivalry of creeds, the island might become one of the most fortunate spots of the earth. Its temperate climate, its excellent water, whose volume might be easily increased by a few works, and by planting trees to attract rain: the fertility of most of the soil, the returns of cotton, wine and grain, which would increase with the population, the liberty and security of the inhabitants: the manufactories of sugar and tobacco, which might be re-established: the wood of forest trees, which could easily be increased on the higher hills: the working of the many mines of copper, and perhaps of metals richer still, which exist in the island: the

desire of the natives for a new order of things which would encourage the development of national industries—everything, yes, absolutely everything combines to make Cyprus a most interesting country.

As to its topography—one may picture the island as the segment of a circle of which the chord or length is sixty leagues, and the breadth eighteen and a half. The surface is divided into three great parts: first, the mountain-chain of Paphos or Olympus, of which the highest points are always covered with snow; this chain of primary formation composes the southern section of the island, from the neighbourhood of Paphos, where are the highest peaks, almost to Larnaca. Secondly, the great plain of Nicosia, which stretches right across the middle of the island from east to west. Thirdly, the chain of volcanic mountains on the north, which extend from *Chirigna* to Cape Saint-André.

My observations, made with success at different times at Limassol, gave the latitude of that town 34° 42' 14" N.: and longitude 30° 36' 30" E. of Paris. Magnetic declination 11° 26' 14" W.

I wished to continue my pilgrimage to Mecca, and availed myself of the first opportunity to cross to Alexandria. I found a small Greek brigantine, and hired the cabin for myself and places for my servants. The remembrance of the storms I had already experienced was ever present with me, and I was not particularly pleased to cross to Egypt in so small a vessel, but I decided at last, and embarked on the evening of May 7. A strong gale from the west obliged me to land again the next morning, and I stayed another two days at Limassol. I re-embarked in the night of May 9—10, and a few hours later we set sail with a favourable wind which lasted until the night of the 11th, when we had the wind ahead. It soon shifted, and we continued our course on the morning of May 12, 1806.

To Ali Bey—most wise and illustrious Sir,

We received with great joy your illustrious letter, written from Limassol. We rejoice to hear that your health is such as we would desire: may God preserve it to you through a long life, confirm you in prosperity, and grant all your lawful desires.

We perused in its turn the memorandum you enclosed as to the way to destroy the locust, that destructive scourge of our island. We admired the wonderful elaboration of this, as we admire all you do, and the zeal too which you show in working for our unhappy country, though we have done nothing in return worthy of your admirable person, nor have even shown the devotion which was due to you. We felicitate indeed those who begot so wise a man, we deem them happy, and we congratulate those who will enjoy the company of a hero in all respects like our Greek forefathers. So much at present. May heaven grant you the years of Methusalah.

Leucosia, 1806, May 13,

of your illustrious person
the devoted friend

Chrysanthos (Archbishop) of Cyprus.

Σοφώτατε καὶ ἐκλαμπρότατε Κύριε Ἀλὶ Μπέϊ.

Ἐλάβομεν περιχαρῶς τὸ ἐκλαμπρον αὐτῆς γράμμα, γεγραμμένον ἀπὸ Λεμεσοῦ, ἐξ οὗ τὴν ἐφετὴν ἡμῖν ὑγιάν της ὑπερεχάρημεν, ἣν εἶθε τὸ θεῖον νὰ τῆς χαρίξῃ μακρόβιον, μὲ ἀγαθὴν στερέωσιν, καὶ τῶν ὅσων ἐφίεται σωτηρίων καταθυμίων. Εἶδομεν ἐπομένως καὶ τὴν ἐμπεριεχομένην καταγραφὴν περὶ τοῦ πῶς δεῖ

ἀφανίσαι τὴν ἀκρίδα, τὴν φθοροποιὸν πληγὴν τῆς νήσου μας. Ταύτην δὲ πρὸς τοῖς ἄλλοις σου ἐθανμάσαμεν ὑπερφυῶς φιλοπονηθεῖσαν, ἔτι δὲ καὶ τὸν ζῆλον ὁποῦ ἐλάβετε, συμπονούμενοι αὐτὴν τὴν δυστυχῇ μας πατρίδα, καίτοι ἡμεῖς οὐδὲν ἀντάξιον ποιήσαντες τοῦ ἀξιαγάστου ὑποκειμένου της, οὐδὲ ἀφοσιωσάμενοι ὅσον ὀφείλαμεν. Ἐμακαρίσαμεν ἀληθῶς τοὺς γεννήσαντας ἓνα τοιοῦτον σοφὸν ἄνδρα, εὐδαιμονίσσαμεν τοὺς γεννήσαντας, συγχαίρομεν δὲ τοῖς μέλλουσιν ἀπολαῦσαι ἓνα ἥρωα κατὰ πάντα ὅμοιον τοῖς προγόνοις ἡμῶν Ἑλλήσιν. Ταῦτα ἐν τούτῳ· τὰ δὲ ἔτη της εἴησαν θεόθεν μαθουσάλια.

Ἐκ τῆς Λευκοσίας, 1806, Μαΐου 13,

τῆς Ἐκλαμπρότητός της,

Φίλος προθυμότατος

Ὁ ΚΥΠΡΟΥ ΧΡΥΣΑΝΘΟΣ.

KINNEIR.

John Macdonald Kinneir, "Captain in the service of the Honourable East India Company; Town Major of Fort St George, and Political Agent at the Durbar of His Highness the Nabob of the Carnatic," published in London in 1818 his *Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia and Koordistan*. He visited Cyprus between January 2 and 24, 1814, having travelled from Constantinople through Eastern Asia Minor, and returned through Western Asia Minor to Constantinople, and thence to Mosul and Baghdad.

Our transcript is from pp. 176—196. A note on p. 185 is interesting in itself, and may be compared with the playful prophecy, written in 1847, to be found in *Tancred*, by B. Disraeli, M.P., Book iv. Ch. i. "The English want Cyprus, and they will take it." It runs thus:—

"The possession of Cyprus would give to England a preponderating influence in the Mediterranean, and place at her disposal the future destinies of the Levant. Egypt and Syria would soon become her tributaries, and she would acquire an overawing position in respect to Asia Minor, by which the Porte might at all times be kept in check, and the encroachments of Russia, in this quarter, retarded, if not prevented. It would increase her commerce in a very considerable degree; give her the distribution of the rich wines, silks and other produce of that fine island; the rice and sugar of Egypt, and the cotton, opium and tobacco of Anatolia. It is of easy defence; and under a liberal government would, in a very short space of time, amply repay the charge of its own establishment, and afford the most abundant supplies to our fleets at a trifling expense."

At Latakia I hired a boat to carry us to Famagusta, in the island of Cyprus, where we landed on the second of January, 1814, after a voyage of fifteen hours. The entrance into the harbour is not, I should suppose, more than eighty or a hundred yards wide, defended on one side by a bastion of the works, and on the other by a ruined tower. This port could once admit vessels of a considerable draft of water; but since the conquest of the Turks, sand and rubbish have been suffered to accumulate in such a degree, that none but small vessels can now enter it with safety. I had scarcely put my foot upon the shore, before I was beset by a tribe of Custom-house officers and other vagabonds, imperiously demanding buckshish; but, without attending to their clamours, I entered the sea-gate, and walked about a quarter of a mile through deserted streets and decayed churches, to a small coffee-house in the inhabited part of the town. Famagusta, which is said to have derived its name from Cape Ammochostos, is situated above five miles to the S. of the ancient Salamis, now called Eski Famagusta, and is said to have been founded by a colony from Constantia, fortified by Guy of Lusignan, and afterwards embellished by the Venetians. It stood a long and memorable siege against Sultan Selim, and appears to have been a fortress of considerable strength; its

works, which are now dismantled, cover a circumference of about two miles, and consist of a rampart and bastions, defended on the land side by a broad ditch hewn out of the rock. In the centre of the town, which is inhabited by a few Turkish families, and which, for the number of its decayed churches, might be compared to old Goa, although not on so superb a scale, stand the remains of the Venetian palace near the cathedral of St Sophia, a respectable Gothic pile, now in part converted into a mosque.

As I could not procure a lodging within the walls I hired a small room in a Greek village, about three quarters of a mile off, and in the morning went to look at the ruins of Salamis, or rather of Constantia; for the former was entirely overwhelmed by an inundation of the sea. These ruins consist of the foundation of the ancient walls, about three or four miles in circuit; old cisterns for collecting rain water, broken columns and foundations of buildings, which lie scattered along the seashore and near the mouth of the Pedæa, the ancient Pedæus. The country around Famagusta and the ruins of Constantia is sandy, bleak and rocky, for the most part uncultivated and overspread with a small weed resembling the camel's thorn on the deserts of Arabia.

January 4th. I hired one horse, four mules and a jackass to carry myself and attendants to Larnica; but it had rained with such violence the preceding day and night, that I would not have quitted Famagusta had I not found myself most uncomfortably situated in a miserable hut, scarcely waterproof, and filled with fleas, bugs and vermin of every kind. The morning was fine and we mounted about eleven o'clock, but we had not gone a couple of miles before the rain again fell in torrents. It blew a furious gale from the west; the roads were so deep and slippery that the cattle were stumbling at every step; and the surrounding country was so bare and desolate, that there was not a single object on which the eye might repose with pleasure. I saw neither villages nor trees, nor even shrubs, excepting the small thorn before mentioned, which covered a vast and dreary flat, over which we travelled for thirteen miles to the village of Ormidia. It being reported to me, when we had gone about half way, that one of my servants, who was mounted on a jackass, had disappeared, I despatched the muleteer in search of him, but he was nowhere to be found, and did not again join us until the next morning. He had lost his way on the heath, and as his poor beast was too jaded to proceed, he had been reduced to the necessity of passing the night in the fields. Thoroughly drenched to the skin I took shelter in a Greek house in the valley of Ormidia, and as it was now nearly dark, and the storm continued to rage with increased violence, I resigned all thought of reaching Larnica that night. In the house where I halted, several Greek mariners were making merry round a large fire in the middle of the hall, and on our entering opened their ring to afford room for us near the fire; but as this apartment was the only accommodation the house afforded I inquired whether or not it were possible to hire a room in some other part of the village, which consisted of a number of scattered huts built along a range of heights overlooking a bay of the sea. I was informed that there was at some distance, close to the seashore, an old house belonging to the English dragoman, where the Greek believed I might be accommodated, as it was only inhabited by a man and his wife, who had the care of it. I sent for this man who said I was welcome to pass the night in the house, and that he would show me the way. It was excessively dark, but after following him for about a quarter of a mile, through pools of water and over hedges and ditches, we entered the hall of a large and ruinous building, filled with broken chairs and tables, worm-eaten couches, and shattered looking glasses. In this uncomfortable place I settled myself for the night, and notwithstanding my carpet, as well as my clothes, was quite wet, lay down to rest, and slept soundly until break of day.

January 5. In the morning we pursued our journey along the shore, and through a flat and marshy country, rendering the approach to Larnica difficult on this side. I saw but one village, situated close to a range of low hills, running from W. to E., and distant about four miles from the sea. I remained nine days at Larnica, at the house of M. Vondesiano, the British Consul in Cyprus, and during that period made several short excursions into the neighbourhood, although there was but little to attract admiration or call forth remark.

The island is 140 miles in length and 63 in breadth; at the widest part a range of mountains intersects it from E. to W., terminating towards the E. in a long promontory called Cape St Andrew (ancient Denaretum) and rising in a lofty peak called St Croix (Mount Olympus) bearing nearly N.W. of Larnica. The soil is naturally fruitful, and although a very small proportion of the land is under cultivation, the merchants of Larnica annually export many cargoes of excellent wheat to Spain and Portugal. The population does not exceed 70,000 souls, and is said to be daily decreasing; half of this number are Greeks under their Archbishop, and the remainder Turks, with the exception of the Franks at Larnica. The evil consequences of the Turkish system of government are nowhere more apparent than in Cyprus, where the Governor, who is appointed yearly by the Capudan Pasha, the ex-officio proprietor of the island, has recourse to every method of extortion; so that the Turks would labour under the same grievances as the Christians, were not the latter, in addition to the demands of the government, compelled to contribute towards the support of a number of lazy and avaricious monks. All affairs connected with the Greeks are under the superintendence of the Archbishop and Dragoman of Cyprus (an officer appointed by the Porte) who are accountable to the Mutesellim for the contributions, miri, &c. The most fertile as well as the most agreeable parts of the island are in the vicinities of Cerina and Baffo, the ancient Paphos, where, according to Tacitus, Venus rising from the waves was wafted to the shore. Here we find forests of oak, beech and pines, groves of olives and plantations of mulberries. Cyprus is remarkable for the fineness of its fruits, wine, oil and silk; the oranges are as delicious as those of Tripoli, and the wine, which is of two kinds, red and white, is sent down the Levant, where it is manufactured for the English market. The silk is also of two kinds, yellow and white, but the former is preferred. The wheat is of a superior quality, and rice might be cultivated in several parts of the island, were the agriculturist permitted to accumulate a sufficient capital to enable him to clear and prepare the land; but the Greek peasantry, who are the only industrious class, have been so much oppressed by Turks, monks and bishops, that they are now reduced to the extremity of indigence, and avail themselves of every opportunity to emigrate from the island. The Governor and Archbishop deal more largely in corn than all the other people of the island put together; they frequently seize upon the whole yearly produce, at their own valuation, and either export or retail it at an advanced price; nay it happened more than once during the war in Spain, that the whole of the corn was purchased in this manner by the merchants of Malta, and exported without leaving the lower orders a morsel of bread. The island abounds in game, such as partridges, quails, woodcocks and snipes; there are no wild animals excepting foxes and hares, but many kinds of serpents, and, amongst others, that of the asp, which is said to have caused the death of the renowned Cleopatra. All sorts of domestic fowls, as well as sheep and cattle, are bred in Cyprus, where it is the boast of the natives, that the produce of every land and climate will not only flourish but even attain the highest point of perfection.

Larnica is situated on the site of the ancient Citium, the native city of Zeno, the philosopher, and at the head of a bay, constituting the best roadstead in the island. It is the second town in Cyprus, the emporium of its commerce and the residence of innumerable

consuls from the different European powers, who parade the streets with as much self-importance as if they were ambassadors. Larnica consists of an upper and a lower town, both together containing a population of five thousand souls; of which number forty families are Franks, and the remainder Greeks and Mahomedans. The houses being built of mud are mean in the extreme, but those of the Franks are comfortable within, and most of them are adorned by a lofty flag-staff, where, on Sundays and holidays, they hoist the colours of their respective nations. The upper town contains the convent and cathedral of St Saviour, the residence of the bishop; and the Marino or Port the chapel of St Lazarus, a very old structure, without beauty or magnificence, but consecrated by the Greeks, as the spot to which Lazarus fled for refuge from the rage of the Jews. A stone coffin or sarcophagus, in a vault, is said to have once contained his ashes until they were carried off by the French to Marseilles. At a short distance from the chapel of St Lazarus stands the castle, an edifice originally erected by the Princes of the House of Lusignan, but now crumbling to ruins. The exports are wheat, barley, cotton, silk, wine and drugs; the imports rice and sugar, from Egypt, and cloth, hardware and colonial produce from Malta and Smyrna. This traffic is carried on by Levantine ships under English colours; there is no harbour, consequently the ships lie at a considerable distance from the shore, but the anchorage is tolerably good, and accidents seldom happen. The prevailing winds blow from the N.E. and S.W.; the latter being in general accompanied by heavy falls of rain. An adjacent cape is still denominated Chitti, whilst the ruins of Citium are recognized in heaps of tumuli and hillocks of rubbish; from which bricks of a superior quality and medals are frequently dug up by the natives. Between the upper and the lower town is an elevated spot, on which a building appears to have been erected, and immediately at the foot of this mount is the ancient basin of the Port, the mouth of which is now blocked up with sand and gravel; so that the water becomes stagnant in the summer. Traces of the fosse as well as of the aqueduct may be discovered; for Larnica has no good water in itself, and is still supplied from a distance by an aqueduct constructed by a Turkish emir about half a century ago. The military force of Cyprus amounts to three hundred men immediately about the person of the Governor, and four thousand janissaries, without courage, arms or discipline, dispersed over the different parts of the island.

I bade adieu to Larnica, and its motley inhabitants without a sigh of regret, and on the morning of the 14th of January set out for the capital. For the first three miles I travelled through a dreary and uncultivated plain, having the bay on my right hand, and the mountain of St Croix, with the ridge of Olympus, to the N.W.; crossing at the fourth mile a streamlet, I entered a range of low rocky hills, and at the ninth mile saw the lofty chain which bounds the plain of Nicosia, on the N. This range branches from Olympus, first towards the N., and then, turning towards the E. and W., terminates on the W. at Cape Epiphany, and on the E. at Cape St Andrew. At the twelfth mile descended into a noble plain, bounded on the N. by a low branch of Olympus; and at the fourteenth, halted to refresh our horses at the Greek village of Attenu. If we except a few fields in the immediate vicinity of Larnica, the country, during the whole of the journey, was in a state of nature; the soil was marly, and covered with the weed so often mentioned before. After an hour's repose we again mounted our horses, directing our course across a plain, thickly overspread with large pebbles; which I was informed increased the fertility of the land by preserving a certain degree of moisture, and at the same time protecting the rising grain from a blighting wind common to this island. At the fourth mile crossed, on a stone bridge, the southern branch of the Pedio, flowing gently through a valley interspersed with groves of olive trees; the first we have seen.

From the bridge we ascended an eminence, and entered upon an extensive tableland, intersected with low hills, of a singular appearance and formation; they are composed of a gravelly substance, some of them square and others round, with flat summits and vertical sides; the nature and appearance of the country, in other respects, the same as that between Larnica and Attenu. At the tenth mile was a small hamlet; and at the fourteenth, the city of Nicosia, the ancient Tamasis, broke upon the view, at no greater distance than five or six hundred yards: it made a fine appearance, and bore a striking resemblance to Shiraz in Persia, when that beautiful city is first seen on issuing from the gorges of the mountains behind the tomb of Hafiz. Like the capital of Fars, it is situated in a noble plain, bounded by the lofty mountains tipped with snow, whilst its numerous spires and minarets are seen to rise in the same manner above the branches of the trees; but the fine cathedral of St Sophia, towering over the heads of all the other buildings, combined with the extent and solidity of the walls and bastions, give an air of grandeur to Nicosia which Shiraz cannot emulate.

I entered the city by the gate of Larnica, and was conducted to the episcopal palace through a number of narrow lanes, where my horse was nearly buried in mud and filth. The Archbishop, dressed in a magnificent purple robe, with a long flowing beard, and a silk cap on his head, received me in the vestibule, and ordered an apartment to be prepared for me in the palace, a large and straggling building, containing upwards of a hundred chambers. These are all required for the accommodation of the bishops, priests, and their attendants; for the Archbishop, both in power and affluence, is the second personage on the island. All affairs connected with the Greeks are under his immediate cognizance and management; and consequently when the Governor is desirous of making a new arrangement regarding that class, or of levying contributions, he has recourse to the Archbishop, who has lately usurped the whole authority, and seldom even deigns to consult the dragoman. From the humble situation of an obscure deacon he raised himself, by extraordinary means, to the episcopacy: he borrowed immense sums of money from the rich, which he lavished on the poor; securing in this manner the votes of his creditors, that they might be repaid, and those of the others in expectation of future reward. He pressed me to remain with him for a short time, promising on this condition that he would procure the Mutesellim's boat to transport me from Cerina to Kelendri; and as he was prepossessing in his manners, and far superior to the generality of Greek priests, I consented to postpone my departure for a couple of days. At seven o'clock supper being announced, he took me by the hand, and led me through a gallery into the refectory, a long and dirty hall: about thirty priests and bishops sat down to table. The wine and provisions were excellent and abundant, and the bread which was white as snow, and baked with milk instead of water, was the best I remember to have tasted.

During my stay at Nicosia I visited everything worthy the attention of a traveller; amongst the rest the cathedrals of St Sophia, St Nicolas, St Catherine and St Dominique: the former is a handsome Gothic structure, but the others are small, and do not merit any particular description. Three of them are now mosques; that of St Nicolas is converted into the Bezistan, and that of St Dominique contains the tombs of many princes of the house of Lusignan, who held their court at Nicosia. The Mutesellim resides in the ancient palace of the Kings of Cyprus; but it is now so much altered and disfigured, that it is not possible to form any idea of its original appearance: the gate is however entire, and over the arch, in basso relievo, is the figure of a griffin, the crest, I believe, of Lusignan. From the palace I directed my course to the ramparts, round which I walked in about an hour and a quarter; they are built, or probably only faced, with hewn stone, flanked with large oblong bastions:

the ditch is dry and shallow, but so broad that it now yields a considerable quantity of corn; the rampart is also in some parts cultivated, and of great breadth, as all the earth and rubbish from the interior of the town appears to have been transported thither in order to add to its solidity. The batteries are en barbette, and I counted but four small pieces of artillery without carriages and completely honeycombed, a matter however of no consequence, as this city could never stand a siege, being entirely commanded by the heights to the S. of it. Nicosia, or, as the Turks call it, Licosia, contains, according to the account of the Archbishop, two thousand families of Mahomedans, half that number of Greeks, forty of Armenians, and twelve of Maronite Catholics, four public baths, eight mosques (all of which were once churches), six Greek chapels, and one Catholic convent, besides the episcopal palace, and a large caravanseraï now falling to decay. The remaining part of the town consists of brick and mud huts, many of which have been erected on the foundations of the old edifices. The bazar, although tolerably well supplied, is not even arched, but roofed with reeds and mats, which admit the rain in all directions. The city is entered by three gates, namely, those of Larnica, Cerina, and Paphos, of which the latter is most deserving of notice; the circumjacent plain is filled with Greek convents, and the white peak of Mount Olympus bore about S.W. by W. 16th.

In the morning the dragoman paid me a visit, and in the evening I returned it: he was a Greek of a good family at Constantinople, and formerly attached to the English army in Egypt. It was not difficult to perceive that a jealousy subsisted between him and the Archbishop, whom he accused of avarice and ambition, and a desire of intermeddling in matters that did not concern him. On the 19th I bade adieu to Nicosia, and set out for Cerina, where I intended to embark for the opposite coast of Caramania. I directed my course through the plain in a N.W. direction, and about a mile and a half beyond the city wall, crossed the northern branch of the Pedio, a small stream flowing to the E. At the fourth mile we entered a range of low brown hills, through which we travelled until the ninth mile, when we descended into a narrow flat, running along the foot of the lofty chain of mountains before mentioned: this flat had the appearance of great fertility, but it was neither inhabited nor cultivated. At the eleventh mile we reached the foot of the range; when changing the direction of our course to the N.E. we entered a cleft or opening in the mountains, the sides of which were clothed with myrtle, a variety of other evergreens, and sweet-scented flowers. Our route for about three miles led through this defile; when, on turning the point of a rock, we had a view of the distant coast of Cilicia, and the finest part of Cyprus I have yet seen: a narrow belt of land, covered with shrubs and trees, confined on one side by the sea, and on the other by the mountains, extended to the E. and W. as far as the eye could reach. The little town of Cerinia, or, as the Turks call it, Gerinia, with its ancient chateau, was discerned immediately under us reflected in the water; and on the right hand the stately towers of the convent of Bella Paisa rose amidst the wooded cliffs of the mountains: we were nearly an hour in descending, and at three in the afternoon reached Cerinia, the whole distance being, according to my computation, about eighteen miles.

I had no sooner arrived than I was informed by the Zabit that the boat had sailed only a few hours before for the opposite coast, and was not expected back for two or three days; — a circumstance which occasioned me some uneasiness, as I foresaw that I should be detained in a place where it was impossible to procure even a habitable apartment. I had brought a letter of introduction to Signor Loretti, the captain of the boat; but he was gone in command of the vessel, and I was therefore necessitated to cultivate the acquaintance of the Zabit, who invited me to dinner, and regaled me with abundance of wine and a Cyprian concert, consisting of two blind fiddlers, accompanied by a boy who sang and played upon the lute.

In the morning the Signora Loretti, an old dame with a very long waist, entered the court of the hovel where I resided; and dismounting from her mule, observed that she was come to carry me to her country-house, where I could remain until her husband returned from Kelindri. I accepted, with gratitude, her kind invitation; and promising to be at her house in the evening, she departed, saying that she would go and make preparations for my reception.

Ibrahim, who had never perfectly recovered from the effects of the Latakia fever, was once more taken ill, and in the course of a few days, reduced to extreme weakness. I left him under the care of the Zabit, and set out with a guide to look at the old and magnificent monastery of Bella Paisa, situated on the declivity of the mountains, about four miles S.E. of Cerinia; from the town to the monastery, which was founded by a princess of the house of Lusignan, I passed under the shade of olive, myrtle, and orange trees. A Greek priest stood at the gate to shew me the ruins. Several cows were grazing in the outer court, from which we passed into a decayed cloister, and thence into the chapel; which, for the lightness and elegance of its architecture, might be compared to the cathedral of Salisbury: it has six windows facing the north, and commanding a delightful prospect of the adjacent country, sea, and coast of Caramania: it is forty-three paces in length, and fourteen in breadth; but of all its ornaments a stone pulpit alone remains. On the E. side of the cloister, the ceilings of two Gothic chambers have fallen in; and immediately above there appears to have been a hall of the same length as the chapel, decorated with six handsome pilasters on either side and two noble Gothic windows opening towards the sea: there are several other apartments in ruins; and on the south side of the cloister, another Gothic hall has been converted into a Greek chapel. Above are the cells of the monks, and beneath the monastery is a prodigious subterraneous cavern, completely arched, and now used as a cowhouse and stable. The ground, for some distance round the monastery, is covered with the remains of other buildings, appendages no doubt to the former establishment, which has more the appearance of a prince's palace than a place of religious retirement. It is difficult to imagine a situation more convenient or delightful; lofty mountains and hanging cliffs, clothed with wood and verdure, rise immediately behind, and continue to extend in successive ridges both to the E. and W. A fertile plain spreads to the channel, formerly called Aulon Cilicius, which is bounded by the rocks of Mount Taurus, mantled with snow. I quitted this pleasing spot with regret; and bending my course along the foot of the mountains, reached, at four in the evening, the habitation of Signora Loretti, a neat little cottage, standing on an eminence about three miles to the S.W. of Cerina. The old lady was ready to receive me at the door, and conducted me to my apartment, which was distinct from the other part of the cottage, and stood in the middle of the garden. Captain Loretti had purchased this estate, consisting of several hundred acres of excellent land, for twenty piastres, or about a pound sterling, and had amused himself in improving it, by planting olive trees, which yield a large profit in a short time.

The town, or rather village, of Cerina, the ancient Cerinia, was formerly defended by a strong wall; but the greater part of it has fallen down, and the port has been nearly filled up by the ruins. On the east side of the harbour stands the castle, a fortress erected, it is said, by the Venetians; it is of a square form flanked at each corner with round towers, washed on the N. and E. by the sea, and defended on the S. and W. by a deep ditch: the walls are lofty, and built of an excellent kind of stone; it has one gate in the west face and there are, I believe, four small brass swivels mounted in the works. The harbour, which is small, is exposed to the north wind, and cannot admit a vessel of more than a hundred tons burthen; but the trade is inconsiderable, there not being above fifteen families in the place.

LIGHT.

Henry Light, "Captain of the Royal Artillery, was in garrison at Malta in the year 1814, and obtained leave to travel in the countries he describes." He was absent between February 14 and November 2, visited Egypt, exploring the Nile to Philæ, Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, parts of the Lebanon, and Cyprus. His journal and memoranda were sumptuously published under the title *Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Libanon and Cyprus*, 4to, London, 1818.

His stay in Cyprus was short, and he seems to have been more anxious to find a way to leave it, than to observe very closely what was going on around him. Still on some points his notes are interesting. Where the author writes *sharaweel* and *caquesquiere*, we have corrected *shalwar* and *qai'maqam*.

I landed at Larnica on the 26th of September (1814), having seen the shore appearing on the east in a tract of low land, and in the west in a range of high mountains, the evening before.

Here, in expectation every day of obtaining a passage in a vessel where the accommodations would be better, I was detained three weeks: and was at last, from so much time having elapsed, obliged to give up the thoughts of my expedition, and determine on taking the first conveyance to Malta.

My residence at Larnica was not uninteresting. I had apartments in a detached pavilion of the vice-consul's, who was a Zantiot, and had amassed a considerable fortune from his office during the latter periods of the war, when every vessel coming to Cyprus bore the British flag.

Though Larnica gives the name to the road in which vessels anchor, yet it is distant from the shore nearly a mile, and is detached to the east from the town which may be called the port, and bears the name of La Scala, about the same distance. This place contains the custom-house, and is the mart for trade. It consists of a long street, chiefly a bazar, where common necessities of life and articles of dress are sold; is inhabited by Greeks and Turks; the latter commonly employed in the affairs of the custom-house, the former in trade. The houses are low, built partly of mud and partly of stone, whitewashed. The space between La Scala and Larnica is barren, as indeed is the greatest part of the plain at the foot of the mountains, which for several miles east and west of La Scala is either uncultivated or marshy land, intersected by salt lakes. The foundations of an ancient town are often found between La Scala and Larnica. The effects of the marshy land are evinced in the countenances of the natives, who suffer every year from agues and fevers, that diminish the population, and regularly appear in the hot months of June, July, August and September. When the Venetians had possession of the island, care was taken to drain the marshes and confine the water to the salt lakes, which produced an immense revenue; but, like all other sources of riches of the Turks, are neglected, though still productive enough to be a considerable article of trade.

Though the language of Cyprus is said to be more corrupt than of any other part of the east where Greek was once spoken, yet I could not but be pleased to hear ancient Greek words used for figs, cheese and milk by the market people who passed me; and I was conducted to the vice-consul's house by a Cypriot, to whom I made use of an ancient Greek phrase, pronounced as the modern Romaic. On my arrival I was shown into a house fitted up in the European manner, though built partly in the Eastern style; and on presenting my letter of

recommendation from Colonel Misset, and stating my determination to wait for another opportunity for Constantinople, was settled in the apartments I have before alluded to: they had been occupied by Lieutenant Colonel Rooke, who had died at Baffa, the ancient Paphos, a few days before; a gentleman whose memory seemed to be held in great respect at Cyprus, and whose inclination for travel had kept him for a long time in the east, where he lavished large sums in objects of research and in acts of generosity, endearing him to the natives of the countries he visited.

Thus settled at Cyprus, I was left to my own resources for employment, and obliged to remain at Larnica for the chance of any unforeseen occasion to quit it. I became one of the family of the vice-consul, and conformed to the unwholesome custom of making a heavy meal at mid-day. The mornings and evenings I passed alone.

I was often amused by the assumed dignity of the different representatives of European nations at Larnica, where the Austrian, Neapolitan, French and Spanish consuls had their residence, and where etiquette of precedency was pushed to a degree not known in our own country; all except the French consul were engaged in trade; and of course their own interest prevailed over that of the country they represented. The only English merchant on the island resided at La Scala: he had to contend with the united phalanx of Levantines, who had no inclination to admit a competitor in trade. An Englishman wishing to settle there will be exposed to much opposition, and will only succeed by having large funds to meet every exigency to which he is liable. Much of the trade is contraband, particularly corn: and it is necessary to keep on good terms with the aga and officers employed at the custom-house by presents, the best and only means of ensuring favour in any competition with Levantines.

In the cemetery of the convent of St Lazarus at La Scala I saw the tombstones of English who formerly resided at Larnica; but their date is not later than 1750.

The sickness that exists in the country during the hot weather caused the presence of a large number of medical men, whose abilities may be appreciated when the reader hears that one of the most eminent of them took me on one side to question me relative to the effects of James' powder, which I had recommended and given in a slight case of fever. I was asked with great seriousness, whether it was not composed of pulverised cranium of the human head. It was a medicine not known except by report amongst them.

To guard against the effects of the *malaria* a European must leave the plains in the month of June, seek the mountains and not quit them till October: without this precaution he must inevitably be seized with illness, and often is carried off by the fevers that rage with great violence during the hot months.

The superstition of the Levantines of this island may be imagined by my mentioning that I observed the nurse who attended the consul's children burn incense under their nose every evening at sunset, to prevent the effects of the evil eye. On my smiling at this ceremony, I was told it was common; perhaps indeed my presence, as a stranger, rendered it essential.

Larnica contains two or three wide streets, and has one mosque. The principal Levantines and Franks inhabit large houses in the outskirts of the town: amongst the most considerable is a palace of the Archbishop of Cyprus, where, during my stay at Larnica, I went, on the occasion of some particular ceremony, to pay my respects to the Archbishop. All the Franks and Levantines, under their respective consuls, were assembled; the canons of the church received them in an antechamber. Coffee and refreshments were handed about, and as the Archbishop had been taken suddenly ill only a few of the principal visitors were introduced to him, amongst whom I was one. He was lying on a crimson bed of state, in full

costume; and if the length of beard was intended to add to dignity, his must have been increased for that purpose. He only spoke Romaic, but asked me some few questions by the help of his nephew who had been studying medicine at Padua for some years, and seemed an intelligent young man, ardent in the pursuit of science, and apparently very little pleased at being doomed to bury himself in such a place as Cyprus; where, he told me with a sigh, he should be obliged in a year or two to fix his residence.

The costume of the Franks is, for the men, generally that of Europe. The consuls have an uniform, which they make as rich as possible with embroidery. I saw them all in grand gala on the birthday of the Emperor of Austria, whose consul received a visit of ceremony from all the others. The costume of the women is Greek, and almost similar to that which the late travels in Greece have rendered so familiar to all readers. The descendants of the Venetians still preserve their dialect, though purer Italian is spoken by many of the Franks.

This island, which is said to have been divided in former days into nine populous kingdoms, is now reduced to between eighty and ninety thousand inhabitants: which according to common report is daily diminishing. The produce of the island is still considerable in corn, wine, oil and silks, notwithstanding its neglected state. A considerable quantity of salt is collected in the neighbourhood of La Scala, in an extensive lake into which the sea water passes. The salt is produced by simple evaporation from the rays of the sun, and collected in heaps at the east end. The north side is confined by rising ground, where is a beautiful mosque, built in honour of one of Mahomet's relations. The mountains of the Holy Cross appear to rise behind it. Towards sunset its rays verging on the lake produce a bright red, on which were reflected the figures of the carts, horses and passengers traversing it: this combining with the mosque and the tints on the overhanging mountains, produced a beautiful picture.

The government is an appendage to the Captain Pasha, who vests it in the person of a Mosallem or governor, nominally appointed for three years; the present one had however contrived to remain longer. The seat of government is at Nicosia, where the chief Turkish population resides. The island is divided into sixteen districts, each under a lieutenant, who bears the title of qai'maqam. The Grand Signor, at the commencement of a war, demands four hundred men from Cyprus, who form part of the Timariots. The Greeks are as usual oppressed. The dignitaries of the church are protected by the governor, who obtains contributions easily through their influence. They consist of one Archbishop and three bishops, the former with an income of forty thousand dollars; the latter have much less, and in an excursion I made for a day in the mountains, a return of money for hospitality shown was thankfully received by one of them.

The Roman Catholics have a considerable establishment at Larnica. The convent of the Propaganda is a large building, where I should recommend travellers to endeavour to gain admission, as they will be more independent, and enabled by payment to make a recompense for the treatment they receive; which, however freely granted by the Levantine agents, yet is considered a tax on them; and they take care to let you understand the British government does not pay for it.

Unfortunately for me, so few military men had been seen as travellers in the east, that I was supposed employed by my government. I became an object of suspicion to the Franks and Turks, and of extortion to the Levantines. From this latter circumstance, I lost two opportunities of leaving Cyprus, by not acceding to the enormous demands made for my passage, and began to feel the effect of *malaria*. To counteract this I joined a party on the 8th of October, in an excursion into the mountains west of Larnica. The road lay at first through a plain in a dry gravelly soil, producing only olives, growing to a larger size than

those I had seen in other parts of the Mediterranean: after continuing in the plain for three hours we ascended very gently for three more to the convent of Sta Thecla, where I slept during the night. I had in vain looked for cultivation: briars and olives were the only produce of the ground. A few rhododendrons flourished in the watercourses we passed. A miserable stone cottage now and then showed itself, where fig trees and vines were to be seen.

The peasantry is ill looking. The men were dressed in a white canvass vest over a waistcoat of the same material, and a white linen turban on their heads. They wore the Albanian petticoat, similar to the Highland kilt, or the usual *shalwar* or breeches of the Turks, and high boots, used, as I understood, to avoid the fatal venom of the serpents of the island.

I found only an old Greek priest at the convent of Sta Thecla, who from his dress I imagined was a peasant: he had two or three attendants with him. The convent was undergoing a repair, for the reception of an additional number of priests, and for a feast that was to take place in a few days in honour of the saint. I had supplied myself with provisions, and therefore did not intrude on him. He was an old man, of about sixty years of age, perfectly ignorant of all except his missal, which he could not read; he had learnt it by heart, it was all that was necessary. He was proud of his chapel, and pointed exultingly to the wretched daubs that adorned it. He left his pipe to repeat evening prayers, and having finished them took to it again. This seemed his only occupation. Though I had an interpreter with me I could gain no information as to the state of the peasantry in his neighbourhood: what I saw was wretched.

Our party slept on boards: we rose early, continued our excursion towards the summit of the chain we had proposed to reach. In a short time we were amongst myrtles in full bloom, and fir trees; there was nothing else to interest me for two hours till we arrived at a space of ground cleared of wood, where was a square range of buildings belonging to one of the bishops, who literally kept a table d'hôte for some of the rich inhabitants, who had left the unwholesome plains to breathe the pure air of the hills. I was introduced to him, was invited to remain, and I dined with his party at twelve o'clock, without anything worthy of remark passing. After which our party was increased by some of his, and we ascended to the summit of the mountain of the Holy Cross, where stood a small convent shut out, as it were, from the rest of the world; inhabited by two or three monks, who seemed to have no other occupation beyond saying their mass and watching the precious deposit of a small piece of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified. From the terrace of a small garden, in the rear of this convent, is an extensive view of part of the south side of the island, seen as a map, broken on all sides into gentle undulations of ground, highly appropriate to the growth of vines.

The capability of cultivation is easily observed; but large tracts remain neglected. My attention was directed towards Limason, where the richest wines are made, and I was led to understand that the thinking part of the population looked forwards to the remainder of the island becoming equally fertile, by the presence of some European government, who would at least abstain from oppression, if it did not encourage industry.

Having showed my respect for the relic, which was uncovered in honour of my arrival, by a small present to one of the monks, I returned to the bishop's house, where I slept more luxuriously than on the preceding night; and having given a suitable remuneration in money, returned homewards, where, to my great delight, I found a small schooner bound to Malta, freighted by some Moorish merchants; on board which, as the stormy season of the year was approaching, I took my passage, being without chance of proceeding to Constantinople except by land, first to the coast of Cyprus opposite Asia Minor, and thence again proceeding by land..... I went on board on October 15, and on November 2 anchored in Marsamuscetta harbour at Malta.

Military defences and political remarks.

Pp. 266—268. Larnica. A small casemated battery, level with the water, defends the approach to the beach of La Scala. Of the other parts of the island that are fortified, I am not able to speak. Famagusta is celebrated for the siege it stood against the Turks, and for the barbarous treatment its governor endured from them after its surrender. It is still called a fortified town. Nicosia the capital is walled round, but neither would stand a regular siege.

Before I conclude this chapter I shall add a few words on the political state of the possessions of the Turks in this quarter of the world. Could the interests of Great Britain be ensured, the delivery of Syria and Cyprus from the Turkish rulers by any European power would be an advantage to the world: that power is now looked for in the shape of Russia. Prophecy, still existing in the east in full force, bids the Mahometan beware of Russia, who is to swallow up all that the Turkish government possesses, and to plant its colonies in Syria. The jealousies and fears of all the chiefs in that country are directed against Russia; and they appeared to dread the overthrow of the French ruler, whose power prevented her from turning her arms against the Turks. Lord Bacon, in his Essay on Prophecies, says, “the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief.” When he wrote the state of Europe was not so enlightened as it now is: he considered it involved in ignorance, and subject to enthusiasm. In that condition Syria remains. If the Emir of Mount Libanon be not first induced to become a tributary to Russia, it might be possible to assist him in such a manner as to induce all the Christians to flock to his standard; and by enabling him to become a powerful and independent prince the Turkish power might be greatly reduced in that quarter. Of the consequences I cannot presume to judge..... The possession of Cyprus might easily be acquired by any government having a navy. If it were wrested from the Turks, with a certainty of not being given up at a peace, it would soon become a flourishing country: the population would be increased by swarms of Greek emigrants from Asia Minor, who would gladly fly to an asylum from the tyranny of their oppressors; and if their industry were encouraged, would soon fertilize the barren waste overrunning one half the island. The unwholesomeness of the air may be remedied by draining the marshes that cause it. In the time of the Venetians this was done, and the *malaria* was not felt. Circumstances may hereafter oblige Great Britain to strengthen herself in the Mediterranean; and for the richness of soil and general advantages to be derived from it, Cyprus may be considered more valuable to her than either Syria or Egypt.

TURNER.

William Turner, Esquire, was attached in 1812 to the staff of Sir Robert Liston, His Majesty's Ambassador to the Porte, who had been despatched "to secure and hasten the signature of peace between the Porte and Russia." But the treaty had been concluded, before the arrival of the Embassy, by Sir Stratford Canning, and Mr Turner soon obtained permission "to change his official labours for the pleasures of travelling." He explored Greece and Albania, with the adjacent islands, and on February 20, 1815, again left Constantinople in a small Turkish vessel, and sighted Cyprus on March 22, travelled in Palestine, visited M. Sinai, and returned to Larnaca on October 3, sailing again on November 16 for Rhodes.

His *Journal of a Tour in the Levant*, dedicated to Mr Canning, was published by John Murray in 3 vols. 8vo, London, 1820, "as nearly as possible in the form in which it was originally written." It gives us the straightforward notes of a plucky, persevering and intelligent traveller. We transcribe from vol. II. pp. 31—52 and 528—584.

The current value of the Turkish piastre between 1812 and 1816 varied from P. 17 to P. 30 to the pound sterling. The intrinsic value of the coin was ninepence halfpenny.

Saturday, March 11, 1815. At daylight, to our indescribable happiness, we found we were close to Cyprus. It was nearly calm in the early part of the morning. At ten o'clock we were under the south-west coast of the island, gazing on the celebrated Paphos, which now bears the name of Baffo, though there are no remains of it but the small hill on which it stood and (I was afterwards told) sixty-two subterraneous chambers, probably of the temple, not yet filled up, as are a great number of others near. In the afternoon there sprung up a breeze, which carried us at six knots an hour along the coast; it is much lower land than I was used to see, and very marshy, which in the heat of summer produces fevers, and renders the island a very dangerous residence. I did not see the coast to-day in its beauty, as it was raining very hard ashore. In the evening it began to blow very strong, and all night there was quite a gale, from which we sought shelter in the large bay of Limesole, where we anchored at half-past six, too late to enjoy the prospect of the village and its environs, which the last glimpse of daylight just enabled us to perceive.

Sunday, March 12. Three hours after midnight we weighed and left Limesole. When I went on deck at eight o'clock I found we were but just turned round a point which hid that village from our view, and were in a dead calm. The whole of the coast that we passed to-day was very verdant, and varied by moderate mountains and rich valleys, which at intervals contained most delicious meadows. At eleven o'clock a breeze sprung up, that carried us first at three, and afterwards increasing, at five and seven knots an hour. In the afternoon we passed Cape Citti, whence we saw the pretty village of the same name (built, it is said, on the site of the ancient Citium), and at ten miles distance the Marina of Larnaca, before which we anchored just at sunset, and were delighted with the neat appearance of its houses, with its verdure and its palm trees. We went immediately ashore, and I was pleased on landing to be accosted by a Turk, who spoke a little English, which he had picked up when a boy from the ships employed on the expedition to Egypt that anchored here. We walked immediately to Larnaca, about a quarter of a mile distance from the marina, where I went to the house of the English consul, to whom I delivered despatches from Mr Liston, and who received me with the greatest hospitality, and put me into a very neat room, where I soon forgot the fatigues of my voyage in a good bed, which was the more acceptable,

as I had slept on boards in the boat without pulling off my clothes. Mr Vondiziano, my host, is a man in easy circumstances (a native of Cephalonia), whose family consists of a wife and five daughters.

And most heartily glad we were to escape from a boat, in which there was no subordination, and each man had equal command: and besides the danger from their ignorance, most of them were Candiotes, which is saying all that is bad of them, as the Candiotes are, without any exception (if the palm be not disputed with them by the inhabitants of the Seven Islands), the most atrocious scoundrels of the Levant, so fruitful in villany...

Monday, March 13. When I rose in the morning I was happy to find myself in the house of a British consul, who keeps up the dignity of his character. He has the King's Arms over the door of his house, at which two janizaries are stationed.

From the 13th to the 16th I employed myself in writing with ink my journal, which I kept in pencil as I came along. Indeed the streets of Larnaca, being unpaved, are so miry that there was little temptation to walk. From my window I had a view of a flat plain, bounded by mountains, which being all marsh land must be fatally unwholesome in summer. I was glad to make acquaintance with Mr H., an English merchant, living in the Marina, who introduced me to his wife, a native of the island; he strolled with me about the bazaars, which are mean and unprovided; and showed me the Greek Church, a heavy building of the Low Empire, and the English burying-ground, where are interred many Englishmen, some of whom have handsome tombstones over them, dated the beginning of the last century, when the English factory here consisted of fifteen or sixteen houses. The burying-ground is now, however, falling to decay, as the Greeks also are interred there, and many masons have been working on the tombs, by which they have quite effaced the inscriptions of the flat ones. The Marina consists of warehouses, and a few houses and huts, in which live some merchants, Europeans and Greeks, porters and boatmen.

Friday, March 17. Cyprus, Mr V. tells me, is nearly 600 miles in circumference, an extent which would require at least a population of a million to cultivate it so well as the excellency of the soil deserves: especially as, unlike the other islands of these seas, it is chiefly laid out in fine plains, a very small part of it being mountainous.

The population has, however, been reduced by the tyranny of the government to between 60,000 and 70,000 souls, of whom about 40,000 are Greeks: of these there are in Larnaca, including the Marina, between five and six thousand; and in Nicosia, which under the Venetians contained 80,000, 15,000. These are the only populous towns of the island, the others being almost desert. Imperfectly as it is cultivated, it abounds in every production of nature, and bears great quantities of corn, figs, olives, oranges, lemons, dates, and indeed of every fruit seen in these climates: it nourishes great numbers of goats, sheep, pigs and oxen, of which latter it has at times exported supplies to Malta. Its principal commerce consists in cotton, wool, provisions (of which it sends supplies to Syria and Egypt, and particularly did so to our expedition there) and silk, of which latter the trade was 150 years ago so considerable as to attract here an English factory. The following is the state of its commerce, delivered from the Custom-house about ten years ago: being the annual amount of the exportation:—

Cotton—average quantity 3000 cantars (one cantar here is 180 okes, four times that of Constantinople); average price 280 piastres a cantar: nearly all this goes to Europe.

White Silk—average quantity 10,000 okes of 400 drachms each; average price 15 piastres an oke: nearly all goes to Egypt.

Yellow Silk—average quantity 5000 okes; average price 31 piastres: nearly all goes to Egypt.

Wool—average quantity 600 cantars; average price 90 piastres: formerly all went to Europe, latterly all to Syria.

Cattle and Sheep—from 8000 to 10,000 head.

Corn—in an abundant harvest, from 200,000 to 250,000 kilos of Constantinople (our Winchester bushel); average price from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 piastres a kilo: all goes to Europe and Turkey,

Barley—in a good harvest 300,000 or 350,000 kilos; average price from 35 to 40 paras a kilo: all goes to Europe and Turkey. Double, or even treble this quantity would, it is said, be produced, but for the mischief done by cattle and horses.

Oil—some years it is imported, there not being enough in the island for its own consumption; in other years there is enough and to export: average price from 32 to 40 paras an oke.

Caroba (called by us the locust tree, and producing a sort of bean)—average quantity 6000 cantars; average price 9 paras the cantar: most part goes to Egypt, some to Syria and Constantinople.

Wine—of a year old, average quantity 65,000 *couzai* (a *couza* is eight okes); average price from two to three paras the *couza*: most part goes to Venice, some to the Black Sea.

Old Wines—from ten to twelve paras the *couza*.

Commonest Red Wine—average quantity 40,000 *couzai*: great part is consumed in the island, for drinking *raki*; the rest supplies European ships touching here, and is sent to Turkey: average price 40 to 50 paras the *couza*.

Raki—weak white brandy: from 100,000 to 200,000 okes; average price 85 to 20 paras the oke: great quantity is drank in the island, the rest is sold to European ships and sent to Turkey.

Coloquintida—the bitter apple, from 30 to 40 cantars; average price from 180 to 200 paras the cantar: all goes to England.

Madder—average quantity 600 cantars; average price from 80 to 100 paras the cantar: nearly all goes to Europe, very little to Turkey; sometimes it will sell at 130 paras the cantar; in 1803 it sold from 200 to 230 paras the cantar, being a bad crop.

Terra d'ombra—an earth used by painters, immeasurable quantity; average price two paras the cantar. There is a green earth found in Cyprus, which with very little preparation makes a dye of that colour, and is used for colouring the walls of rooms: it is not, however, an article of commerce.

Salt—There are two considerable salt-pits, one near Larnaca (the best in quality), and one near Limesole. These produce annually 4 or 5000 *araba* (a measure of 1000 okes each), which are sold from ten to fifteen paras an *araba*. It is sent to Syria and Constantinople, but there is not a market for the whole.

There is besides a quantity of Sesame, from which is extracted an oil, consumed in the island. Of wax and honey there is hardly enough for the island, which imports, in case of necessity, a small quantity from Caramania.

Such is the state of an island, which under the ancients, and even under Venetian oppression, was so rich and flourishing. The consul tells me that its whole trade now does not clear it above two millions of piastres. It diminishes yearly, because the population is yearly diminished, and it was lately, like Rhodes, or even more because nearer, ruined by the Turkish fleet and army off Satalia, the Captain Pasha who commanded forcing the island not only to furnish him gratis with all sorts of provisions and fruits, and even to pay the freight of them, but to buy the ships he took at his own price.

It is the property of the Captain Pasha, and is governed by a Musellim appointed by him. (There were formerly three Pashas in Cyprus; one of three tails at Nicosia, and two

of two tails at Famagusta and Larnaca; but seventy years ago the inhabitants wrote to Constantinople that the island every day became poorer, and that the expense of these Pashas' establishment was too heavy on it: the Porte attended to their complaint, and gave the island as an appendage to the dignity of Captain Pasha, who keeps a Musellim in it to govern in his name.

The peasants of Cyprus work only for themselves, there being superabundance of land for the population in the island since its decline. Those who cultivate the Sultan's farms have no other pay than their food, and exemption from the *miri* or land tax.)

The Musellim farms it, and of course squeezes it more than it can bear. He resides in Nicosia (called by the Greeks *Λευκωσία*), but comes annually to Larnaca to receive the visit of the consuls, when it is the custom of them to present him with gifts to the amount of 500 piastres, in return for which he gives an old *benish* (outer robe) to the dragoman, and an embroidered handkerchief of Constantinople, valued at 20 piastres, to the consul. His administration is very strict, and keeps in good order the Turks who, as they drink very hard, would otherwise be very disorderly; but Signor V. very earnestly absolved them from the charge of being so bad as the Candiotes, which I had heard. The Greeks are better than the Turks, and the latter have no greater privileges than the former, at which they are constantly expressing great discontent.

The cheapness of living in Cyprus is extraordinary, considering the declining state of the island. Mr Vondiziano, with all the expenses of the consulate, a wife and five children, a large house, six servants, two janizaries, a carriage, horse and mule, spends only 5000 piastres a year. Servants' wages (men-servants the dearest) a few years ago were only from fifty to sixty piastres a year; but now they are generally ten, and sometimes even twenty, piastres a month.

In the morning I went with Signor Vondiziano (who put himself in grand state, with a large cocked hat which he always wears, even in the house, a gold-headed cane, and preceded by a janizary) to visit the Austrian consul, who lived in a good house near us. He has lately married a young lady of the country, who was tolerably pretty. He was now much frightened by a report brought two or three days ago by a ship from Constantinople, that Austria, in conjunction with Russia, had declared war against the Porte; from which fear I delivered him. I afterwards walked to the Marina, where I bought two or three little trifles of which I stood in need, as almost all the magazines and bazaars are there. Being caught here in a most furious storm of hail and rain, I ran for shelter to the house of Mr How, but it lasted so long that I staid and dined with him (the consul's hour being past) on some salt fish, and some delicious small artichokes; for as it was the Greek Lent no meat could easily be had. As I saw there was no chance of the storm ceasing, I was forced to walk to Larnaca in the middle of it, and went to call on Dupont, whose house, after a long search, I found: he was not at home, but I was very civilly received by his mother and sister, the latter of whom I thought very pretty, perhaps because she was like an English woman, having light hair and blue eyes. Both of them were ill with the fever, from which they said they had never been totally free for four years past. Indeed I cannot wonder at it, for besides the marshes and the mud in the streets, which is so deep, and smells so offensively, that it is hardly possible to pass, the room where they sat, as is the case in all the houses here, was paved with stones about four feet long, and two and a half broad, through some of whose crevices water was coming up. In the evening, the rain being moderated, I returned to Signor V.'s house.

March 18. (Thermometer 61.) The traveller certainly sees in Cyprus that he is in

a more civilized spot than he must often expect to find in Turkey. Larnaca, the second city of the island, contains about 1000 houses, and the Marina consists of about 700 more. Though the streets by the depth of mud which they present evidently show themselves to be Turkish, yet one meets in them carts drawn by oxen of a much better construction and workmanship than I have hitherto seen in the Ottoman dominions; and every family in tolerable circumstances keeps a calesh, like our one-horse chaise when the covering is up, but not quite so high, drawn by a single horse, which they bring from Tuscany. The country is so flat, that they can go with these as far as the capital, Nicosia, though as the roads are bad, and the Cypriote race of horses small and not strong, this journey, between seven and eight hours, requires one change of the horse. In the morning I went with Signor V. to visit the Spanish consul, a man respectable for having resisted all the temptations and threats held out to him to declare himself a partisan of Joseph Buonaparte; and who having in the earlier part of his life been in London, still speaks tolerable English. Though he lived only a few doors off, it required a pretty long walk to reach him, for the houses in Larnaca are so far asunder, that in spite of the fewness of their number, it is a three miles' walk round the city. We did not find him at home, but we saw his wife, a fat dame, who being near fifty, last year brought him a son. One would think there was something prolific in the air of Cyprus, for the Russian and English consuls are in the same circumstances, though the Greek women are generally old at thirty and thirty-five. After dinner I went with the consul in his *carrozza*, again in consular state, to visit M. Peristiani, the Russian consul, who was also Swedish (a precaution that saved him from the necessity of flying during the last Russian war), who lives on the Marina. On our way I observed among the marshes through which we passed many pools of water of some depth, which being close to the sea I thought were filled from it; but Signor V. told me that they were all rain-water, and being of considerable extent were formerly joined, and formed a small port for boats, to which was cut a communication with the sea, now choked. How poisonous must their exhalations be in summer, and in a soil that would so well pay the labour, how easy would it be to drain them under any other government than that of the Turks. We found the Russian consul at home, in a good house, crammed with the arms of Russia; he received us in a very large apartment well furnished, and introduced us to his wife, a comely matron of no common size. I had seen M. Peristiani two years ago, when he visited Constantinople on consular business. In the room was an old deaf Greek priest, who kissed me very affectionately, and who I was told was the *Ἀρχιμανδρίτης* (Archimandrite), second in clerical authority to the Archbishop of the island, who is in fact the governor, having by ancient privilege great power, and keeping the public treasure, which it is his business to supply. By the bye, his financial talents will now be exercised, for a letter is to-day arrived, by an express Tatar, from the Porte to the Musellim, peremptorily demanding 50,000 piastres as the contribution of Cyprus for repairing the fortifications of Constantinople; and the Tatar says that messengers are going over all the country to collect troops, so that M. P. is afraid of a Russian war; but I should rather suppose that it is designed against the Wahabis, who it is reported (falsely) lately defeated the Pasha of Egypt with great slaughter. This Tatar brought an account of the suppression of the late tumult among the janizaries, at which the Musellim (who is a creature of the Captain Pasha, and must fall with him), was so delighted that he invested the Tatar with *Caftan* (robe of honour). After stopping an hour with Signor P. we returned home. The west wind blew tremendously all day, and at night brought the croaking of the frogs in the marshes, always excessively loud, to my window, with such incessant noise, that it required the exertion of all my great talents of sleeping to save me from being disturbed by them.

March 19. (Thermometer 66.) In the morning the Russian consul and his wife came to visit me in all consular glory. He was glittering in an embroidered coat, and the largest possible cocked hat: he apologized for having been prevented by severe cold and swelled face (*flussione*) from paying me a visit before; and in answer I assured him, very sincerely, that I regretted his having had the trouble now. He was accompanied by the Greek priest whom I saw at his house, and whom I supposed to be the spiritual comforter of the family, as Madame was very assiduous in brushing dust off his robes, &c. This priest was to return to-day to the Archbishop at Nicosia. I found him by far the most candid Greek ecclesiastic I have seen, as he confessed to me that he did not think there was any spiritual use in the numerous fasts of the Greeks, but held them sacred rather from custom than from religious motives. He told me that the Turks here are much more mild, and less bigoted, than in other parts of Turkey, many of them in private even eating pork, and all of them being very sociable and friendly to the Christians. As I certainly did not come to Cyprus to pay or receive visits, I was glad, when the Russian consul was gone, that all such ceremonies are past, I being under no obligation to call on the French consul, as he has shown me no civility since my arrival, and is moreover a great Buonapartist (having accompanied his idol to Egypt) and consequently, even declaredly, no great lover of the Bourbons or the English. At noon I went with the consul in his *carrozza* to dine with Mr How at the Marina, where we fared sumptuously, in company with three Maltese captains. There are now in the road here (for there is no port) seven Maltese and five French vessels. These bring here articles of English or German manufacture (the greater part of which go to Syria) and carry back the productions of the island. The roadstead is defended, or rather pretended to be so, by a small Venetian castle, now falling to ruins; of which the only interest is Shakspeare's having supposed it to be the post of Othello. To-day being Sunday, the consuls' flags were all flying. On our return from the Marina we saw numbers of female Christian pilgrims from the Archipelago and Caramania, on their way to Jerusalem, who are distinguished by a large linen veil that covers their whole body. I paid a visit to-day to the Franciscan friars, offering to carry any letters for them to the Holy Land. I entered while they were performing service in a small neat church, where, on pretence of its being Palm-Sunday, the French and Austrian, the only Catholic, consuls, were stuck up in state. There is not near such a passion for full dress at Constantinople as here; the uniform is mounted on every trivial occasion.

March 20. Mr H. having been kind enough to lend me his horse, a small grey of the country, with an English saddle, at a quarter before seven I set off with Ibrahim, one of Mr V.'s janizaries, mounted on a small mule, to visit the site of the ancient Idalium, famous for the death of Adonis. It is now a small village, five leagues' (hours') distance from Larnaca, a little more than half-way between that town and Nicosia. Our road lay through an extensive plain of a dry but fruitful soil, not one-tenth part of which was cultivated, and that by a miserable wooden plough, drawn by two oxen or mules. The plain is bordered by mountains very insignificant in height, which bore a singular appearance from their tops being naked and of a sandy white, while their base was covered with brown moss. Along the road, which, however, was in general too stony to need or admit any care, I observed some remains of a brick pavement, probably Venetian. In an hour we came to the village of Aracipou, consisting of about twenty-five houses; and we passed two others, Gotzi, containing about ten, and Looritzena, about thirty houses. Near Gotzi was a mountain in shape a complete sugar-loaf, which contained on its peak a small Greek church, of the Lower Empire (of which construction there are several Greek churches about the island), that had

a very picturesque effect. At half past ten we arrived at Idalium (a small village of a hundred houses, still to my great delight called Thali) which is situated in a plain better cultivated than the surrounding country, being very fruitful in corn, grapes (whence they make the common red wine of the country, sold for eight paras an oke), beans and cotton, and surrounded by small mountains near it, whence perhaps issued the boar fatal to Adonis. We went to the house of a peasant, who admitted us very cordially, and his wife shook hands with us on our entering, contrary to the custom of countries in the Levant, which is either to kiss hands, or to carry the hand to the forehead. They gave us some eggs, which with bread and cheese and wine brought by Ibrahim, made me a good dinner. The master of the house and his family made themselves so serviceable, and were so civil, that I supposed them Greeks, and was astonished when he told me he was a Musulman, as well as his wife and six children. He went to Constantinople four years ago, he said, to fight against the Russians; and after serving six months in the Turkish army received 70 piastres as pay. His wife was weaving cotton, which in its raw state sells here for $3\frac{1}{2}$ piastres an oke. His cottage was neat and clean, and consisted of only one room with mud walls and a mud floor, of which one half was raised above the other. After dinner the peasant offered to conduct me to a very fine antique building in the neighbourhood, and on my assenting led me about two miles through rich fields full of the productions before-mentioned, and shaded by long rows of olive trees, and watered by a small river: the *tout ensemble*, with the mountains round, made a pleasing prospect. On my way my guide complained bitterly of the tyranny of the government, who exacted from each cottager 150 piastres yearly. When we came to the antique he had boasted of, I found it was a small Venetian building, on which I left it immediately, and he led me to the site of the ancient Idalium, which is about a quarter of a mile to the north of the village, between two small mountains, part of which it covered: here, he said, according to a tradition in the village, stood a large city formerly, and though there were no walls standing, yet the tradition was supported by an amazing number of stones scattered about the fields and the mountains, and by two small water troughs that appeared ancient. I had not been able to borrow at Larnaca any volume containing Bion's Idyll on the death of Adonis, but fortunately my pocket Anacreon contained, among some few pieces of other poets, Theocritus, XXX, "The dead Adonis," which I read on the spot with enthusiastic pleasure. From the site of the ancient city I had a very advantageous view of the modern village, with its small mountains, behind which were others in the distance of a considerable height: but it is infested by the curse of modern Cyprus, pools of stagnant water, which were drying and brewing fevers apace. At a quarter past three I left Thali, rather disappointed at not having been able to find a single antique. We met several peasants on the road driving large flocks of sheep and goats: their prevailing dress was a white turban, white jacket and white *shalwar* (trousers): that of the women was the common Greek dress, with a large white vest to shade them from the sun. When we were about half-way, Ibrahim made me turn aside from the road, a narrow pass between two rocks, to look at the tomb of a poor Greek, who had been found dead on the road, having been ill with the fever, and, it is supposed, drank too copiously of a pool of water near which his body was found. The rocks that we passed were very white, and scooped out into natural basins by the rains. We passed a little after sunset the village of Aracipou, where I got some delicious milk, warm from the goat, the flocks being just returned. Hence we proceeded by glimpses of the moonlight, which was at intervals obscured by clouds. When we were drawing near Larnaca we met four Greek peasants on donkies; as the first in passing us saluted us with "Good evening," Ibrahim struck him with the switch in his hand, returning his salute with "anasiny siqdim" (the

common Turkish expression of anger or contempt): immediately he and the other three alighted with great expedition: when I asked Ibrahim why he struck the man, he said it was because he had not alighted in passing me; and I found on enquiry that every Rayah here is forced to alight whenever he meets a Turk of rank. I, of course, charged Ibrahim, who had insisted on the same respect being paid to me, not to be so punctilious on my account in future. At half past seven we reached Signor Vondiziano's house. I could not observe my thermometer at noon to-day, but at nine in the evening it was at 56. We passed on the road several camels, which attain here their full size and perfection: my horse was not, like the Grecian horses of old, either frightened or disgusted by them.

March 21. (Therm. 78°.) Cyprus is no longer famous for the beauty, or infamous for the immodesty, of its women. The Turkish women of Nicosia are, I am told, in general pretty, but not to any extraordinary degree; and one half of their charms is destroyed by the relaxation of the system consequent on their frequent use of the bath, the enemy of female attractions throughout the Levant. But after seeing the rigour with which they are guarded at Constantinople, I was astonished to see the familiarity with which they enter the houses here, even of the Franks, divested of either *ferajé* or *yashmaq*. The winds that blow most commonly in the island are the west and south-west during summer, and the north in the months of December and January. The best white wine in the island is made on the mountains near Limesole. Cotton is cultivated in the greatest plenty in the north of the island. In the morning there came in here a small S. Mauriote vessel, of about twenty tons, put in here on her way from Alexandria home, owing to tempests, by which she had been very roughly handled, having lost her masts, and been forced to throw her cargo overboard. In the evening I went to call on Mr How, whom I found heartily tired, having been up half the night loading wheat, which though permitted by the government here, must be done secretly, owing to the severe orders of the Sultan that no corn should be exported except to Constantinople. H. told me that the island, after supplying its own population, can furnish corn enough to load sixty or seventy vessels. I walked to the Marina to look for a ship, and found a large three-masted one going for Jaffa as soon as the wind should change, which, since my arrival, has blown so strong on the west and south-west, that no ship has ventured to leave the island.

[Mr Turner left Larnaca on March 22, and after visiting the Lebanon, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and M. Sinai, returned thither on October 3, 1815.]

Monday, October 2. At sunset we were fifteen miles S.E. of Cape Gatta.

October 3. All night a dead calm. All the morning light breezes from the N.E. till eleven: from eleven to two again dead calm. We then got a light breeze, which carried us along the shore, and, freshening at three, brought us to an anchor in the roadstead of Larnaca at five. I went immediately ashore, and found all my Cyprus friends quite well. I stationed myself again in the house of the consul..... There has, I am glad to find, been very little fever in Cyprus this year.

October 4. (Therm. 82°.) This being the fête day of the Emperor Francis, I went with Signor Vondiziano and the few English subjects here to pay a visit in form to the Austrian consul, and to the monks of the convent of Terra Santa...

October 6. (Therm. at 6.30 a.m. 66°.) This being the fête day of S. Thecla, to the village bearing whose name the Greek peasants flock from all parts of the island, I was glad to accept an invitation from Signor Peristiani, the Russian consul, to dine with him at his country-house there, and see the amusements of the festival. I set off at seven with Mehmed, the same janizary that accompanied me seven months ago to Thali. For the first hour and a

half we rode over a high plain, covered with heath and thistles, and entirely uncultivated, having our road now and then varied by a stony path lying between low heath hills. Our last two hours lay over low mountains of naked sandy-coloured earth, in part clothed with heath, and through valleys of rich soil utterly uncultivated, but full of heath, wild flowers and thistles. What little cultivation there was in the neighbourhood of a village, was only that of vines, with a very few olive trees, and there were scattered along our road some few bushes of laurel. We passed three villages on the road, Kalon Khourgon, S. Anna, and Psefgas. Through the latter lay the passage of a considerable mountain-stream, now dry, there having this year been very little rain in the months of April and May, fortunately for Cyprus, as its fevers proceed from the exhalations of the marshes filled by those rains. Owing to the want of rain, all the land (which, when I saw it in February, was quite green) is now burnt up by the sun. At eleven we reached Thecla, where I was heartily welcomed by Signor P. into the Greek convent, in which I found also the old deaf Greek priest, whom I saw at Signor P.'s house at the Marina, seven months ago, and all Signor P.'s family, wife, two sons and two daughters, dressed out in gala. This convent was built by S. Helena, but has been renewed and repaired several times since its original construction. The country round Thecla was beautiful; it was a valley full of olive, fig and mulberry trees, and laid out in gardens, through which ran a small mountain-stream, whose banks were everywhere covered with oleanders in flower. The mountains around of grey rock and earth, of different, and some of very lofty height, were well clothed with brushwood, and plentifully scattered with wild pines. This rural amphitheatre was crowded with Greek peasants, about 1500, in their best clothes of different colours, sitting to dine and drink, playing on their mandolina (a sort of guitar), singing, and dancing. About 500 were gone to their houses this morning, of whom we met many on the road. One of these peasants had taken such ample and repeated draughts of *raki* (white brandy of the country) that it gave him an oppression which his friends round thought betokened death; and by making him swallow a draught of warm water, which greatly relieved him, I got the reputation of being a learned doctor. After dining at the convent and taking an hour's sleep, I set off with Signor P. and his family for the convent of S. Barbara, which was higher up the mountain, on the road to the summit of Santa Croce, the mount of Olympus. We reached it at a quarter past five, after just an hour's riding through a fine hilly road covered with wild pine bushes, tamarisk bushes, and brushwood, but very little cultivated, and that only in vines, of which there were but few fields. S. Barbara is a recently built convent, small, but beautifully situated at the foot of S. Croce, and surrounded by the richest land, which the caloyers cultivate and lay out in vineyards. I ascended the mountain immediately, being decided to return to Larnaca to-morrow morning. The road was steep and abounded in precipices, but wildly beautiful, being covered with pine bushes and brushwood; and the valley below, which, in the rainy season, is the bed of a stream, abounds in laurel and oleander: it produces, too, many wild herbs which in any other country would be of medical utility. I reached the top in three-quarters of an hour. On the summit stands a convent built with great solidity, though small, by S. Helena. Under it are subterraneous chambers, of which three have been opened and found to contain rich priestly habits; of these the Turks took possession; there remains a fourth unopened, of which the priests conceal their knowledge till they shall find an opportunity of opening it unknown to their tyrants. The door of the convent is guarded by a portcullis; the church is small and mean. I found it full of about 150 Greek peasants, who were bowing and praying to a cloth on which was embroidered a cross. One of the women fell down in a fit, which she was in the habit of doing, and the foolish Greeks laid her down in the church before the picture of a saint, stuffed

the cross into her mouth, and so pressed round her that I wonder she was not stifled by the heat. All remonstrances were in vain, for the only answer that I could get was that the cross would certainly cure her. The terrace of the convent commands a fine view, extending about twenty miles on every side. The evening was rather misty, but I could with my glass plainly discover Larnaca to the east, six hours distant, and Nicosia (called by the inhabitants Levcosia) eight hours off, lying north by east. The sea lay visible to the east, south-east and south; Limesol is visible in clear weather. The view consisted of plains, burnt up by the sun, interrupted by low round hills, and bounded by high pointed mountains. Very little cultivation was visible, and that only of olive trees and vines. The mountains were generally naked, but those round S. Croce were clothed with pine bushes, and other wild verdure: the convent is built on an isolated precipice of grey rock, which overhangs the mountains below. I descended the mountain after sunset, and amused myself asking questions of my peasant guide, who inveighed bitterly against his Mahometan oppressors, whom he named "the dog of a Turk." I reached S. Barbara by moonlight, and there found a good supper prepared for us by the caloyers, and slept in a tolerable bed provided for me by Signor Peristiani.

October 7. (Therm. 85°.) Mehmed and I set off at daylight, and rode with a guide through the delicious country at the foot of S. Croce, of which the wild beauty that appears in precipitate crags of grey rock, in pine bushes, tamarisks and brushwood, is occasionally contrasted with a few cultivated vineyards, and a small grove of olive trees. At the foot of the mountain near S. Barbara is the small village of Stavros (the Cross). We dismissed our guide at Psefgas, whence we returned by our yesterday's road to Larnaca, which we reached at ten o'clock.

October 9. (Therm. 83°.) I passed all the morning writing in my room, and in the evening went with my friends to the fête of a Catholick marriage at the Marina, where we remained dancing till near eleven; most of the better class of inhabitants were there, all dressed *à la grecque*, without any variation from the common costume. The Romaika was danced, not, as I have usually seen it, in a ring, but by two only, who scarcely moved from one place, but confined their activity to raising and bending their arms, making *des petits pas* with more voluptuousness than grace.

Oct. 10, Therm. 89°. Oct. 11, Therm. 88°. Oct. 12, Therm. 96°. Having arranged this morning an excursion to Famagosto, I set off at seven o'clock with Ismail, the brother of Mehmed who had accompanied me to S. Thecla, and who found himself ill in consequence, he said, of the violent exertion of that five hours' journey. In two hours we reached the mountains (not very high to the east) that bound the plain on which stands Larnaca. This plain though of the richest land is, except in the immediate environs of the town or of the neighbouring villages, utterly uncultivated, but covered with rich long grass, heath, palm, and tamarisk bushes. We then rode an hour close to the sea, having to our left low rocks which overhang the sea, and are perforated by time and weather, and naturally formed into stalactite shapes. The land round us through the whole of the journey was of the same description as the plain of Larnaca, displaying, that is, the greatest richness in its abundance of brushwood, and the length of its grass; but I do not believe that in the whole of our ride there were fifty acres of cultivated land, and that was all laid out in vineyards. I have as yet seen little or no corn in Cyprus. In the neighbourhood of a village one sees a few olive trees and vines, but beyond its precincts all is barrenness. We saw but four villages on the road. The first of these was Ormithia.

When Cyprus was yet considerable in the hands of the Turks, and an English factory resided here, Ormithia was their favourite village, at which most of them had their villas, and

it owed this distinction to its situation on the banks of the sea, and the consequent salubrity of its air. Between Ormithia and Avgorou is the convent of S. Nappa (this is the name of the spot, the convent is devoted to the worship of the Virgin). This convent is remarkable for having a large church cut out of a grotto in the rock, but as I have seen several of these grotto churches, and it was two hours out of my road, I did not turn off to visit it. I saw on the road two or three isolated Greek churches, which from the clumsy solidity of their construction, appeared to be of Byzantine date, but they were small and insignificant. The distant view of Famagosto, which we first saw about an hour off, is strikingly pretty. The ruins in the city, particularly the high one of the church of S. Sophia, the high mountains behind, the capacious bay, on whose banks stand the city, and the gardens near it, form in their combination a fine *coup d'œil*. Near the city is a village inhabited by Christians, who are not excluded from the city, but prefer living in the village of which each house has its garden. This village contains about 100 low houses, mostly of mud, but some of stone. I went to the house of Signor Beneducci, a Greek merchant there, to whom Mr How had promised me a letter, but forgot to send it to me. I did not however feel the want of it, for he received me with the readiest hospitality. I arrived at half past one, and after dinner went with Signor B. to the city which is about a quarter of an hour N.E. of the village. Famagosto was the strongest place the Venetians had in Cyprus, and was the residence of most of the nobles. Its importance is well attested by its amazing strength. It then contained from 15,000 to 20,000 houses, and the extraordinarily disproportionate number of 365 churches. The siege was most obstinate and bloody, and at last want of provisions only caused its fall. It was accordingly most terribly battered in the attack, and its ruin was completed by an earthquake (to which this part of the island, I am told, is very subject) in 1735. The walls, which remain uninjured, are immensely thick and strong, and are fortified by a fosse, in many parts hewn from the rock, about eighty feet wide and twenty-five deep, into which the sea was formerly admitted, but it is now dry. The only gate is defended by a drawbridge and portcullis. Three years ago the Turks would allow no Christian to enter it but on foot, but they have lately abated this insolence, though I was assured that I should have found a difficulty in riding in if I had not had a janizary with me.

From the gate to the port there is a subterraneous passage which the Turks leave unexplored. I rode through streets of levelled palaces, choked up with ruins and rubbish to the house of the Agha, of which one half was choked up by the fallen stones of the other. He was a meanly dressed Turk, who received me very civilly, and sent a chawush with me to show me the place. I first entered the principal church of S. Sophia, now converted into a mosque, and surmounted by a broken minaret. It is very large, and built in the Gothick style, mixed with Venetian ornament, the arches of the door and window being overtopped by a large triangle sculptured in high relief. I found a small stone at the door with a Greek inscription, of which I made out some words. [See *Boeckh. C. I. No. 2634.*]

The interior, which is about 120 feet by 90, and about 80 high, is disposed in three aisles, divided by thick round columns, which rise into arches. The windows were neatly fretted, and a recess for the altar was made at the top of the middle aisle. As is usual in Turkish mosques its walls are now entirely naked, and it is furnished only with a few lamps and mats, and a small pulpit. On the floor are a few tombs with inscriptions written in a language which, though to me illegible, I believe to be Gothick...From S. Sophia I walked to the citadel, which is at the eastern extremity of the city on the seashore, and is immensely strong, being surrounded by the thickest wall, and defended by a separate fosse, a drawbridge and portcullis. Over the entrance were the arms of Venice (which are very frequent in the

city) and the inscription NICOLAO FOScareno CYPRI PRAEFECTO. MCCCCLXXXII. in Roman letters. On crossing the drawbridge, we ascended by a stone staircase to a defended passage leading to the sea, at the end of which was a strong tower overlooking, and completely commanding, the port. The thickness of the walls, and their domineering situation, show this passage and tower to have been formerly of prodigious strength, but there now remain on it only eight bronze guns (the rest were carried to Constantinople) which are almost rusted, and without serviceable carriages. The port was admirable, being about one quarter of a mile in length, and something less in breadth. It is sheltered by low rocks, connected where necessary by a strong mole. It has only one entrance, about sixty feet wide, close under the tower, from the bottom of which, to the opposite extremity of the mole, crossed a strong chain upon occasion. The port is now mostly choked up, nor will the Turks clear it, or permit it to be cleared (the Franks once offered to do it at their own expense), suspecting, as usual, that the bottom contains treasures, of which they may be cheated.

From the citadel I walked to another massy round tower near it, from which a gate opened on the scala of the port. This gate was guarded by a portcullis, and over it are the arms of Venice, and the inscription in Roman characters of NICOLAO PRIOLO PREFECTO. MCCCCLXXXVI.

There were five boats of a large size in the port, which are employed in carrying corn from Famagosto to the ships at Larnaca. But ships that stop during the winter in Cyprus still come for safety to anchor in Famagosto. There is another gate opening to the port which the Turks have closed up. The Ducal palace was near S. Sophia, and is now completely crumbled to ruins. Under it are some subterraneous chambers, full of cannon-shot. There is here too one chamber in which are deposited some old sabres, guns and armour, taken with the city, but this is guarded most rigorously, and no Frank is permitted to enter it. It is, said the chawush, under the care of twenty-eight *buluk-bashis*, all of whom must be united to open it, and this is only done twice a year at Ramadan and Bairam. It is hardly credible that a city so lately flourishing should be so completely ruined as is Famagosto: of its numerous palaces and churches not one remains entire. It is now inhabited by not more than one hundred souls, almost all Turks, for there are only three Greek families. These live in crumbling palaces, which they patch up to make habitable, and the only room in which they can live is blocked up by the fallen materials of the rest. The streets are in many places hardly passable, from the heaps of stones that choke them. But the city might easily be restored, for the walls and fortifications yet remain entire. To walk round the outside of them requires a little more than an hour. A few fig, olive and mulberry trees, are the only vegetation within the walls. The ruins have the same yellow hue as those of Athens.

As there are no hands to cultivate it, the fine plains which surround Famagosto present on every side nothing but a scene of heathy barrenness. The gates being regularly and rigorously shut at sunset, I returned in the evening to the house of Signor Beneducci, where I found a good supper and bed. The next day I returned to Larnaca by the same road.

Oct. 13, Therm. 89°. Oct. 14, 95°. Oct. 15, 94°. In the evening I went to the fête of a marriage (of which there are three here to-day) at which I danced till nine o'clock. I went also to pay a visit to a lying-in Cypriote lady. We found her sitting up in bed, and in good health and spirits, though it is only the second day since her delivery. She was gaily and splendidly dressed, and wore a garland of flowers round her cap (at Constantinople the costume in these cases is a small embroidered white handkerchief on the head): the only sign of her indisposition was the room being darkened.

Oct. 16, Therm. 94°. Oct. 17, 90°. At half past seven I set off on a pony of Mr How,

with my companion, the Maltese flag captain of the vessel which brought me here from Alexandria, and Ismail, on two excellent mules of the country, whose owner accompanied us as guide on a donkey. In an hour and a quarter we passed the northern extremity of the plain of Larnaca which was covered with heath and brushwood and burnt grass. We then rode over and between round hills, naked and white, in general like sandhills, in the valley of which we followed for an hour the course of a mountain-stream, now dry, and covered with the finest oleanders and cistus, and large trees of brushwood, but bearing no marks of cultivation. After leaving these hills we came to a plain, on the beginning of which, at half past ten, we stopped at the village of Athiainou, consisting of a few houses of mud, and a neat Greek church. It is four hours (of distance) from Larnaca and half-way to Nicosia. Round it are a few fields of corn, and some insignificant gardens of olives and mulberry trees. This being the village of our guide, we dined here off some eggs cooked for us by his wife, and at noon set off again, our haste not permitting us to consult our comfort, which was attacked by a burning sun. All the rest of our road to-day lay along a very rich plain entirely uncultivated (except in the immediate neighbourhood of a village), covered with long grass, brushwood, heath and thistles, and occasionally varied by low round whitish hills, sometimes of earth, and sometimes of stone. At one we crossed a mountain-stream, now dry, but in winter considerable, over which lay a good stone bridge of six arches, built by the Venetians, and to the left of which was the village of Beroi, and to the right (in going) that of Margon. At half past three we entered Nicosia, round which, in sight of it, are the villages, all inconsiderable, of Athalassa, Aklangiar, Palgiogothizar, Kaimaklee, Aimalouthaeis, S. Themeetrie, Mayionissa and Strovilion.

Nicosia (which has been supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Tremitus) is situated in a low, rich, extensive plain, of which the moisture is shown by the quantity of rushes it bears, and which accordingly causes constant fevers in summer. Behind (to the north of) the city is a line of high, brown pointed mountains which completely domineer it; and all round it, on the plain, are a number of low round hills; the city must therefore have been either formidably strong or ridiculously weak; strong if the Venetians had forts on these hills and mountains, which would command the plain, and assure a constant supply to the city; and in the contrary case absolutely untenable for any length of time: I rather believe the latter, as I saw no remains of forts in the vicinity. It is surrounded by walls which form (as far as I could see, and as I was told) a hexagon: they are very broad, being double, and having the middle space filled with trodden earth; the upper half slopes like a pyramid, and at intervals some parts project to defend the other: they are of unequal height, in some part of thirty, and in some of forty, feet, are irregularly built, as the pyramidal slope is often continued to the bottom (where it was so I saw dogs running down them) and have no fosse. A few Venetian cannon remain on the ramparts, and these are immovable from the ruined state of their wooden carriages. The ground of the city is very unequal, being in some parts elevated to the height of the walls within, and in some a deep valley: this is perhaps caused by the earth taken out to fill up the space between the walls. As every house has a large or small garden attached to it, the first view of the city is very pleasing from the contrast which this cultivation affords, with the dark mountains behind. The Greeks told us that to encompass the city requires an hour and a half on horseback, which would give it the not improbable circuit of four and a half miles. The gardens within the walls are well cultivated, and abound in fig, olive, mulberry, orange, lemons and pomegranate trees.

Immediately on arriving we rode to the Greek convent, which, though irregularly built, is large and commodious, and delivered a letter with which Mr Vondiziano had furnished us

to the Archbishop, who received us very hospitably: he is the primate of the island, and is so respected by the Greeks that he shares the supreme power with the Agha. His enemies in Constantinople having declared that his tyranny and rapacity rendered his name odious to the Cypriotes, the Porte has sent two Turks (whom we found with him) to inquire into the affair: but he has escaped from the snare by procuring a declaration from the Greeks that they are content with him, and by giving presents (without which no declaration would avail him) to the messengers. He told me that he was entirely independent of all the four patriarchs, for the following cause:—

In the time of the latter Byzantine Emperors of Constantinople the church there having no authentic copy of the Gospel of S. Matthew, issued orders for the seeking of one throughout the Empire. The priest of a convent near Famagosto dreamed that if he dug under his church in a spot pointed out, he should find it. Next day he obeyed the injunctions of the Angel who had appeared to him in a vision, and found the tomb of S. Barnabas, with the Gospel of S. Matthew laid on the bosom of the dead saint. The Archbishop wrote this to Constantinople, whence the royal galleys were immediately sent, on board of which he carried the treasure to the capital, and in return for his present he was made independent, and presented with a red vest, which he still has the prerogative of wearing, and allowed the privilege of writing with red ink, which he has ever since continued. He has a third privilege, that of bearing the arms of the Greek Church (very like the Russian Eagle) on his chair, like a Patriarch. After sitting and smoking half an hour with the Archbishop, we went to look at the church of S. Sophia, built by the Venetians, and now converted into a mosque, which stands about the centre of the city. It is built in the Gothick style (corrupted by the same triangular ornaments as I observed in that of Famagosto) in an oblong form, with a pentagonal projection at the end opposite the entrance, and the Turks have broken the wall in three or four places, to make doors. The interior is laid out in three aisles, divided by clumsy whitewashed Corinthian columns.

There is another insignificant Venetian church in the city, also converted into a mosque. It is astonishing how few Venetian remains there are in Nicosia. A few foundations, and half walls of palaces, over which the Turks have raised their wretched houses, are all entire. All the present houses are of mud, which (like those of Larnaca) require yearly reparation to keep out the rain. On the two belfries of S. Sophia the Turks have built two high and handsome minarets. We then walked round part of the walls, which are still entire and strong. The streets of the city are without pavement, and in general between ten and fifteen feet broad: they are now decently clean, but in winter are almost impassable. We returned to the convent and supped with the Archbishop, whom I was astonished to see, contrary to the custom of the east, sit himself at the head of a long table in a great armchair covered with red cloth. He said that there are 5000 houses in the city, but we were not inclined to believe there are more than 3500, and many of these are so wretchedly small as to be little better than hovels. All the information we got however agreed that two-thirds of these are Turks. We slept well on the divan, which the Greeks made into a tolerable bed for us.

October 18. Therm. 88°. After loading the mules and charging them with some provisions, with which the Archbishop had been good enough to furnish us, we left the city at seven, by the western gate: it has three gates.

The porter at first would not let us pass, alleging that he had orders to stop all the Greeks to work at the clearing of a mountain-stream, for which service he wanted to press our guide. I tried fair words and pleaded my firman, as long as my patience lasted, but finding them of no avail, I forcibly pushed aside the young soldier who opposed our passage,

who forthwith ran away; and as the porter himself sat all the while quietly smoking his pipe while he issued his decrees, we met with no further obstacle. We rode in a northerly direction over the plain of Nicosia, which extends on this side to the sea. The land immediately in the vicinity of the city is sown with corn—we have as yet seen no vines on our road—and the flatness of the plain is occasionally interrupted by low hills sometimes of earth and sometimes of rock. At half past ten we alighted, and dined under a few mulberry trees, near which were the ruins of an arched cistern, whose water flowed in small streams over the plain. Leaving this pretty spot, we proceeded at eleven along the plain, and at noon saw the sea to the north of the island, having to our left a high ridge of brown mountains, and behind us those of Nicosia. At half past twelve we crossed a mountain-stream, considerable in winter, though now almost dry: and at one stopt to dine at the village of Kakotopia. Except in the immediate vicinity of Nicosia, and of one or two villages which we had passed, the plain was utterly uncultivated, and overgrown with heath, brushwood and long grass, though the land was of the richest nature and frequently of a reddish colour. Our road had been frequently either a sheet of rock or masses of stone fixed in the ground. At Kakotopia (translated, it means “an unlucky spot”) we stopped in a mud cottage, which we left at half past three, after devouring a couple of fowls. Just as we set off we were attacked by a tornado, which covered us with dust and thistles, and was so violent that we found it impossible to face it but turned our backs to it, and even then could hardly keep our seats: this lasted an hour and was attended with a very little rain. From Kakotopia we rode to the sea for three hours over a beautiful plain of the richest and best cultivated land I have seen in Cyprus, owing to there being a greater number of villages than usual collected together. It was laid out in continued fields of maize, corn and vines. At half past six we arrived by moonlight at a Greek convent on the banks of the sea, dedicated to SS. Sergias and Vaccha. It was very large, but consisted of a quadrangle of miserable low mud buildings. The small church appeared Byzantine: on one side of it lay a large stone, with a Venetian inscription in Greek. It contained twenty or twenty-five monks, who could give us only accommodations much inferior to what we should find in an English stable; and this being one of their banyan-days it was with the greatest difficulty we could induce them to kill a fowl for us. However, we made the best of our situation, and contrived to sup and sleep tolerably. The villages we saw on our road to-day were Ierolakos, Marmari, Thainia, Argatzi, Menikon, Zothia, Kakotopia, Nitzeta, Prassion, Morphon, Kazivera, Elea, Petra, and Sirleenkhori.

October 19. Therm. 92°. At a quarter past six we mounted and set off. For one hour and a half we continued on the same plain along the sea-coast. It was everywhere rich and cultivated, abounding in corn, melons, some few vines, olives, mulberries and figs, which were growing close down to the sea. To our right we had the bay, and to our left the large Turkish village of Levka. In the bay were anchored three large boats, which came here for the facility of smuggling corn. We crossed a broad though dry bed of a mountain-stream, filled with the finest oleanders and cistus, from which the spot derives the name of the Xeropotamos, dry river. At eight o'clock we ascended the mountains, which showed us by far the most beautiful scenery I have seen in Cyprus. They were very high, sometimes of earth and sometimes of stone (which latter had a red volcanick appearance), covered above with pines, oaks, caroba trees, all of the largest dimensions, except the oaks which were dwarf, and brushwood, and with the richest verdure. In the deep valley below ran a considerable mountain-stream, which was crowded with, and frequently hidden by, immense plane trees, oleanders, cistus and brushwood, among which latter were great quantities of

blackberry bushes: our road sometimes lay along the top of these mountains on roads overhanging tremendous precipices, whose abrupt fall was softened by the trees growing out of their sides, and sometimes along the banks of the stream below, whose murmuring was an agreeable accompaniment to the beauty of the prospect. Many burnt trees were lying along the mountains and across the valleys, of which the peasants make great quantities of charcoal, and this forms a considerable branch of commerce between Cyprus and Alexandria. At a quarter past ten we stopped under a large plane tree by the side of the stream, where we dined, and repaired our last night's bad rest by a two hours' sleep. At half past twelve we set forward again, not fearing the sun, as our road was completely shaded and frequently darkened by the copiousness of the foliage around it. At two o'clock we came to a part of the mountains which was cultivated, where we found superlatives wanting to express our admiration. The whole valley and the rise of the mountains, covered with rich reddish mould, were everywhere crowded with vines, mulberries, olives, figs, planes, oaks, brushwood and fern. This continued for the rest of to-day's journey, and a considerable quantity of wine is made here. The villages in the neighbourhood (except Levka, all we saw to-day) were Morgon, Xakithira, and Ampeli. These (though small, yet all built of stone) formed a pretty addition to the scenery, whether perched on the top of the mountains, or half hid by foliage at the bottom of the valley. The inhabitants were all black with the juice of grapes, which they were washing in the stream below. At half past four we saw the bay of Levka behind us: for the last hour we rode along the tops of high mountains on roads that overhung tremendous precipices, whose pine-clothed rock formed a magnificent contrast with the luxuriant cultivation of the valley below. At five we stopped at the convent, dedicated to the Virgin, of Kikkos, the largest in Cyprus. It is built, though irregularly, after the European fashion, and being on the top of a height, commands a superb view that extends on a clear day to the coast of Caramania. It is built of stone, but we found carpenters at work in it, all the interior having been burnt two years ago, when a considerable number of manuscripts which it contained were all lost. It is manned by above two hundred priests and caloyers, but as it possesses a great number of farms throughout the island, particularly an extensive one near Nicosia, these are distributed among them, and there were now not above sixty at Kikkos. Here we were very hospitably received, and supped and slept well. There were a number of cottages round the convent, which I took for a village, but was told they were a farm belonging to the convent. We saw in the mountains to-day a great many large spreading trees, with red bark and a broad leaf, called by the natives *antrouklia* (*arbutus andrachne*).

October 20. Therm. 84°. At seven we left Kikkos, and for five hours passed over and between very high mountains, adorned with the same natural productions as those of yesterday, the rocks still bearing a strong appearance of being volcanick, but with less cultivation. Among these mountains we saw three villages, Melikhori, Treiselees, and Ievrekou. One of these consisted of three houses, and another of five. At half past twelve we descended into a beautiful part of the valley, through which ran a crystal stream, shaded by all the trees named before, whose verdure was a delightful contrast to the grey rock hanging over it. Here we found a small farm belonging to Kikkos, inhabited by six or seven priests, provided with a good corn-mill turned by the mountain-stream, and with a large garden plentifully stocked with olives, figs, pomegranates, mulberries and vines, from which the caloyers made silk, oil and wine. Here we made a tolerable dinner, and rested two hours, which we should not have done had not our guide deceived us as to its distance from Paphos, in the hope (as we paid him by the day) that he should prevent us arriving there

to-night. We left this delightful spot at half past two, guided by one of the priests, for our guide did not know the road, and proceeded along the banks of the stream in the valley. The farm is very considerable and is joined by another no less so, belonging to another convent. At four we reached the village of Sinti situated in the valley, here abounding in olive trees, of which much oil is made in the village. Here we changed our guide, finding luckily a Greek just setting off for Paphos, and proceeded immediately. The mountains here and henceforward were lower and more naked than those we had passed, but the bed of the mountain-stream, though nearly dry, was from sixty to eighty feet broad, and everywhere filled with foliage; half an hour after sunset we passed the village of Nata, when the evening became dark, and the road difficult and stony. Near this village, on the east, we passed a small ruined Venetian church. We now ascended low mountains, over which we clambered for nearly an hour through terrible roads. On the other side of these mountains we came to a low plain watered by a considerable, though half dry, mountain-stream, which we crossed from time to time. On the beginning of it we passed the small village of S. Barbara, whose inhabitants were everyone of them swept off by the plague two years ago. On this plain, of which the road was stony and difficult, we continued two hours. The moon, on whose aid we had calculated, was completely hidden by thick clouds which poured on us a little rain, and we were mortally tired; the more so as for the last three hours our Greek companion constantly assured us we had only half an hour to go, fearing that if we knew the real distance, we should push on and leave him behind.

At length, to our great delight, we reached at ten o'clock the village of Ieros Kypos. We went immediately to the house, or rather cottage, of Signor Andrea, an old Zantiote, who has for many years been English consular agent for Baffo, and who asked me after Sir Sidney Smith with great earnestness. He gave us a supper of delicious fish, and a room in which were made up for me two tolerable beds, on which we slept like tired people.

October 21. Therm. 86°. Ieros Kypos is supposed to have been the site of the gardens of Venus, whence it derives its name. There are no remains of antiquity in it, and it is now only a miserable village, containing about thirty stone houses. As it is built on an elevated hill, which is one entire rock, it is not probable that the sacred gardens were on, but near, its site on the plain below. At nine we mounted donkeys, and went to Baffo, which is at one hour's distance, and this hour we rode over a rich plain, in some parts well tilled and laid out in fields of corn, but in general barren and uncultivated. The town, now on or near the site of New Paphos, is divided into three quarters. The metropolis, where live the Turks, which contains about 150 houses: the Greek quarter, which is called Ktema, containing about fifty houses: and the Marina retaining the ancient name of Baffo, and containing about eighty families, Greeks and Turks. The metropolis and Ktema form a continued town, and are built on a low hill of rock about half a mile from the sea. These houses are all built of rough unformed stone. We went first to the Greek convent of Ktema, and afterwards called on the Khoja-bashi of the Agha, who lived in the same quarter, with whom we took pipes and coffee. This man is paid one piastre a year by every peasant in his master's jurisdiction; this would give him about 1500 piastres a year, but by fraud and tyranny he increases it to 10,000 piastres a year; he was a complete Levantine, fat, lazy, ignorant and proud. Near his house, in the Greek quarter, were some large square caves, cut in the rock, which apparently were tombs, as they lead to caverns now choked up, and there are several small squares cut in them, like the ground of a basso-relievo, three or four feet square. From the manner in which they are cut, it appears that the materials of ancient buildings were hewn out of them. We walked with the Khoja-bashi to the Agha, who had a wretched, half-ruined house in the Turkish

quarter. I showed him my firman, which, as he could not read, he handed to his secretary, who went right through it. The Turks have built a mean insignificant castle on the beach at the Marina; and he, supposing it was this I came to see, hummed and hawed, said I should have done well to bring an order from the governor at Nicosia, and (by the suggestion of his secretary) added that my firman only said I was to pass through Cyprus, and not to inspect it. To this I answered that of course my object in passing was to see; that I would not give a para to see the castle, which was as wretched a building in the way of fortification as I ever remembered to have set my eyes on. That my only object in visiting the Agha was to pay him a compliment, as I was only come to see the antiquities which he could not prevent me from doing, or if he did try to do so, I should then know how to act: he replied that he had no intention of preventing me, and we left him.

The metropolis is composed of half-ruined houses of stone, and in a stony valley below the hill on which it is built are a few gardens, which being in the middle of the town have a very pretty effect: as we passed through the Turkish burying-ground, Signor Andrea (these people think all stones an object of curiosity to Franks) made me observe two stones now covering the tombs of Turks. One contained a Gothick inscription, and on the other were engraved three *fleurs de lys*, which seem to carry it back at least to the date of the French Kings of Cyprus, possibly to the time of the Arabs. We returned to the convent of the Bishop of Baffo, for whom Mr Vondiziano had given me a letter, but he was at a village two hours distant, where we made a bad dinner off onions and cheese, after which we mounted our donkeys and rode to the ruins of New Paphos. We first visited those most to the west, which are about a quarter of a mile south of the rock on which stands Ktena and the metropolis (the rock runs east and west) and are close to the sea, on the low plain. These ruins are called by the general name of Palaio Castro, and their appearance is most extraordinary. They occupy a spot of ground, about a quarter of a mile long, and very nearly as much broad, which is covered, except in a few spots where the communication is broken, by a mass of solid rock, more or less high but seldom more than forty feet, and hewn into numerous caves, which appear to have been catacombs, but are now so choked up that it is impossible to see whether they all communicate with each other.

These caves are more or less large, and within them are others cut of a shape evidently meant for tombs, about ten feet long, three broad, and four high. We entered most of these caves, and found them of various sizes, some about twenty feet square, but in general they were smaller, i.e. those above ground, for there are some subterraneous ones which Signor Andrea, who probably was a better fisherman than antiquary, did not advise us of.

Sometimes the rock was so low, and the ceiling consequently so thin, that the excavated part, to prevent its falling in, was supported by Dorick fluted columns, ten feet high, hewn out of the rock, which the Turks have broken off and carried away to adorn their mosques, leaving however frequently enough of the capital and shaft to see what was there. There are many small excavations, one or two feet deep, and three or four feet square, like the ground of a basso-relievo, which were probably devoted to the reception of images: over the entrance to many of the caves are carved architraves, slightly adorned in various ways.

Many stairs are cut on and towards the top of the rocks. The rock is of a very soft grey sandstone, and the ruinous state in which it now is must have been produced by some earthquake or tremendous convulsion of nature, as immense masses of it are severed, and lying at some distance from the main body. On the top of the rock nothing is visible. The excavated caves are on every side of it. There are above fifty of the larger ones, and above 100 of them in all. As their floor is generally of earth, much I have no doubt might be

discovered by exploring and digging them, but the watchful jealousy of the Turks being carried in Paphos to a most rigid excess their passages are blocked up by dirt and dust and they serve as stables to the donkeys of the neighbourhood; we dislodged at least a hundred of these animals, nor did we observe any other cattle among the ruins. On leaving these ruins we rode about half a mile along the plain, which was badly cultivated, and stopped at some other ruins, situated exactly S.E. by E. of Palaion Castron, named, I could learn no reason why, Afrikee. The spot at which we stopped was a low rock, about 200 paces long, and 150 broad. Round the sides of this rock were hewn out numbers of caverns, mostly larger than those of Palaion Castron; some of these were from forty to fifty feet square, but differing from them in that there were no tombs cut within them except in one chamber, which was about thirty-five feet long, and thirty broad. Of these caves I counted about thirty, all cut in the sides of the rock below. On its top there is little to be seen, except three ruined arched chambers, and these I should suppose to be Venetian. These chambers are about sixty feet long, fifteen high. The breadth of the chamber is the span of the arch which roofs it, and the three chambers and arches join each other. They are built of stones of unequal size, but none of them more than four feet long, and eight inches high. On the hill are to be seen some marks of foundations of buildings, but not sufficiently clear to enable one to trace out chambers. The hill commands an extensive view of the plain of Paphos, which is very rich land, and in some parts tolerably cultivated, and of the low brown mountains that bound it. As the sun set while I was examining the remains at Afrikee, I could only take a hasty walk round Baffo, the Marina, which, having been under the Venetians a considerable town, is full of ruined houses and churches. During this walk Signor A. showed me a small hill, on which were some granite columns, and under which he told me were subterraneous chambers. This spot he told me was called by the inhabitants the tomb of Venus: as it was quite dark when we came to it, we deferred our departure, which had been fixed for daylight to-morrow, another day. At seven we returned over the plain, which, for the hour we rode back, was covered with thistles, to Ieros Kypos.

October 22. Therm. 92°. At eight we rode on donkeys to the Marina, over the same plain, cultivated, but covered with thistles, as we returned by last night. Baffo, formerly a Venetian town of some magnitude, is now like Famagosto, choked up by its own ruins. Palaces and churches are everywhere seen crumbling to the ground, and about eighty families inhabit the patched remains of as many palaces, of whom two-thirds are Turks. Every house has its garden, which gives a richness to the scene, and contrasts finely with the ruins around. The bay is large, but the port very unsafe, as the mole remains only in part to the east and west, and not at all to the south, which is thus left quite open: to this port, bad as it is, vessels frequently resort for the advantage of smuggling corn; there were two small Idriote vessels anchored in it while we were there. The port is commanded by an insignificant castle built on its banks by the Turks; on the east side, opposite to the castle, is a small ruined Greek church. We walked immediately to the hill where is the ruin which the inhabitants call the tomb of Venus, which is about 100 paces north of the port. Over its surface, which is of very considerable extent, and in its immediate environs, are scattered a great number of grey granite columns, of which all I saw were broken: they were two feet in diameter. As we were bathing in the port, we found two of these under the water, and as it is difficult to know whether these scattered remains are in their original situation, or have been displaced by the hands of man or nature, it becomes nearly impossible to judge what was the extent of the building they supported, or to decide whether that building was the temple of Venus. I think however that the fact of the Marina above being still called Baffo

by the inhabitants, and the name given by them to the ruins on this hill, are great evidence in favour of its identity. Signor Andrea told me that he had counted above 150 of these columns, but the hill and its environs being cultivated, most of them are now buried underground. The subterraneous passage is immediately under the hill. The entrance to it is a square of about four feet: the passage below was so choked with stones and dirt, that though I worked hard to remove them, I found it impossible to penetrate above eight feet: of these eight feet the descent was rapid, and the roof formed like the under part of a staircase: possibly if the ground above were cleared away, a staircase might be found from above to the chambers below. This is all that remains of the splendour of Paphos. Signor A. told me that twenty years ago a Turk, who had murdered another, and was hotly pursued, took refuge in these subterraneous chambers, to which despair made him find the passage, not then entirely choked up; after wandering three days under ground in utter darkness he came out at Afrikee, about a quarter of a mile distant from the hill of the temple; his report was that he had passed through chambers full of stones, with some skulls and other bones. Having money he escaped, by distributing it, the punishment of his crime; and he is the only man, as I was told by several, ever known to have entered. The whole neighbourhood of Baffo and the metropolis and Ieros Kypos is full of large masses of rock, hewn into caves, like those I have described, probably all communicating subterraneously with each other. The villages in the vicinity of Paphos, in sight of Ieros Kypos, are Peyia, Marathounta, Anavarkos, Eba, Konia, Armo, Mesoe, and Phylraka. The Fons Amorosa is one day's journey to the north of Baffo, in a village called S. Nicolas, too distant for the scope of our excursion. At two we returned to Ieros Kypos. This village is built on a rocky hill; in the valley below it, to the south, are gardens watered by a stream gushing from the rock, and this stream is said to have been the baths of Venus. About half a mile east of Ieros Kypos, towards the termination of the gardens in the valley, is a spot in the gardens called Sazousa, on which, said Signor Andrea, were killed many children by the ancient Greeks. What he meant by this I could not discover, except it was some memorial of the cruelties practised in the ancient temples standing formerly here, one instance of which may have been handed down by tradition. At half past four we took leave of our host, and quitted Ieros Kypos. All our ride this afternoon lay along a fine plain on the banks of the sea, mostly uncultivated but containing a few fields of corn, cotton and tobacco. Considerable quantities of this latter are prepared in Baffo, and by many thought superior to that of Latakia. To the left of our road, which lay east, was a line of low earth mountains covered with brown verdure. Our last hour was surrounded by gardens and trees, and we passed a large mountain-stream, over which lay a handsome Venetian bridge, yet entire. We passed three or four of these bridges in the valleys near Kikkos, but all in ruins. The villages which we passed in four hours of this afternoon's ride were Colona, Akhelia, Timee, and Manthria. At seven we stopped at the village of Coukklia, which is built on the site of Old Paphos, and found good accommodations in a large ruined house, of which the master, an intelligent Greek, received us very hospitably. He told us that Coukklia, with six other villages, was a farm of the Sultan, of which he was the manager, and which yielded twenty purses a year. Coukklia was formerly a considerable town under the Venetians, but is now nothing but a mass of ruined churches and houses, of which latter about thirty are inhabited, half by Turks and half by Greeks. The inhabitants however of this, and indeed of almost all the villages we have seen since leaving Nicosia, are happier than those of Larnaca and of the capital, in having good stone houses over their heads, whereas those of the three chief towns of the island are only of mud, and require yearly reparation to resist the periodical rains.

October 23. Therm. 92°. In the morning early I strolled about the ruins of Coukkia, among which I did not discover the remains of any considerable houses. There are three or four churches, which from Venetian became Greek, and are now quite in ruins. One only remains sufficiently entire to be still used: in the wall of this is a coarse black stone, about two feet long and one and a half high, bearing a Greek inscription, which, from the rude formation of the letters, appears of remote antiquity. (*C.I.G. Boeckh, No. 2637.*) In the ruins of another church was a large stone of grey granite, with another Greek inscription of Roman date. (*Boeckh, No. 2629.*)

At eight we left Coukkia: for four hours our road lay over low mountains mostly naked, but at intervals scantily clothed with brushwood, pines, planes and caroba trees. The fruit of this latter is very sweet, and when Cyprus was Venetian it formed a branch of commerce which still continues in miniature, for the Venetians make an agreeable paste sweetmeat of the caroba, and those of Cyprus are the most esteemed. At two hours from Coukkia we passed the small village of Alektora near the sea, which we had all day close on our right. At twelve we stopped at the village of Misour, which is on the top of a high mountain. The land round it was well cultivated and very productive of olive and mulberry trees. Here, and indeed in several villages we have passed, we found many peasants ill, mostly of fever and inflammation of the eyes, very common in Cyprus, who, when they find themselves unwell, lie down listlessly on their beds, and wait patiently until nature works their cure or their death; for their neighbourhood seldom affords them medical assistance, and that of the priest with book and crosses, in which they place most reliance, is not to be had gratis.

At two we left Misour, and rode for five hours over the mountains which bore everywhere the same appearance of nakedness and rockiness, our road being varied between smooth sheets and rough pointed paths of whitish stone. Two hours and a half east of Misour, we saw lying near our road two broken columns of granite, whose isolated situation, for there was no other remnant near them, makes it impossible to guess of what they formed part. The descent of the mountain was so terribly precipitate and rocky, that we were forced to walk down, and even then, it being quite dark, feared for our beasts, which as well as ourselves often stumbled. At half past seven we stopped at Episcopi, a large Turkish village, at the eastern foot of the mountains. Dark as it was, we could perceive that the village was very pretty, a mountain-stream, very copious, runs through it, and it is surrounded by rich gardens. I saw in it the ruins of a large Roman aqueduct. The Turks here not being willing, they said, to admit Giaours into their houses, and proposing to lodge us in a dark, dirty, crowded coffee house, we could not stop there, but left them after half an hour. We rode towards Limesol over a fine smooth plain, and at nine, stopped at a farm belonging to some inhabitants of Limesol, consisting of half a dozen houses: here we were again unfortunate, for the first we entered was occupied by a Turk, whose wife, he being absent, positively refused us admittance, and railed like a Stentor at our guide, who in vain pleaded ignorance, for daring to conduct us there. At length we found at the door of another house a Greek who gave us lodging, a supper, and beds which were so well peopled, that we could not close our eyes all night.

October 24. Therm. 86°. At half past six we mounted and rode for two hours along the plain of Limesole, which, though very level and rich, was mostly uncultivated, and covered with brambles and brushwood, except as usual in the neighbourhood of villages, of which we saw two in these two hours, Colos and Zakatzi. At Colos are some ruins, of the age, it is said, of the French Kings of Cyprus, and there is one large square tower, built, it is reported, by our Coeur de Lion. At half past eight we entered Limesole. It is a miserable town,

consisting of 150 mud houses, of which 100 are Greeks, and 50 Turks; yet of the fifty shiploads of wine which Cyprus exports annually, twenty are on an average despatched from Limesole. A mountain-stream runs through it, over which is a broken Venetian bridge. We stopped an hour at the house of the English agent, and at half past nine set off again. We continued till eleven along the plain of Limesole, which is cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the town, but beyond it is quite barren. All the cultivation on it is of corn, and indeed since we left Sinti we have seen no vines except a small plantation at Misour. At eleven we entered a line of low mountains, along which we continued till half past three. These were generally naked, but at intervals clothed with carobas, brushwood and brambles. We rode always by the side of the sea, and at half past eleven had to our right a precipitate cliff, of which the sides contained a few ruins, but so nearly washed away that it was impossible to distinguish what they were. The villages we passed on these mountains were Monaphrouli, Pentakhoma and Maroni. At the termination of the mountains we stooped to snatch a bread and cheese dinner, near a small pool of bad water. Thence we rode along an uncultivated plain covered with brambles and brushwood, with the sea close on our right, and low brown mountains to our left, till eight o'clock, when we were glad to stop at the village of Mazoto, where, in the cottage of a Greek peasant, we got a good supper of fowls, which, as usual with us, were killed, picked, cooked and eaten in twenty minutes, and slept not a wink all night for the same reason as last night. My companion during our excursion has carried his gun with him in the hopes of finding game, but he has not once had an opportunity of firing it. In the proper season red-legged partridges and Francolins are very common in Cyprus.

October 25. Therm. 84°. We set off at dawn, fagged and feverish from want of sleep. The whole of our road lay along a fine level plain, little cultivated except in the neighbourhood of the villages, and even there overgrown with thistles. Half an hour to the west of the Scala of Larnaca is an extensive salt-pit, near which is a considerable aqueduct built but seventy years ago by a Turkish governor of Cyprus. At nine o'clock I reached the Scala or Marina, left my horse with his master, and returned to the house of Signor Vondiziano, where I passed the rest of the day with the exception of a visit or two in the afternoon. The villages round Larnaca, within three hours, are Anaphotitha, Kyphino, a Turkish village, Anglisithes—this name appears to have some connection with our nation—Alethrikon, Chivisila, Klavia, Kyttion (Citti), Terzephanon, Arpera, Thromolazia, Meneoo, Tekeli, Kalon Khorion and Arathippou.

* * * *

October 30. Therm. 80°. In the afternoon I went with M. and Madame La Pierre (the wife was born in Constantinople, and I knew her there: the husband is dragoman to the French Consulate here) to the village of Arathippou, an hour N.E. of Larnaca on the plain, this being the Greek fête of S. Luke, to whom the church there is dedicated. All the peasants in the neighbourhood go there on this occasion in gala, but we arrived too late, most of them having gone in the morning.

October 31. Therm. 80°. In the evening while I was sitting in the house of M. L. P., an old Greek woman came in frantick with terror, and on her knees begged for protection, swearing her neighbour's wife wanted to murder her. It appears that this old woman, having some money, at sixty years old had persuaded a young peasant of thirty-five to marry her. He naturally soon grew tired of her, and fell in love with his neighbour's wife, who returned his love. After this he and his dulcinea amused themselves by thrashing his old wife whenever she fell in their way. The husband is now fled to Nicosia to avoid his wife, whom he detests, and she is preparing to follow him, and entreat the Archbishop there to force

him to live with her. Meantime her rival met her this evening, and regaled her with her accustomed salutation. I forget who is the traveller (I believe it is Sonnini) that calls Turkey and Greece the land of chastity and conjugal decorum.

November 2. Therm. 79°. I walked down to the Marina in the morning to look after an opportunity for Rhodes. I found there was only one ship going, a Turkish one, which is now loading corn in Famagosto, whence it will not return for some days. I therefore accepted an invitation I had from M. L. P. to accompany him and his wife on an excursion to Nicosia for a few days. At half past two I set off with them, attended by two of their servants. We rode over the same road as I passed before, and at six stopped at Athiainou, where we passed the night with tolerable comfort in a cottage, to whose tenants my companions had sent notice of our coming. In the evening we went to pay a visit to a Russian female pilgrim who by chance was passing the night in the same village: of her appearance the little that was human was more masculine than feminine, particularly as to dress and voice. She spoke scarcely intelligibly in French, and could not utter three words of English, which at first she pretended to know. We made out that after having lost 300,000 roubles by the burning of Moscow, in whose neighbourhood lay her estate, she resolved on making the pilgrimage of Jerusalem which she had just completed, having stopt there ten days, and being now on her return.

November 3. Therm. 77°. We set off from Athiainou at four in the morning, and till the sun rose were intolerably chilled by damp and cold. At eight we entered Nicosia, where, as I had nothing new to see, and the female part of the party was very tired, we stopt indoors the rest of the day, except a visit we paid in the evening to the Archbishop, with whom we supped. We are lodged in the house of an Italian, who has been a soldier in the French army, and fought in the battles of Jena, Austerlitz, and Eylau. He now exercises in Nicosia his trade of a cabinet-maker, in which he is an excellent workman, and has to his great regret married a woman of Cyprus,—I must not say a Cyprian.

November 4. Therm. 80°. In the morning we strolled about and paid visits to two or three Greeks. One of these was an old fellow who was very vain of his knowledge of Hellenick, and of some miserable rhymes in Romaick which he composed twenty years ago on the marriage of a relation, and which, having had them printed at Venice, he has framed and hung up in his room. In the afternoon I strolled a little about the bazaars, which are most wretched, and passed the evening and supped *chez nous*.

November 6. Therm. 82°. At half past four we left Nicosia to sleep at a convent two hours off. These two hours we rode over a fine plain, plentifully watered, wooded with numerous olive trees, and sown with corn and cotton. We passed two villages, Strovilos and S. Themetissa, and at a quarter past six stopped at the convent of the Archangel Michael, a farm of Kikkos, in which while that monastery is undergoing repair is deposited that precious treasure the *Panagia tou Kikkou*, the picture of the Virgin painted by S. Luke, of which there were said to be three in the world, one here, one, I believe, at Venice, and the third I forget where. Here they gave us tolerable good beds in one of which I deposited myself immediately, having felt symptoms of fever all day, which grew so strong towards evening that I could hardly sit my horse.

November 7. Therm. 79°. In the morning we attended mass in the church, which though small is richly ornamented. In the centre of the wall, fronting the principal entrance, is fixed the picture, which the priests have wisely covered with gold, silver and precious stones, inlaid to represent the Virgin and Infant, and round it are hung pearls, sequins, &c., the offerings of the devout, only a small hole being left in the middle for the people to kiss. The peasants have a great idea of the efficacy of this picture in devotion, and I remarked

some of them prostrating and crossing themselves before it seventeen or twenty times. At nine we set off and rode along the plain of Nicosia, scattered with low hills, sometimes of marl, and bounded by low mountains, consisting of a rich soil very little cultivated at a small distance from the city, and where it was so, abounding in olive trees, and thinly sown with corn and cotton. We passed the village of Cheri, and at noon reached that of Neson, where we stopt to dine. This latter was a very pretty village, full of fruitful gardens and fields of cotton, watered by a copious mountain-stream running through it, and surrounded by brown mountains, which formed a fine contrast with its vegetation. We left it with regret at four o'clock, and for one hour rode through the same pretty scenery as that which surrounded it. We then passed the village of Thali, whence we rode to Larnaca over a stony road and hilly uncultivated country till the last hour when we passed the plain of Larnaca, and passed at half-past seven the village of Arithippou. Through all the afternoon we had frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, and for the last half-hour light rain.

We stopped at Larnaca at half past eight, and had scarcely sheltered ourselves within doors, when there arose a furious gale of wind with violent and incessant rain, both which continued the whole of the night. To-day is the Greek fête of S. Demetrius, on or near which day, say they, there always blows infallibly a heavy gale of wind, and so settled is their belief in this that no Greek vessel will put to sea in this season till the time of the expected storm be over. I felt no other mark of fever to-day than weakness and an utter want of appetite.

November 8. Therm. 77°. In the morning I went down to the Marina to enquire for the Turkish Captain, whom I found not yet returned from Famagosto. While here the fever seized me suddenly with aguish shiverings, and so weakened me that finding myself unable to reach Larnaca I crept into bed at Mr How's, where I staid till Thursday the 16th. The fever lay very heavy on me for four days, and the other four I was so weak from the remedies applied to me and my almost total abstinence, that I could not leave my bed till the eighth day. The Turkish Captain then called to say he should positively sail that evening, and though still so weak as to be unable to walk without a stick, I had such dread of the air of Cyprus, that I resolved to accompany him. I walked Mr How's horse to Larnaca, took leave of my friends, packed up, at a quarter past ten pushed off in a shore boat to follow the ship, which had sailed an hour before, and was some way with a light N.E. breeze. By firing frequently we succeeded in bringing her to, and I got on board at midnight. She was a large three-masted polacca, of 150 tons, with a captain and crew from the Black Sea, the latter all Greek. I lay down directly on a wretched bed, in a hole about six feet long and three broad, for the captain, not expecting me, had given his cabin, which he had promised me, to other passengers.

The vessel went smoothly and slowly all night, with a light N.E. wind.

Cyprus, though nominally under the authority of a Bey appointed by the Qapudan Pasha, is in fact governed by the Greek Archbishop and his subordinate clergy. The effects of this are seen everywhere throughout the island, for a Greek, as he seldom possesses power, becomes immediately intoxicated by it when given him, and from a contemptible sycophant is changed instantaneously to a rapacious tyrant. Accordingly the peasants of Cyprus, both Mahometans and Greeks—not a single Jew is allowed to live in the island—are so insufferably plundered that their labour is barely capable of supporting their existence, and they yearly desert in great numbers to the coasts of Caramania and Syria. The least *Kharaj* they pay is of thirty piastres, and the greatest sixty-five, that is, each whole family. Their utmost gains are from 400 to 500 piastres a year, and of this they pay annually to the government and to the Greek convents 250, but for the sum paid to the convents—by far the greater part—they

are forced to give sixty-five paras to the piastre, though the regular change in the island is only forty. They live accordingly in the greatest wretchedness. Their houses in the central parts of the island, near the seashore they are more generally of stone, are of mud, and consist of two small rooms, with mud floors, and ceilings of plaited rushwork, plastered outside with mud, with one half of the floor raised above the other, and generally with no other furniture than a rickety wooden bedstead. Their food is of coarse wheatbread and herbs, with, at rare intervals, an occasional home-fed chicken, and the wine of the country, which, fortunately for them, is bought very cheap: the sharp-tasted red at from six to eight paras the oke. The mud floors contract such immoderate quantities of vermin, that it would be utterly impossible for the inhabitants to sleep if their skins had not by long practice become as tough as that of a horse. Their misery is sometimes increased by a sort of locust, which at intervals overspreads the island, and destroys entirely every species of vegetation. As their taxes are not diminished when this calamity occurs, in these disastrous years they are forced to sell their small stock of furniture, and frequently every disposable thing they possess, to satisfy the rapacity of their unfeeling tyrants.

The red wine of Cyprus being brought from the villages in skins tarred inside has so strong a taste of tar that I could not drink it. The common white wine is very good, and not very sweet. It does not fetch the price of *commanderia* till after being kept two or three years. It is called *Commanderia* because the district in which it is made, lying between Limesole, Baffo and S. Croce, formed part of the *Commandery* of the Knights Templars. When a peasant marries he takes his wife with nothing else than a box containing the few clothes she may have, and he is thought uncommonly fortunate if his father-in-law be able to give him with her a mule or a donkey. The consequences of this misery are such as might be expected. The peasant is sunk in a state of apathy and sullenness which a philanthropist cannot contemplate without horror. Being constantly forced to serve others gratis, his pride is to refuse the slightest favour when not forced. With his wretched wooden plough, dragged by two half-starved oxen, he hardly scratches the ground, and his harvest might frequently be doubled by a willing labourer. In many of the mountains of the island are mines of iron, of which the usual signs are visible on their surface. The peasants know this, but will not speak of it, lest their avaricious masters should make them work gratis at extracting the ore. The Venetians made sugar and vitriol in Cyprus. At Paphos are considerable quantities of the unflammable mineral *amianthus* or *asbestos*. All these advantages are rendered useless by the rapacity of the government, which, as usual, is hurtful to its own interests.

The peasants of Cyprus have a curious superstition, which seems to have descended to them from the time of the ancient Egyptians, viz. they never eat flesh of oxen, cows or calves, nor even drink cow's milk. They nourish them however to sell to the ships at the Scala.

Independent of the fevers produced by its uncultivated land becoming marshy, Cyprus is unfortunate in its situation. It suffers from the cold of Caramania, from the hot sirocs of Syria, and from the plague of Egypt, which never fails to infect it when prevalent there.

The transit commerce of Cyprus is considerable, owing to the numerous vessels that come from other ports of the Levant, and from Malta. But this is only within a few years: Signor Vondiziano tells me that the average of the consular duties in Larnaca for the last four years has been 30,000 piastres, of which he takes two-sevenths, according to the rules of the Levant Company, to which he sends the rest.

Having somewhere read (I believe in the *Quarterly Review* of Mr Clarke's *Greece*) that the dress of the Greek women in Cyprus differs from all the others, and approaches

more to the ancient model, I observed this point with particular attention, and am able to state with confidence that in all my rambles about the island, I have seen only two kinds of dresses that differed from the usual fashion of the Greeks, and of these but very few. One of these was a short yellow vest tight round the upper part of the body, with a red petticoat that came over it at the waist, round which it was tightened by a drawing tape; a handkerchief was carelessly tied round the head. This was worn by a villager whom I saw at Santa Croce, and by another near Paphos. The other, worn by a pretty young girl of Nicosia, was all of white cotton, a loose vest, with pantaloons fastened by a drawing tape round the waist, and descending to the feet below the knot with which it was tied at the ancle *à la Turque*. The general dress, like that of all Greek women, consisted of a white cap, sometimes with a red border or embroidered, according to the circumstances of the wearer, round which the hair flowed loose before on each temple, and terminated behind in one, two, six or even eight tails, generally lengthened by skeins of silk: strings of sequins, rubies or paras hung round the head and neck: a gown tightened at the waist, and bound by a simple handkerchief, or by a leathern girdle fastened by silver clasps which generally bore the shape of a circle or of a sloped heart, and an outer robe more or less richly embroidered, flowing to the feet; for this latter a red cloth is mostly preferred, they being here freely permitted to wear that colour as well as yellow shoes, contrary to the custom in Constantinople. They frequently throw a handkerchief loosely about the head to shade them from the sun, and none of them, even Turkish women, hide their face with scrupulous jealousy.

Poverty seldom consults fashion in dress, but if I observed one habit more common among the Greek male peasants than the other, it was one of coarse cotton, all white, consisting of a short vest tight round the body, with loose trowsers down to the feet, fastened round the waist by a drawing tape, or, if the wearer could afford it, by a girdle which was generally red. The turban was mostly of coarse white cotton, they being freely allowed to wear this colour on the head.

The Turks of Cyprus are in fact the tamest in the Levant. Many professed Moslem are in secret Greeks, and observe all the numerous fasts of that church. All drink wine freely, and many of them eat pork without scruple in secret, a thing unheard of in Turkey. They frequently marry the Greek women of the island, as their religion permits a Turkish man to marry an infidel woman, though to guard against an abandonment of Mahometanism, it forbids a Turkish woman to marry an infidel.

The Greek of Cyprus is abominably corrupt, being intermixed with Venetian, Turkish and Arabick; yet I observed the following words of pure Hellenick — *lalo*, to speak, *lavo*, to wash, *akonizo*, to sharpen, *aristera*, the left, *sinapi*, mustard, and *ktena*, beasts.

A Frank in Cyprus has the greatest difficulty to find servants, in consequence of which their insolence to their masters is insufferable. This is not owing to any want of serviceable subjects, but to the infamous conduct of the Greek priests, who, with their usual bigotry and pride, tell the peasants that it is a shame to serve, and no sin to rob, the Frank dogs. When a peasant robs a Frank, the priests do not enforce restitution, which they always do if the plunder be taken from a Greek.

In short, these Greek priests, everywhere the vilest miscreants in human nature, are worse than usual in Cyprus from the power they possess. They strip the poor ignorant superstitious peasant of his last para, and when he is on his deathbed, make him leave his all to their convent, promising that masses shall be said for his soul. Madame Dupont tells me that she once paid a visit to a Greek widow of a peasant who was dying, and asked her if she had made her will to dispose of what she had in the world. "I have only that," replied

the woman, pointing to a handsome Venetian looking-glass, hanging up in the room, "and that I have left to my father confessor to pray for my soul."—"But your two children," replied Madame D. "Oh!" said the superstitious dupe, "*he says*, Heaven will take care of them!"

I found the climate of Cyprus delicious during my two visits. But in summer the heat is intolerable, and the winter generally is one continued torrent of rain. The rainy seasons are March and April—it is the rain of these months which by filling the marshes causes the fever—and November, December and January. Up to my departure the rain had hardly begun; we had only two days of it in Nicosia, and the inhabitants attribute this unusual continuation of dry weather, which oppresses every one with colds or fevers, to the early cold which is wafted here from the snow on the mountains of Caramania. In winter a sort of tornado is not unfrequent, and the inhabitants have not yet forgotten one of these which occurred in a night of February, in the severe winter of 1812—13, during which hailstones fell as big as walnuts, that beat in the mud roofs of many of the houses. I did not see in Cyprus a single cypress tree, from which some assert that the island derived its name, while others deduce it from the Henna plant (*Lawsonia inermis*) whence the Easterns prepare the yellow dye for the hair, and which in Hellenick was called *Cypros*. It grows very abundantly in the island.

I could not hear of any serpents in Cyprus. It seems now to be free from the annoyance of those animals by which it was anciently so infested as to have acquired the epithet of *ophiodes Cypros*.

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At sunset on November 21, 1815, I bade adieu for ever to Cyprus, which we had seen but dimly all day.

NOTIZIE.

From the *Notizie del Giorno, Roma, nella stamperia Cracas al Corso, num. 232, nos. 43, Thursday, October 25, and 44, Friday, November 2, 1821*, we translate an account of the passive part imposed on the Orthodox inhabitants of Cyprus in the events of 1821, and the repressive measures taken by the Mutesellim, Kuchuk Mehmed, in anticipation of an insurrectionary movement in the island. The impression of fear and awe left by these is no doubt still alive in Cyprus, but the generation which saw them was unfortunately allowed to pass without any effort made to preserve a full and trustworthy account. We know at least of none so vivid as that which will be found in these letters.

The same number contains the proclamation of Charles Felix, by the Grace of God, King of Sardinia, Cyprus and Jerusalem, dated at Govone, October 13, 1821, announcing the inflexible resolve of his brother Victor Emmanuel to resign, and his own accession to the throne. A document of medieval naïveté and unction. The only news from England is that two brothers and three sisters of George IV. were likely to join His Majesty at Hannover.

For the history of the journal, a sheet of four small quarto pages, which lived from 1815 to 1848, see Morandi's edition of *I Sonetti Romaneschi di G. G. Belli*, vol. III. 13. Citta di Castello, 1886.

ZANTE, 8 OCTOBER. DETAILS OF THE DEPLORABLE SITUATION OF THE INHABITANTS OF CYPRUS, EXTRACTED FROM AUTHENTIC LETTERS FROM LARNICA, OF THE 16TH AND 22ND OF AUGUST LAST.

After the terrible events which took place in Constantinople and other cities of the Ottoman Empire, the order reached Cyprus also that the inhabitants generally should be disarmed. In fact that very instant the Governor General announced the prohibition of the carrying and retaining of all kinds of arms, firearms and cutting weapons. Even Franks, Armenians and Maronites were deprived of them; butchers, pork-dealers, labourers and all

others were stripped of the tools used in their several occupations. Ammunition exposed for sale in public stores was seized without payment and lodged in the fort. A certain Sawa had hidden a barrel of powder in a chamber of the parish church of Nicosia called Faneromene: this came to the knowledge of the said Governor, who went to the spot himself, found the powder, and had it transferred to the fortress. Sawa chanced luckily to be at Larnica, and as soon as he heard what had happened thought it well to hide himself. As he could not be found, there was arrested in his stead P. Leonzio, the vicar of that church, a man loved by all, and the Pasha's satellites cut off his head in the midst of the market. Not satisfied with this, they beheaded five other Greeks, namely two monks and three laymen, who were not supposed to be guilty of anything but hiding a gun or so, or of having had before some difference with the Turks. When this bloodshed was known not only the Cypriot Sawa, but the headmen Haggi Lois and Haggi Petrachi of Citrea got on board ship, to avoid the wrath of the Governor, which cooled a little. Nevertheless he caused to be brought here from Acre two thousand soldiers, with another thousand who had been requisitioned since the third of last May, and matters began to assume a more terrifying aspect. One Sunday, while a detachment of eighty Turkish soldiers was marching towards S. Pantaleone to garrison the sea-coast, it passed before the Latin Church served by the Franciscans (Minori Osservanti). High mass was being celebrated, and they had the audacity to discharge their muskets in the church, so that the dense smoke wrapped the building in darkness to the terrible alarm of the congregation, especially the Catholic ladies, who fell to the ground half dead. The said soldiers continuing their march, when they approached the residence of the Consul of his most Christian Majesty, twice at least rent his flag with their shots. Such an insult and injury was exceedingly displeasing to all the European Consuls, who made their formal complaint to the Governor of Nicosia. But he gave them never a hearing, and the French Consul remained gravely offended that he could get no satisfaction. In concert then with the other Consuls a ship was hired to be sent with despatches to their ambassadors and ministers resident accredited to the Porte, but on the vessel's return the replies were intercepted by the Hydriots. The Governor however, who foresaw the consequences of his barbarous conduct, wrote to the Captan Pasha, or High Admiral, upon whose protection and authority the island depends, accusing the Cypriots of being rebellious, and of holding secret correspondence with the Hydriots. The Captan Pasha confined himself to enjoining on the Governor that he should well examine the matter, but he, on the contrary, took a totally different course, and even gave signs of a temper more savage still. He wrote to all the bishops of the island to betake themselves to Nicosia with the *Codipascià*, or leading men, and other dignitaries, as he had a firman to communicate to them. They arrived in the capital on the 19th of July last, and on the 21st he had them brought into the *Serai*, his residence. Immediately he caused the gates of the city and of the *Serai* to be closed, began by having the bishop of Larnica beheaded, decreed the same fate for the others of Pafos and Corinia, and caused to be hanged the Archbishop of the whole island, Monsignor Cipriano and his archdeacon. Only the bishop of Temetunda had the luck to escape unknown from the island: he arrived eventually at Ancona, where he is still in the Lazaretto with two of his nephews. But the blood already shed did not satisfy the Governor, and he willed that there should also be beheaded the Masuri, the son of Glichi, and a shepherd. He stayed the slaughter for that day, as he was obliged to occupy himself in assembling the Divan to choose as the new bishops the persons who held the most dignified posts. On the 22nd of the same month he began again to order new massacres. He caused the chief men of the city and of other towns to be beheaded, among whom were

MM. Arconti, Solomidi, Iconomidi, Antonopullo, Pierachi, Zougrafa, Cartellari &c. He commanded also that all the chief abbots of the monasteries should be hanged, and confiscated their goods, especially those of the famous monastery of Cicco, after he had beheaded the Archimandrite, who had been robbed of his property, plate, and even of the sacred vessels. To the like confiscation he subjected various Greeks who were employed in the prominent offices of the Serai and the Mecchemi (the residence of the Mufti) and then by brute force compelled them to become Turks, to which lot were subjected also the sons of the persons executed, and others.

On the 25th of the same month of July was issued the fatal sentence that the heads of the Court officials, the two nephews of the Archbishop, and three other persons should fall. A like fate awaited the Greek merchants of Nicosia, Larnica, Leimassol &c. &c., the *Protopapas*, and the other Greek dignitaries. What more! the same was done on the 24th to the chief priest of Leimassol, and three other inhabitants of that town, and to many ecclesiastics and laymen. Daily the Governor has no other care than to bring from all parts of the island innocent and unhappy persons, that even more blood of Christians, monks and priests may be shed, making diligent enquiry about them, and keeping by him an exact note, so as to have them at his bidding. Going further still, he has reached the unparalleled cruelty of murdering, between priests and laymen, ten, fifteen and even twenty a day. If he allows one day to pass without any such victims, on the next he doubles the number, to make things even. On this fiendish plan he has already destroyed the primates, the abbots, the archpriests; and to escape death some have disguised themselves as Franks, and embarked for Genoa, for Marseille or Leghorn.

Among these were lucky indeed the bishop of Temetunda, the Archimandrite, and the Exarch of the late Archbishop Cipriano, who had their hair and beards cut, and embarked for Europe. Two others were less fortunate, who were recognised as they fled, arrested, and then beheaded, and this stirred still greater fear in the minds of those who hoped to save themselves by flight. However, as every danger is boldly faced to avoid the last of ills, so many families are prepared even undisguised to fly from the place. In short no one will remain any longer in the island; even the Franks assist people to escape, and many have fled, and others are preparing for flight, so that the island will soon be a desert. Among the Governor's many barbarities is remarkable that of destroying all the palaces of the Greek and Armenian notables, reducing them to one story, so that the survivors may dwell no longer in lofty apartments and grand houses, but in places which now present the appearance of mean huts. The Consuls and Frank merchants, in pity for the lamentable state of these many citizens, especially boys and girls, helped to hide them in their houses. Nevertheless the Governor did not cease to search for them, to try to seduce them to become Turks; to insist, now with prayers, now with threats, that the Consuls should give them up to him, declaring that if not he would go himself to surprise them in their houses. Seeing at last that the Consuls, to preserve from certain death so many unhappy creatures, would not give in to his designs, he wrote, it was said, to Constantinople, for permission to force himself for this purpose into the said consular houses. It happened too that many pregnant women, at the sad news of their husbands' cruel death, gave to the day their untimely offspring, and lay overpowered with grief. Everywhere are heard sighs, everywhere terror and alarm prevails, for the very peasants too are either burdened with taxes beyond their means, or if they cannot pay are tortured in prison with hard bonds and hunger.

In whom would it not stir pity to see the island dispeopled of the inhabitants of Greek origin, who either have been massacred, or driven to flight, or compelled to embrace the

Mahommedan rite, or overwhelmed by the terror, savagery and exactions which have left them but half alive? To so many misfortunes must be added as the crown that for many years the people cannot remember so rich a harvest of all kinds as this year: but by reason of these appalling events not one of the inhabitants has been able to enjoy it, or turn it to account. In fact no merchant is found willing to buy produce, even at the lowest prices: and you can purchase a big goat at two francs, a chilo of wheat at a franc and a half, and a chilo of barley at a franc, and so in proportion every article of food. The merchants having entrusted their wares and money to landowners who have been murdered, or pauperised by the load of taxes, or who have been stripped of their property, or are fled, are driven to bankruptcy. All the Greek churches and monasteries which were rich in money, gifts, aids, and stores of sacred vessels are now utterly bare, just as the fields are laid waste, agriculture entirely ruined, and all kind of trade and business stopped. It seems then that the Governor has vowed the destruction and extermination of the whole nation. Already the families of the Consuls of France, Naples, Russia and others, are embarked for Europe; and those of other Europeans of means, who were living here, are preparing to do the same. Only the Consuls now remain to attend to their diplomatic duties. A Neapolitan vessel bound for Leghorn has already left Cyprus, full of Greek and Frank families. Other vessels, French, Sardinian and Austrian, are being hired to transport the remaining European households, and those Greeks who can effect an escape in disguise. The island will then remain a den of wild beasts, rather than an abode of men.

POUQUEVILLE.

Monsieur F. C. H. Pouqueville published in 4 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1824, his *Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce, comprenant le précis des événements depuis 1740 jusqu'en 1824*.

The author was French Consul General at the Court of Ali Pasha at Janina, and gives a lively and incorrect account of the exploits and death of that able and unscrupulous Viceroy. An ardent Philhellene he snaps up any tale which he thinks would illustrate the savagery of the Turks, the chivalry of the French, and the perfidy of England. What he has to say about the fortunes of Cyprus is neither long nor exact ("Pouqueville is always out"—Byron, *Notes on Childe Harold*, II. 17), but the book is too often quoted to be neglected here. There is a Romaic version by X. D. Zygoura.

The remains of the prelates and other leading citizens executed in Nicosia on July 21, 22, 1821, were collected and interred within the precincts of the Phaneromene Church. When the church was restored and enlarged in 1872—3, they were removed to their present resting-place under the floor of the Sacarium, just in front of a wall tablet in the south apse.

The names thereon recorded are Cyprianos, Archbishop, Chrysanthos, Bishop of Paphos, Meletios, of Kition, Laurentios, of Kyreneia, Meletios, Archdeacon, G. Masouras, P. Oeconomides, M. Glykys, P. Pierakes, I. Antonopoulos, K. Boskos, N. Zographos, S. Solomides, S. Symeopoulos, Christodoulos Kourtellares, Joseph, abbot of Kykkos.

Cyprus had suffered towards the end of May, 1821, some fatal shocks, but its inhabitants, as soft as the names of Idalion, Paphos and Amathus, and well enough satisfied with their condition, had disarmed the suspicions of the Turks, who had yielded to the climatic influences of an island ever warmed by the gentle zephyrs. Either race nourished but the one wish for peace. The memories of childhood cherished by men brought up in the same huts, nourished often by the same milk, labourers with common interests, or shepherds like Abel, had triumphed over fanaticism. The church and the mosque bore with one another, and no ill would have befallen the island, had not the Porte, true to its plan of oppression, determined to rule with a rod of iron any land which held Christians.

The Pasha of Aleppo had received orders to raise troops destined for the military occupation of Cyprus: these man-hunters were to be posted in the midst of a prosperous and industrious community. The news had scarcely reached the island before these bands arrived, more voracious than the swarms of locusts which too often destroy the hopes of the year in the plains of Famagusta and Nicosia. Some had embarked in the Gulf of Adalia, others, drawn from Syria, at the ports of Acre and Tripoli. These last were reinforced by troops of Syrians and Arabs from the country about Palmyra, who had long been arrayed against the Wahabis. More than ten thousand men arrived together at the port of Larnaca. Christian blood began at once to flow. The bazars were pillaged, the farms near the town laid waste, their Greek inmates cut in pieces, and the few whom chance saved from the fury of the barbarians sought safety in the interior of the island. Larnaca would have been ruined but for the firmness of M. Méchain, French Consul, whose remonstrances, backed by the cannon of a transport of the Royal Navy, decided the cowardly Governor to quarter the Syrian levies in the fortresses of the island: a measure incomparably more disastrous than the damage they had already done, because they carried desolation to spots which had so far remained free from outrage and discord.

Vol. III. pp. 50—52.

In September Greek ships from Psara sailed towards Cyprus with the intention of helping their brethren, who were falling every day under the swords of the Asiatics. A frightful anarchy was ravaging this peaceful island. The conciliatory firmans extorted from Constantinople by the French Legation remained unnoticed: the guilty Vizir, who was to have been dismissed, was maintained in office when the time came for the renewal of *berats*, which occurs after Bairam. The villages were deserted, the harvest lay abandoned on the fields: the Greeks reduced to despair were on the point of revolt: the Turks of the island were getting angry: the foreign soldiers waited with impatience a signal, or the pretext of some rising, when the French transport *Lionne*, commanded by Captain Ferrand, arrived, again to save Larnaca from a ruin which seemed inevitable.

The French Consul, M. Méchain (for the least prominent agents of His Most Christian Majesty covered themselves with glory in these times of trouble), alone had faced the storm. He would doubtless have fallen, for the commandant of the town, the agha of the janissaries, and the treasurer were on the list of persons proscribed by the Pasha. Their crime was to have shown favour to the Christians, in saving some few from death. All Europeans or Franks were doomed, and Larnaca would have been given up to be sacked by the foreign soldiery. So it was again to His Majesty's navy that so many wretched beings owed their escape. History will add that from his capital Louis XVIII. watched over them, his flag gave them shelter, his charity provided for their wants: for some thousands of rations of biscuit were sent from Toulon, and placed at the disposal of Admiral Halgan, to feed a crowd of unhappy creatures, of whom famine would have swept off those who escaped from the sword of the oppressor. Charity such as this is better than the most brilliant triumph.

Vol. III. pp. 167, 168.

In October Cyprus was again given up to the horrors of anarchy. The native Turks, beguiled by the treacherous insinuations of the Syrian soldiers, reeked with the blood of their countrymen. The murders began again early in September, and if all the European Consuls distinguished themselves by their humanity, there as elsewhere it was reserved to the French Consul to surpass in courage all his colleagues.

His hour of glory arrived on October 6. The Turkish population had risen *en masse* on

receiving the news of the retirement of the Mohammedan army which had been collected on the Ionian coast, and that the Samians had landed in Asia Minor and were taking a bitter revenge. They resolved to reply by murder to the Greek successes. Mad with rage the barbarians had seized an Archbishop, five Bishops and thirty-six ecclesiastics, whom they hanged about October 15. Most of the Greeks in Larnaca and the other towns were strangled at the same time. The Europeans were in the utmost danger; a Cypriot who for thirty-six years had been recognised as honorary Consul for Spain was put to death, and several French *protégés*, and the mob rushed to the Consulate, calling on M. Méchain to give up to them a crowd of Greeks who had taken refuge under the French flag.

Urged on by the Governor against whom M. Méchain had obtained firmans—documents which are never worth much unless supported by something more weighty than the mere name of the Sultan—they had determined to carry off the refugees by force. They brought up cannon, but night fell, and the attack was deferred to the morning. Encamped round the Consulate they lay like soldiers waiting a battle, but during the night the Christians found an unexpected succour. Forty boats from Psara entered the bay; the brigands ran pell-mell to the hills; and the Greeks snatched from certain death got on board the vessels, which at once set sail. The Consul saw them disappear, without fearing the return of the barbarians who came back to the town covered with shame, never daring to reproach him with a deed which might have shed glory on the Consuls of France in the East, had not these all vied with one another to make the Bourbons blessed for ever in the countries where their name is linked with memories of the exploits of S. Louis, that king of sainted and immortal memory.

Vol. III. pp. 247—249.

The reports from abroad, submitted to the Hellenic Senate in September, 1822, spoke of Chios as strewn with the bones of its former inhabitants. Cos and Rhodes were in the hands of the Turks, who had killed a part of the population. So too in Cyprus, where sixty-two villages and hamlets had entirely disappeared. The Turks, in their familiar phrase, continued to hunt down the Christians. Many churches had been turned into mosques, others into stables; and the Pasha of Casarea, to outdo his fellows, had pushed his mad cruelty so far as to saddle and bridle the monks of S. Pantaleemon. His officers had taken a fancy to go for country rides on the backs of these wretched creatures, many of whom died of fatigue or under the whip, or were choked by the bits which were forced into their mouths by breaking their teeth. In some parts of the island the vineyards were burnt, the forest trees were cut down, and this rich island shorn of its groves left nothing to the eye but ruins and graves.

Vol. IV. pp. 181, 182.

FRANKLAND.

Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R.N., sailing from Ægina in H.M.S. "Raleigh," Capt. Dalling, reached Cyprus August 9, 1827. His *Travels to and from Constantinople* was published in 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1830. See vol. i. pp. 315—324.

August 9. In the morning we made C. Blanco in the Island of Cyprus. All the day running with a fine breeze along shore towards Larneca. We passed C. Gatto and C. Salines, and made the point Chitti about sunset. At about nine, sounded off C. Chitti in five fathoms. We anchored in the roads of Larneca, about 11 P.M. in eight fathoms. (N.B. Give C. Chitti a wide berth.)

August 10. In the morning the British Consul came on board...I went on shore in the evening with Dalling. The Marina of Larneca is a wretched place consisting of a long row of mud-built houses with flat roofs: it has a bazaar and a castle. The palm trees which are thinly scattered about the back of the town give it a very Egyptian appearance, and I am told make it very much resemble Alexandria. The Consul sent his carriage for us, to convey us to his residence at Larneca, about three-quarters of a mile from the Marina. It was an open kind of Calèche drawn by one horse, just such a one as Gil Blas and his friend Scipion went down in to Andalusia, to take possession of his quinta at Leria.

On our way out saw a few Cyprians. God only knows how this island ever attained its celebrity for beauty; for to judge of it from the specimens we saw one would have said it was the last place which Venus would have chosen in which to fix her favourite residence. I am told, however, that in the neighbourhood of Paphos (whose temple still exists) *il y a le plus beau sang possible*. The male part of the population is handsome and robust: and perhaps the laughing and wanton goddess had an eye to this circumstance. The Consular residence is spacious and cool. The old gentleman received us with much politeness and urbanity, offering us beds, &c. He has several daughters, but I in vain looked for a Haidee among them...Pipes and coffee employed the evening, and at about nightfall we returned to our bark.

August 11. All the morning at the Marina with Dalling. At noon we drove out à la Gil Blas to Larneca. We dined with the Consul, and saw several of the European Consuls—*tutti illustrissimi Signori*. I observed at dinner that the fair Consulessees had tinged their finger-nails with henna, à la Turquie. It is curious to observe how much the Greeks in their humiliation and slavery imitate their masters in their fashions and absurdities. I should have remarked that our Consul is by birth an Ionian, and that he had married a Greek Cypriote; his daughters therefore are Greek in costume, language and ideas.

I observed that in most of the houses at Larneca the ceiling of the large rooms is supported by a Gothic or rather Saracenic arch. The beams likewise rest upon such wooden projecting supports or buttresses as we see in old churches in England under the woodwork of the roof. Many of the houses have a kind of façade extending half the height of the house, of stone, and of the same order of Saracenic architecture. I think that some antiquarians trace the origin of this style of building in England back to the days of Crusaders, who are said to have found it existing in Cyprus and Palestine, and to have imported it into Europe on their return. I observed likewise several columns with such capitals and pedestals as we see in churches of the Gothic style.

There are by all accounts about 2000 troops of Mehmet Ali Pasha in Cyprus, Albanians: the whole population consists of about 25,000 souls, of which five-sixths are Greeks. The island remains in a state of uncultivation, owing to the rapacity and tyranny of the government, and is depeopling very fast. The population both Turk and Greek are represented as extremely indisposed towards the yoke of the Sultan, and as ripe for revolt upon the appearance of anything like an auxiliary force. The neighbourhood of Ali Pasha is however a formidable obstacle to the emancipation of Cyprus; and I fear that unless that tyrant should be blockaded in his port of Alexandria there is but little chance of the Cypriotes shaking the Ottoman yoke from off their shoulders.

Dalling and Elliot are purchasing Cyprus wines. The old and superior wines are rare and dear, but the ordinary sorts cheap and abundant. The Commanderia, as it is called, is one of the best sorts. The Muscat is a perfect liqueur, but is about a dollar and a half the okka. The bread of Cyprus is excellent...

August 13. I was awakened by a salute from the fort, in honour of the arrival of the Governor of Cyprus (Mutesellim) upon a visit to Mr Elliot. The weather very hot. In the evening I walked with Dalling in a cotton plantation near the beach. We enjoyed the cool sea-breeze and the splendour of an Oriental sunset upon the picturesque mountains of Cyprus exceedingly. August 14. Mr Elliot came off, having had an interview with the Mutesellim.

Aug. 16. H.M.S. Raleigh fired a royal salute upon the occasion of the rehoisting the Consular flag, which had been struck owing to some misunderstanding between the British Consul and the Governor, and indeed this misunderstanding was the cause of Mr Elliot's being sent hither by Mr Stratford Canning, with instructions to bring the Governor to his senses (backed as his representations would be by the thirty-two pounders of the Raleigh). The Turkish fort saluted likewise with twenty-one guns, the last of which, according to their custom, was shotted, throwing the ball a little ahead of the ship.

At noon Captain Dalling and myself, both in uniform, went on shore to dine with and felicitate the Consul. After dinner we all went to call upon the Mutesellim in the house of the Khoja-bashi. Our procession from the Consular residence to the Khoja-bashi's house was rather ludicrous, but appeared to produce a very grand effect upon the minds of the good inhabitants of Larneca, who all came out of doors to stare at us. I could hardly retain my gravity on witnessing the awkward attempts made by an old Turk of the Consulate, in his long scarlet robes and grey beard, to stand up behind the rickety carriage of the Consul (*à la chasseur*) with a large truncheon in his hand, as an emblem of his office and dignity. We found his Excellency seated upon his divan, and surrounded by his Albanian guards. We were ushered into his presence with considerable pomp, and invited by him to seat ourselves on his divan. He told us that we were welcome, and that he was delighted to make our acquaintance, and so forth. As usual we were regaled with pipes and coffee, after which we were each presented with conserves in little filagree cups of silver (closed at the top by a hinged cover); then followed excellent sherbet with embroidered napkins; and next we were sprinkled with rose-water, and perfumed with incense contained in filagree silver censers. His Excellency was very desirous that Captain Dalling should go over to a port in Caramania, and take under his charge a vessel, on board of which his harem was to be embarked. This unusual and extraordinary request was naturally declined. On taking our leave of the Mutesellim he requested Captain Dalling's acceptance of two casks of Commanderia wine and four bullocks.

In the evening we paid some visits of ceremony to the various Consuls and their spouses, and reembarked about eight o'clock. Two vessels arrived having been plundered by a

piratical schooner on the N.E. side of Cyprus. We read a procès-verbal, taken before the French Consul, of the treatment received by one of the passengers: it was indeed most atrocious. We hope to fall in with the pirate on our return from Beirut. We hear from Alexandria that the Egyptian fleet of eighty-nine sail had sailed for the Morea; two ships of the line, nine frigates, twenty corvettes and brigs, and forty-eight transports with four thousand troops on board.

Average height of thermometer, 82° in the shade on board. Much ophthalmia and fever at Cyprus. Exports silk, cotton, wine.

August 17. We weighed at about 2 P.M. for Beirut.

GORDON.

Thomas (General) Gordon, F.R.S., b. 1788, d. 1841, educated at Eton and Oxford, a Cornet in the Scots Greys, left the British service in 1810, and at various dates held commands among the insurgents in the Greek Revolution. "He spoke both Greek and Turkish with ease, and could even carry on a correspondence in the Turkish language. His *History of the Greek Revolution* is a work of such accuracy in detail, that it has served as one of the sources from which the principal Greek historian of the Revolution (Sp. Tricoupi) has compiled his narrative of most military operations." (Finlay, vi. 411.)

This work, published in two volumes at Edinburgh in 1832, was reviewed by T. De Quincey (*Works*, ed. Masson, vii. 279) and translated into Turkish. We extract from vol. i. pp. 192—194, so much as concerns Cyprus.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CALAMITIES OF CYPRUS.

That celebrated island, 140 miles in length and 63 in breadth, is intersected by a range of mountains, called Olympus by the ancients, terminating towards the East in a long promontory. The soil is fruitful, and although but a small part of the land is under cultivation the merchants of Larnaka nevertheless exported annually, during the late wars, many cargoes of excellent wheat to Spain and Portugal. Its population, thought in 1814 not to exceed 70,000, was daily diminishing; half were Greeks under their Metropolitan, and the remainder Turks, with the exception of a few Franks at Larnaka. A Mutesellim, appointed by the Captain Pasha, ruled the isle, and next in authority to him were the Archbishop and Dragoman (the latter a Greek nominated by the Porte), charged with the affairs of the Rayahs, and responsible for their contributions. As those functionaries played into each other's hands, no division of the Empire was more heavily taxed; and the peasants, reduced to total indigence, embraced opportunities of expatriating themselves. The most fertile and agreeable region is near the old Paphos, where flourish fine forests of oak, beech and pine with groves of olive and mulberry trees. Cyprus is renowned for the quantity of its fruit, wine, oil and silk: it abounds in oxen, sheep, fowls and game, and the natives boast that the produce of every soil and climate will not only flourish there, but attain to the highest perfection. Its trade is carried on at Larnaka, a town of 5000 souls, built on the site of Citium, at the bottom of a deep bay, making an excellent roadstead. Nicosia, the capital, is an inland and more populous city: Famagosta, on the East coast, once a strong place, is now dismantled and ruinous. The military force consisted of 300 guards of the Mutesellim and 4000 Janissaries, badly armed, and without discipline or courage. The character of the people is mild, and it is said that few instances of cruelty occurred, and that the Mussulmans lived on a very amicable footing with their Rayahs.

Separated from European Greece by a wide expanse of sea, the Cypriotes behold with a sort of indifference the commencement of the revolution, vainly flattering themselves that it would not disturb their tranquillity. But towards the end of May, certain Turks, gratifying private malice under political pretexts, assassinated some individuals, and the principal Greek merchants then fled. This transient gloom might perhaps have passed away, had not the Porte resolved to secure its dominion of the island by introducing a body of forces from the neighbouring provinces, a resolution that ruined Cyprus, but which was notwithstanding reasonable in itself. The insurgents in their vessels hovered round its shores: the native Mohammadans were unwarlike, and a plan to revolutionize it was already hatching by the Archbishop's nephews then in France. In obedience to firmans of the Sultan, the Pashas of Aleppo and St John d'Acre assembled 10,000 Syrian troops, the scum of that barbarous country, and shipped them off from Acre and Tripoli, whence their navigation was short and prosperous, the hostile cruisers having withdrawn, to cooperate in defending the Archipelago. Hardly had those vagabonds disembarked at Larnaka (in June) when they gave themselves up to every species of villainy; the remonstrances of the French consul having obliged the Mutesellim to provide for the safety of Europeans, he ordered the Syrians to march to Famagosta, but this measure only tended to spread their ravages more extensively. Seduced by their example, the Militia of the Isle joined the strangers in their career of crime; the Metropolitan, five bishops, and 36 other ecclesiastics were executed. Nicosia was sacked as well as Famagosta, and the whole of Cyprus converted into a theatre of rapine and bloodshed.

DELAROIÈRE.

M. Delaroïere, a doctor and native of Hondschoote in the French province of Flandres, accompanied M. and Madame de Lamartine in the journey to the Holy Land. They visited Cyprus towards the end of August, 1832. His *Voyage en Orient* was published in 8vo at Paris, 1836. See pp. 41—44. M. de Lamartine himself, who touched the island again in April, 1833, saw only "la carcasse d'une de ces îles enchantées où l'antiquité avait placé la scène de ses cultes les plus poétiques." (See *Voyage en Orient*, ed. Hachette, 1903, pp. 1, 18, 122 and n. 141.) M. de Chateaubriand had coasted its "low, sandy, barren shores," September 28, 1806. "Il vaut mieux," he says, "pour l'île de Chypre, s'en tenir à la poésie qu'à l'histoire." (*Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, ed. Lévy, 1903, i. 284.)

From Rhodes over calm seas we sailed to Cyprus. This Greek island, which yields in size to Candia only, in fertility to none, has fallen indeed in grandeur since the days when it was itself a kingdom. We coasted down its length, and leaving on our left the ruins of Paphos and Amathus, we landed at Larnaca, the present seat of the Government, and the residence of the foreign consuls and principal merchants.

Larnaca has nothing to show of any interest, the best houses are on the quay, the rest of the town is unworthy of notice: the chief merchants have *villas* in the interior which are said to be very pleasant. The only thing which we were expected to look at was a mosque about a league and a half away, built by some Sultana or other, which is in great repute among the Moslem as a place of pilgrimage. We went out to this shrine, which is charmingly situated near a great lake and wooded hills, but the air is very unwholesome. In a visit we paid to the Sheikh we saw the insalubrity of the place stamped on every face; the pale and leaden complexions testified to habitual fevers. A slave led us into a large square room with a view on three sides, towards the lake, the gardens, and the neighbouring hills.

A divan ran round the room, on which were seated the Sheikh and his brother the Hajji (or pilgrim, a title taken by all Musulmans who have made the journey to Mecca): both had gentle good-natured faces. Coffee, pipes and sorbets were served. Besides the divan on which we were seated the room had no other furniture than a fine closely woven mat covering the floor: on the walls and ceiling were verses of the Qoran written in Turkish. We talked a little; the Hajji told us some details of his visit to Mecca, which he made in the year in which nearly the whole caravan perished from cholera. We took our leave, apparently well pleased with one another. The Sheikh then begged me to come to his harem, to see some sick ladies. The room into which I was led was much like that in which he had received us, but the windows were closely grated, making it very dark. The lady most gravely ill lay on a divan, her face unveiled. She was about twenty or twenty-two, with a round pale face, and appeared to be prostrated with weariness and pain. The other invalid who consulted me was standing and also unveiled. She was older than the first. Both were dressed in white, two female slaves stood by the door. That look of puffiness and fever which I had observed in the men was still more evident in the women. I was impressed throughout with the sadness and monotony of their life.

After examining carefully the two invalids without speaking to them—talk would have been useless, for I could neither understand them nor they me—I retired. Outside I explained to the husband through our interpreter what they had to do. I hope my remedies were effectual, I have heard nothing more of the ladies.

The next day the Sheikh came to return M. de Lamartine's visit. This single fact is enough to show how manners have changed in this country, since a Turk, who was also a priest, dared in the daytime to return a visit and enter a Christian's house by way of compliment. Fifty years ago the thing could not have happened. The island then is getting civilized; but will it be happier or stronger than when its faith was alive, and the manners in conformity with that faith? I cannot say, but now that it has lost what made its strength it must change still more or perish.

We embarked at Larnaca for the last time before we reached the continent of Asia; my longings grew warmer as I approached that Holy Land, and my eyes never left the heights of the Lebanon which now came into view. We left Cyprus with joy, and after a four days' sail, now over a smooth sea, now with a light breeze, we reached Beirut.

ENGEL.

We may see Cyprianos' account of Cyprus under the Ottoman flag summarised and supplemented in the last section (pp. 768—773) of the first volume of *Kypros, Eine Monographie*, von Willi. H. Engel, Berlin, bei G. Reimer, 1841, a weighty but irritating book, which has no table of contents, no head-lines, and only one meagre index of names of persons.

While Engel was still writing, the Sublime Porte was preparing a fresh surprise for the long-suffering Cypriots. Lord Malmesbury (*Memoirs*, i. 125) under date of October 5, 1840, writes: "It is reported that the terms offered by the Sultan to the leaders of Mehemet Ali are as follows:—To Soliman Pasha (Colonel Selves) and his son the island of Cyprus for inheritance as a Pashalik; to Mahmud Pasha the Pashalik of Tripoli...but that they have all refused, and acquainted Mehemet with the proposals made to them."

Suleiman Pasha was one Octave Joseph Anthelme Sèves, a Frenchman of obscure origin, who was born about April 1, 1787, and died March 12, 1860. There is a life of him by A. Vingtrinier, 8vo, Paris, 1886.

CYPRUS UNDER TURKISH RULE.

The island, after its capture, was administered in all respects as a Turkish province. It was divided into sixteen Qaziliqs, and the Chief Judge or Molla had his seat in Nicosia. Cyprus forms by itself a Pashalik, but is under the special charge of the Qapudan Pasha. When the Turks took the island it was so thinly peopled that 80,000 males only were found who paid the Kharaj, and in Mariti's day, 1760, these had dwindled to 12,000. For a long succession of years it was governed by a Pasha. The revenues of the island, whose dedication to Mecca and Medina by the Circassian Sultana was one of the pretexts of the war, and which the Jew Miquez hoped to secure for himself, were assigned for the maintenance of the Grand Vazir, though in later times diverted in great part to the use of the Valide Sultan for the time being; so that the island of Aphrodite, which had been given by Roman Emperors as pen-money to the Egyptian Queens Arsinoe and Cleopatra, again fell as an appanage to women.

We ought to mention a remarkable, or rather curious, fancy of Carlo Emmanuele I., Duke of Savoy, who in 1601 took it into his head to renew his old claims to the Cyprian crown. His son, Vittore Amadeo I., also styled himself King of Cyprus. To this end Carlo Emmanuele entered into relations with the Christian Cypriots, but hesitated about taking any decisive step. It was an easy matter for the Turks to put down a movement so inspired, and the Archbishop of Nicosia, who was taking the chief part in it, took flight. In 1630 Henri, Duc de Rohan, made to the Sultan the remarkable proposal to buy the island, and set up in it a kingdom which should be a refuge for all persecuted Protestants. Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, took especial interest in the matter, and the Porte was not indisposed to cede him the country for a capital sum of 200,000 dollars, and a yearly tribute of 30,000. Into such straits was the island fallen, that even the maintenance of a Pasha's establishment was already too sore a tax. There are however many reasons for doubting the truth of these stories. But the Patriarch's zeal in the matter cost him in 1638 his life.

In 1720 Cyprus ceased to be a separate government, and was handed over to the Grand Vazir. He had married the Sultan's daughter, and it was given to her as her dowry. In 1745 it was again raised to a government, and granted to the Master of the Horse, Abdullah Bey, a Pasha of three tails, on condition of putting the fortresses and feudal cavalry on a war footing. The Grand Vazir was otherwise indemnified for the 122,000 piastres which he drew yearly from Cyprus as pocket-money. This arrangement lasted until 1748, when it was again declared a crown-colony, and assigned to the Grand Vazir. This officer let the country to

the highest bidder, who was sent thither with full powers under a Khatti Sherif from the Sultan. Such governors harassed the people with exactions of all kinds and unjust taxes, enough to reimburse themselves after one year of office. This system lasted for a long period, and greatly weakened the island. Nowhere in the Ottoman Empire was the taxation so oppressive: it reached here 200 piastres a head. Repeated insurrections, which were repressed almost as soon as they broke out, were the consequences. In 1764 a revolt occurred. As soon as Chil Osman Agha entered on his post he issued an order compelling the payment by each Christian subject of 44½ piastres, and by each Turk of half that sum. Within five months he had extorted 350,000 piastres over and above the legal assessment. A special mission was despatched to Constantinople, and the governor received the order not to demand the half. The treachery of Chil Osman, who plotted to murder all the bishops and leading men in his own house, was avenged: the people murdered him. The revolt continued under his successor. Khalil Agha put himself at the head of the malcontents, and prolonged the contest, which ended with the capture and execution of himself and many others in 1766.

This last disturbance occurred just at the time of the first movements which stirred the Greek-speaking countries, widely divided from one another, to shake off the Turkish yoke: particularly in the islands, where the Greek race had kept itself purest. In these Cyprus, whose circumstances were not so favourable to a rapid development, took no part. So too in the new insurrection and actual war of liberation we find the Cypriot Greeks were not active. The reason may partly lie in the stronger pressure, and more extended power which the Turks could exercise in the island, and which they were bound to keep in constant readiness in so valuable and important a post: partly in the fact that the minds of the islanders were so dulled that no really inspired passion for freedom could touch their feelings. Also Cyprus lay always at a distance from the centre of the movement.

On the other hand Cyprus comes into notice in another contest, though here too it plays but a passive part. The conditions under which countries achieve a political importance and independence of their own remain the same in every age, since what natural position and circumstances ask and offer cannot be entirely and durably replaced by human expedients. When the Ptolemys wanted to found in Egypt a first-class state, the possession of Syria and Cyprus was an indispensable condition. To this end strove the Arabian conquerors of Egypt; and Mohammad Ali, the founder of the latest Egyptian kingdom, holds the possession of these countries also a necessity, without which he cannot assure the independence and stability of his realm. Without these countries Egypt cannot have a fleet: without a fleet it is continually open to attack. Crete would rather dispense with this connection, and the island will more justly be joined to Greece, to which the wishes of its inhabitants point, to round off that power. Mohammad Ali could not be content to found in Egypt a subordinate state, and insisted, after his victories over the Porte in the summer of 1832, on including in the conditions of peace the cession of Egypt, Syria, Crete and Cyprus as well. But the Porte offered to leave the two islands in pawn to England as the price of negotiating peace. England indeed declined to intervene, but the Viceroy of Egypt was nevertheless obliged, in the peace concluded through the mediation of Russia on May 5, 1833, to abandon his claims on Cyprus, though he kept Crete. An exchange might have suited him better, but he was perhaps satisfied with the hope that the possession of Cyprus also could not much longer escape him, and at a cheaper price. But more than Mohammad Ali lost by the exchange of Cyprus for Crete, the Greeks lost by the entire alienation of the latter island. All shows that the calculations of the Porte were wise; and the Turks will keep Cyprus to the last. Many educated and respectable Cypriots emigrated upon the erection of the new Greek kingdom, and like so many Greeks

from other parts of the Turkish Empire, sought and obtained positions under the young king. Among the important innovations introduced in the last few years into the Ottoman Empire with a view of maintaining its integrity, and especially among those which it owes to the activity and intelligence of Rashid Pasha, we must mention a re-organisation of Cyprus. Yet this must be only an experiment which the Turkish Government is making there: particulars are wanting.

What the future has in store for Cyprus can as little be guessed as what kind of future lies before the Ottoman Empire (so near its dissolution) generally. Rumours have been heard lately in France affirming that its King would, if needs were, content himself in the general repartition of Turkey with the possession of Cyprus. His influence in the east would thereby at least be sufficiently secured. But whatever happens, one thing is certain, under the new sun which appears to be rising in the east, Cyprus too will spring to new life and prosper, and its immense importance be made manifest. It will acquire a substantial influence, not as an independent state, but as a prop of supremacy in the Eastern end of the Mediterranean, let that fall as it may to the Egyptian, to a new Asiatic, or to the newly founded Hellenic kingdom—the last alternative, I think, being the most to be desired.

LACROIX.

Louis Lacroix, in his *Îles de la Grèce (Univers Pittoresque, vol. xxxviii.)*, 8vo, Paris, 1853, relates the same events from a rather different point of view. We translate from pp. 82, 83. He uses the accounts of Count de Mas Latrie, *Nicosie, ses souvenirs et sa situation présente*, two articles in the *Correspondant*, June 25 and August 10, 1847, and of Pouqueville, *Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce*, iv. So much of Lacroix's work as relates to Cyprus was translated into Romaic by the late Const. A. Vondiziano, Athens, 1877. In 1821 the Consuls of England, France and Russia, were MM. Ant. Vondiziano, Méchain and C. Peristiani. M. Calimeri was Consul for the Two Sicilies. We have corrected the obvious misprint July 21, 1823, for July 9, 1821.

The Greek clergy had preserved in Cyprus an influence which was only impaired by the serious troubles which, at the beginning of this century, affected all the countries inhabited by people of Hellenic race. The Archbishop of Nicosia, who had the title of *ri'aya-ekili*, as representing the Christian subjects of the Porte, had annexed pretty well the whole administrative authority, and not only had made himself independent of the *Muhassils*, but generally determined on their appointment and recall. From his palace the Archbishop administered the whole island, filled up the offices in every district, assessed the amount of the annual contributions, sent the sums for which the island was farmed out to the Grand Vezir, or the Imperial Treasury. Certain privileges, purposely granted, attached the Turkish Aghas to the support of his authority, and all the inhabitants, Turks and Greeks alike, looked upon him as the real Governor, and grew accustomed to take no notice of the *Muhassil*. The supreme power of the Archbishops of Nicosia reached its height during the reigns of Selim III. and Mustafa IV., the immediate predecessors of Sultan Mahmud II., and was unshaken until the beginning of the nineteenth century, in 1804, saw an insurrectionary movement of the Turks, the prelude of the bloody catastrophe which was to extinguish it. The Turks settled in Cyprus were deeply hurt at seeing themselves fallen under the rule of men whom of old they had conquered. The Turkish population of Nicosia and the adjoining villages, stirred by a rumour, true or false, of an insufficiency in the food-stuffs necessary for the victualling of the island, rose against the ecclesiastical authority, in whose hands all

power rested, and for a while was master of the capital. The arrival of two Pashas from Asia Minor with a fair show of troops, the intervention, which always had its weight, of the Consuls of France, England and Russia, MM. Regnault, Peristiani and Calimeri, stilled this passing ferment, and things appeared to resume their accustomed course. But the intrigues of the chief Turks against the Greek headmen did not sleep, and ended in 1821 in a bloody *coup d'état*, which put an end to the administration of the *Muhassils*, overturned the authority of the Greek clergy, and restored the government to the Pashas.

Kyprianos was then Archbishop of Cyprus, and the government of the island had been since 1820 in the hands of Kuchuk Mehmed, a man of imperious and dissembling temper, whom the Captan Pasha had chosen purposely to destroy the influence of the Greek Primate. Circumstances soon favoured the execution of his plan. The first insurrectionary movements in Moldavia and Peloponnesus, which had burst a little after the arrival of Kuchuk Mehmed in Cyprus, while they inspired the Ottoman Government with the liveliest fear, sanctioned every measure which its agents could adopt to keep in check their Christian subjects in the provinces which had not risen. Now the Greeks of Cyprus had remained entirely aloof from the national movement which had stirred the other islands and the Greek mainland. "It was not they who were crying out against tyranny, and thought of taking up arms: it was the Turks, who were impatient of the bondage in which the bishops had kept them for fifty years past: it was for them that reaction and liberation were on foot." In fact Kuchuk Mehmed under pretext of keeping down the Greek population, which only wanted to remain quiet, and in reality to snatch back the reins of power, brought over from the mountains of the Anti Libanus bands of Arabs, Bedouins and Ansariya brigands, and scattered them about the island. The Greeks, terror-struck, allowed themselves to be disarmed to avoid all excuse for suspicion. The Archbishop Kyprianos protests his love of peace, his submission to the government of the Grand Signor. Kuchuk Mehmed persists in inventing a plot, persuades the Grand Vezir of its reality: he, being perhaps a party to the stratagem, allows the Governor to make an example by the severe punishment of the leaders. Free to act, Kuchuk Mehmed on July 9, 1821, orders the arrest of the Archbishop and the other three bishops. They were taken to the Serai, and were scarcely inside before they were murdered by the janissaries. The Greek notables, who were summoned later, before the news of the slaughter of the prelates had spread, met the same fate. The gates of the palace were then opened, and the bleeding corpses thrown into the square. This was the signal for a general massacre. The convent of Phaneromene was at once occupied, and the priests strangled. I was told, says M. de Mas Latrie, that before killing them the Turks, with a wild refinement of vengeance, saddled the priests as they would their horses, breaking their teeth to force the bits into their mouths, and making them caper under their spurs. The Greek houses were given over to pillage, massacres began again in all the districts of the island, and confiscation followed massacre. For six months universal terror reigned among the Greek population. The peasants fled to the woods, or Caramania: the notables, the priests and Greeks of means, who had escaped the janissaries, took refuge at Larnaca, under the protection of the European Consuls. Most of them crossed over to Italy or France, and there are few Greek families in whom the names of Marseille or Venice do not still, even now that more than twenty years have passed since their return to the island, awake tender feelings of gratitude.

So fell upon Cyprus the terrible counterblow of the revolution which freed the mainland of Greece and the Cyclades, but renewed all the rigours of Musulman rule for the provinces doomed to remain enslaved.

TRICOUPI.

Spyridon Tricoupi, in his well-known *History of the Greek Revolution*, gives a brief and sober account of the events which, much against the wishes of the Christian inhabitants, involved Cyprus in some of the most untoward results of the rising in Greece. We translate from vol. i. (2nd edition, 8vo, London, 1860), pp. 254—257.

At the date of the revolution, Cyprus had 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 were Turks, and the rest, omitting some few Jews, were Christians. Levcosia, the capital of the island, had 10,000 Turks and 5000 Christians. There resided the *Muteselim* of the island, the *Alay-bey*, the *Yenicheri-agma*, the *Mufti*, the members of the Administrative Council, and His Beatitude the Archbishop. The three other bishops of Paphos, Citium and Kyrenia lived in their several districts.

At the outbreak of the revolution the Porte ordered the Pasha of Acre to send over troops to Cyprus, and at the same time gave full authority to the *Muteselim* to kill as many of the Christians as he thought worth killing.

On receiving these commands the then *Muteselim* Kuchuk Mehmed communicated them to the local Turks in a secret assembly. These were willing enough to indulge their hatred against the Christians, and so ensure, as they thought, their own interests and lives. The forethought of the government they praised as their salvation, and gave it as their opinion that fully to secure the peace of the island, not only, as the *Muteselim* proposed, the four prelates and a few other prominent Christians must be sacrificed, but all those whose wealth or education gave them influence among their fellows, and who could excite a general revolt. They then drew up a long list of persons to be proscribed, including doubtless all whom individually they hated, or whose property they desired to annex at a trifling cost. The *Muteselim* found the number excessive, and thought the slaughter of many among them who were persons of no account unprofitable. But the Turks, seeing him hesitate, threatened to hold him responsible if the island through his clemency revolted. During the protracted discussion about the quantity and quality of the victims, the Archimandrite Theophylactos Theseus, a Cypriot, anchored off the island, and without landing distributed letters and proclamations inviting to revolution. The latter fell into the hands of the *Muteselim*, and helped to persuade him to carry out the order of his government, and the wishes of the local aghas. But fearing lest the slaughter of so many and so distinguished persons should provoke a tumult, he deferred its execution until the expected reinforcements came.

On May 3, 1821, four thousand soldiers arrived, and forthwith the *Muteselim* summoned to Levcosia the bishops and other notables under the pretext that as their fellow-Christians elsewhere had risen in arms it was necessary for their safety, as being loyal, to send a common memorial to the Porte, assuring the Sultan of their unshaken fidelity and attachment to his throne. He added that he would confirm their statements in reports of his own. Many believed him, and went to Levcosia. Some, more knowing than the rest, suspected a trick and fled to Larnaca, a town of 6000 inhabitants mostly Christians, and were concealed in the consulates. Such of the notables of Larnaca and Lemisos as did not take the precaution of hiding themselves were arrested as they came out of the churches, and were sent bound to Levcosia. The *Muteselim*, having collected as many as he could in the capital, threw off the mask, and made his bloody purpose plain, although the unhappy Christians had given him no excuse.

On July 9 the officials brought out into the square in front of the Governor's palace the Archbishop Cyprianos and the three other bishops. The first they hanged on a tree opposite the gates of the palace, the others they beheaded. With them were beheaded some of the Christian notables, and the bodies of all were left lying on the ground for some days. During a space of thirty days after they ceased not to massacre, and often to hack off the limbs of living victims. Two hundred of the leading inhabitants of the towns and villages were sacrificed: those who fled were almost the only ones saved. The property of the slain and the fugitives alike was confiscated and sold. In those terrible days the consuls showed the greatest humanity, especially the French Consul Méchain, offering from the first the consulates as refuges for the proscribed, and afterward sending them out of the island in European vessels.

PHILEMON.

Our next extract, translated from Ioannes Philemon, *Δοκίμιον Ἱστορικὸν περὶ τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς Ἐπαναστάσεως*, vol. III. pp. 258—262, 8vo, Athens, 1860, gives a more florid version of the same catastrophe. Unfortunately it is not supported by references to the documents or other sources from which it is derived. It would be interesting to know how in 1860 the writer obtained detailed information as to the counsels and correspondence of Kuchuk Mehmed; especially in Cyprus, where still it is not easy to gather from eye-witnesses a faithful account of what happened the day before yesterday.

Philippos Georgiou, in his *Notices of the Church of Cyprus*, 1875, pp. 120—121, observes that the numbers of the victims must be reduced by a half; that only one or two families were sold into slavery, and that a great part of the valuables taken from the monasteries and churches was sent back to the new Archbishop Ioakim, who kept them to distribute as bribes or presents to the magnates of the day.

The *History of the Greek Nation* by K. Paparregopoulos, 6 vols. 8vo, Athens, 1860, does not notice the massacre. Geo. Finlay (*A History of Greece*, 7 vols. 8vo, Oxford, 1877) dismisses it in a line. VI. 191.

The next to share in the disasters of Smyrna was the important island of Cyprus, inhabited by 80,000 Greeks and scarcely 20,000 Turks. Cyprus, which in ancient days was rich, flourishing and populous by reason of its great fertility, and abundance of metals, now full of the ruins of cities destroyed in various ways, and almost barren by reason of the tyranny which had wasted its population, excited no suspicion of revolutionary tendencies. First, because its Greek inhabitants, though four times as many as the Turks, were unarmed, downtrodden and absolutely innocent of insurrectionary ideas or manœuvres, and had neither ships nor soldiers trained and fit for service; secondly, because the surprising sparseness with which the population was scattered over a country whose circumference is reckoned at 420 stadia interposed an insuperable obstacle to any common understanding; and thirdly, because the island lay at no great distance from Egypt, and opposite to the shores of Syria and Cilicia, where Islam ruled in strength. Nevertheless, though such was the condition of the country, the Sultan not only gave orders to the Governor of Acre to send a force to check any revolutionary movement on the part of the Greek Cypriots, but left the Governor of Cyprus free to kill at once as many of them as he thought worth killing, as we shall see below.

Conformably with the general measure enjoining the disarmament of the Greek rayahs, a special order of the Turkish government was sent to Cyprus ordering the disarming of the Christians of the island, thus worded in very conciliatory terms:—"Although, upon examination of our archives, we nowhere find that from the date when this island fell under

our sway its Christian inhabitants have been guilty of the least disloyalty to our government, but, on the contrary, on certain occasions when the Turks revolted, the Christians have joined our victorious forces, and given willing help in routing and reducing the rebels: nevertheless, to carry out our decree for the disarming of all the Christians in our dominions, we command that it be enforced in Cyprus also."

In accordance with this rescript special orders and officers were despatched to all the districts of the island, who carried out the disarmament without opposition or difficulty. But as soon as the troops from Syria and Palestine, about four thousand men, were landed on May 3, there began, in pursuance of a pre-arranged plan, denunciations of persons, communities and monasteries, for hiding arms and munitions of war, for acting in concert with the rebels, and for waiting only the appearance of vessels from Hydra and Petsai to rouse the whole island to arms. On these followed enquiries of all kinds, prosecutions and imprisonments without number. No concealed store of arms or munitions was, however, discovered, and no understanding with the islands which had manned a fleet.

Yet for all this the *Muteselim* of the island, Kuchuk Mehmed, acting chiefly on the advice of his dear friend Georges Lapierre, of a family belonging to Syros, the interpreter of the French Consulate, thought the circumstances propitious to the acquisition of a fortune, if he could only make victims of the principal persons in the country. He reported to the Porte the peaceable disarmament of the Christians, but at the same time submitted a list of 486 names, including the Archbishop of Cyprus, the three metropolitans, the abbots and officers of all the monasteries, the principal clerics and all the leading citizens in every district of the island. He pointed out that the disarmament would be useless as long as these persons remained alive, seeing that they had wealth and influence, and wide relations with Europe and the islands which were manning the rebel fleet, and so could easily procure all kinds of arms and stores from abroad, call up ships when they liked, and raise the whole island in revolt.

In reply the Porte curtly ordered the slaughter of all the proscribed persons, the confiscation of their personal and landed property, as well as the enslavement of their wives and children, with the exception of those who embraced Islam. Armed with this authority Kuchuk Mehmed considered (always in concert with Lapierre) how he should proceed to the arrest of so many individuals, since most of them lived away from the capital Levkosia, and were scattered over several districts. This fact led him to suspect that in their despair the notables might raise a general revolt throughout the island, of which he feared the consequences. And notwithstanding the presence and support of the force from Syria and Palestine he desired to make accomplices of the local aghas, and summoning them to a private council he affected leniency in the matter of so many death warrants. "For the safety of the island," he said, "I consider the execution of the Archbishop, the bishops and the most prominent citizens sufficient." But these degraded and brutal aghas pressed for the whole list, and for yet a longer one, declaring that it was necessary to slay everyone, even of the lower ranks of the population, who had wealth, education, or influence of any kind which could make him suspect. Of course they too thought this the most fitting opportunity to buy up at a low rate the confiscated property of their victims. With cruel craft the *Muteselim* insisted on the uselessness of so general a massacre, as likely to excite an armed insurrection in the island, but the aghas all the more threatened him as incurring a grave responsibility towards the Sultan who had given the order.

Thus Kuchuk Mehmed appeared to sanction the slaughter of all the proscribed persons, while he threw back on the aghas the responsibility for any armed resistance which might

follow. He published at once an order, which was circulated in all the towns, villages and hamlets, announcing that the Sultan had observed with very great satisfaction the readiness of the rayahs to surrender their arms, and had given the strictest orders that such faithful subjects should receive from the local authorities every protection for their lives, their honour and their property. At the same time he threatened with the heaviest penalties anyone who should dare to injure or annoy anyone of these loyal Christians. After its publication he even took care to punish a few Turks for some trifling offences against the Christians, so as to remove any suspicion of the truth of his written promises. A little later he summoned to the capital the prelates, abbots and notables, on the pretence of sending to the Porte a general memorial, offering thanks for the gracious intentions of the sovereign towards the rayahs, and assuring him of their unshaken loyalty and submission.

About the beginning of June those who usually took part in such conferences assembled at Nicosia, and after this wily fashion the *Muteselim* misled them all. Many of those whose names were set down among the proscribed were missing, because they were living retired lives, and could not have been summoned without exciting suspicion. Wherefore on a given day, Sunday, June 12, officers sent by Kuchuk Mehmed came to the place where each dwelt, and forcibly arrested them all, catching them as they left their churches after the early celebration of the Holy Mysteries. Their houses, stores and places of business were sealed until further orders: their wives and children were turned out into the streets in the last extremity of penury and distress, and the men themselves were carried off bound to Levcosia. Sixteen only escaped arrest in various ways, while four hundred and seventy of the proscribed were thrown into prison. The principal Turks residing in the capital were convoked by the *Muteselim*, and to give an air of regularity to the business, the Sultan's decree was read, and its execution ordered.

The city of Levcosia was thus destined to be turned into a human slaughter-house. On the first day, in the square in front of the Serai, the Archbishop Cyprianos was hanged, the three bishops of Paphos, Citium and Kyrenia, with the other higher clerics, were beheaded: their bodies being exposed with the head of each on his back. On the day following all the rest were beheaded, with the exception of thirty-six, men of inferior rank, who through weakness of character forswore their faith. The barbarians not only slew but hewed in pieces many of the victims. Of Cypriots of any position those only survived who were concealed, and escaped from the island, through the kindly help of certain consuls, especially the French consul Méchain. The personal and landed property of all the victims, the sacred vessels of the monasteries, and their precious ornaments of silver and gold were confiscated to the Porte, and were sold by auction to swell the wealth of those who had contrived the seizure, while the lands and houses passed into the possession of the local aghas. Their every wish was thus fulfilled. Lapierre, who had been the chief cause of the slaughter of so many innocent persons, failed not of a rich reward. Especially on those two ghastly days of June this Christian in name was seen walking about with that Musalman in deed Kuchuk Mehmed in the part of the palace which looked on the square, where, as I have said, the executions took place, and whence the groans of so many victims could be heard.

After the massacre, and the confiscation of the property not only of the slain, but of the sixteen who escaped, to complete the savage orders of the barbarous Governor, followed the arrest and enslavement of the women and children. This last measure however was only very partially effected, thanks to the intervention of the Christians who were called to the offices left vacant by the murdered notables, and to the payment of a million (of piastres?) collected by a poll tax on all the male inhabitants of the island. Such was the reward of the submission and obedience of the Christians of Cyprus to the Turkish Sultan.

GERVINUS.

We translate another brief account of the same events from the *Insurrection et Régénération de la Grèce*, by G. G. Gervinus, Professor at Heidelberg. Traduction Française. 8vo, Paris, 1863. Vol. I. 282, 3.

At the same time as, or a little after, the massacre at Smyrna, the large islands of Cyprus and Crete were visited with the same troubles. Situated at a distance from the theatre of the insurrection, with scarcely any knowledge of the Hetairia, without arms and without hope of help from their neighbours, the Christians of both islands had no more passionate wish than to keep out of reach of the meddling of their fellows, and the molestation of their masters. The Cretan priests exhorted their flocks in all sincerity not to mix themselves up with the disastrous enterprises of the insurgents. But in neither island could submission avail to avert misfortune. At the beginning of the revolution the Porte had sent over some troops to Cyprus, giving the *Muteselim* full power to deal with the leading Christians as he might think necessary in the interests of the public safety. The aghas, to whom these orders had been communicated in a secret meeting, presented a list of persons for proscription, according to which the Archbishop, the bishops and all the notables and wealthy Christians, whom they wished to sacrifice to their personal hatred or to their greed, were to be put to death. The *Muteselim* hesitated, but when they made him responsible for his clemency, and especially when letters and proclamations inviting the inhabitants to revolt, distributed in the island by the Archimandrite Theseus, were intercepted, he agreed to follow their advice, as soon as the reinforcements which he expected from S. Jean d'Acre and Tripoli should arrive. He then summoned all the rich Greeks to come to Levcosia, the capital of the island. Many of them came; others, mistrusting the Governor, fled to their fellow-Christians at Larnica, where they hid themselves in the retreats offered by the consulates. Then the *Muteselim* threw off the mask. The Archbishop was hanged, the three bishops beheaded, and two hundred notables were condemned to death or slavery. This butchery—the victims were often hacked to pieces—lasted not less than thirty days. Here again the foreign consuls did excellent service, especially the French Consul Méchain, by protecting the Greeks who were pursued, and, as far as they could, securing their escape over sea. The French Admiral Halgan helped the starving fugitives, distributing among them many thousand rations of biscuits which he received from Toulon.

BERAT.

The last *Berat*, or Charter, issued by the Sublime Porte to an Archbishop of Cyprus, the last, we may believe, which will ever be issued, is a document of some historical interest.

We translate from the Romaic version given on pp. 136—143 of the *Εἰδήσεις Ἱστορικαὶ* of Philippos Georgiou, 8vo, Athens, 1874, modifying or explaining here and there a word or phrase by the light of a more summary English translation made directly from the Turkish original. The beginning of the month Shawwal, Anno Hegiræ 1282, would fall between February 17 and 26, Anno Domini 1866, the fifth year of the reign of Sultan Abdul Aziz.

Archbishop Sophronios died at Nicosia on Tuesday, May 22, 1900, æt. 75. He was a native of Phini, in the district of Limasol.

A copy (Romaic) of a *Berat* granted 8 Rejeb, 1251 (Oct. 30, 1835), to a Patriarch of Constantinople, will be found in pp. 258—272 of vol. I. of the *Memoirs of the Patriarch Gregory V.*, by G. G. Pappadopoulos, 8vo, Athens, 1865, and another in *Ὁρθόδοξοι Κώδικες*, vol. III. 2739—dated October, 1860. The first such *Berat* was given in 1750 to the Patriarch Samuel Hanjeri. The imperial sanction had been previously conveyed by a *firman*.

IMPERIAL BERAT ISSUED TO HIS BEATITUDE SOPHRONIOS, ARCHBISHOP OF CYPRUS,
AFTER HIS PROCLAMATION IN 1865.

Seeing that, in consequence of the news of the death of the monk Macarios, Archbishop of the island of Cyprus, &c., which was recently announced, it was necessary that another should be chosen in his room, and as, by the common voice and assent, there has been elected the bearer of this our imperial *Berat* (may the strength of this Christian Primate be established!) the monk Sophronios (may his dignity be prolonged!) WE, having received news of this by a memorial (*Mahzar*) signed by all the deputies appointed to this end by the rayahs of Cyprus, who have humbly tendered their report, as well as by notice received in a resolution (*Mazbata*) of the common council of the said island, after the archives had been searched, and it was found that there really stood recorded a grant of the Archbishopric of the island to the aforementioned monk deceased, and having obtained the necessary assurance and report that the customary douceur of one hundred thousand aspers has been paid in cash to the proper office, as it was agreed, and was laid down in the original *firman*, WE give this our imperial *Berat*, and WE command

I. That the said monk Sophronios do take up the said Archbishopric of Cyprus, &c. according to the custom existing *ab antiquo*.

II. That the several metropolitans, bishops, abbots, priests, nuns, and other Christians who are under his jurisdiction, according to the custom prevailing *ab antiquo*, and the duty imposed upon them by their religion, do acknowledge him as Archbishop, and do not show themselves reprehensibly negligent in offering their dutiful obedience.

III. That he be obstructed by nonesoever in the duties of his Archbishopric, and that no one encroach on the same, or molest him.

IV. That no one, without our exalted command, snatch from his hands the churches and monasteries which have been *ab antiquo* in the possession of the Archbishops.

V. That no one interfere in their repair, when this is carried out on the old lines, with the sanction of the courts, and under our exalted *firman*.

VI. That without a petition duly sealed by the Archbishop for the time being, the place of a metropolitan or bishop may never be conferred on anyone: nor may anyone be allowed to exercise any such functions or authority.

VII. When a Christian desires to be married or divorced according to the canons of his religion, the Archbishop, or his deputies by my exalted command, or by a simple letter of his, shall do their part, and no one else shall interfere or take part therein.

VIII. Whatever any monk or other Christian may at his death bequeath, and dedicate according to the customs of their religion, to the poor of their churches, or to the Archbishop, it shall be allowed, after the hearing of Christian witnesses in a court, according to their religion.

IX. When any of the metropolitans, bishops, abbots, priests and others, monks and the like, are proved guilty of crimes and offences contrary to their religion, let them be punished according to the customs of their religion (but without change in kind or degree in the punishment assigned by the penal code) so that they may repent and declare that they will never again fall into such error: and let no one else interfere in matters of this kind.

X. If any of the priests, or of the Archbishop's own deputies, shall perform a marriage contrary to the rules of their religion, without his license and consent, such a one shall receive his punishment through a court.

XI. When it is expedient, according to the canons of their faith, that any metropolitan, bishop, priest, monk or abbot shall be deposed, and replaced in a suitable manner, the said Archbishop shall, according to their canons, dismiss him. And in order to instal in their places worthy monks, and appoint them metropolitans and bishops, he must refer the matter to our capital in a petition. And when the usual and prescribed *douceurs* have been paid to the treasury, there should be delivered to them the *Berats* recognising the appointments, and our necessary sacred orders.

XII. From whomsoever, and from what place soever, the said Archbishop has to receive the revenues of his see, exacted *ab antiquo*, and under this *Berat*, whether from metropolitans, bishops, monks, abbots, or other Christians, let the Qazis for the time being give their help, and cause them to be paid to the agents sent specially for their collection, and furnished with our sacred order, or a letter from himself.

XIII. Money given in charity by Christians according to their *ab antiquo* customs, and the canonical dues from holy wells, monasteries and marriage licenses, and likewise the other casual revenues of the Archbishopric, so far as allowed by ancient custom and the purport of his *Berat*, shall be paid to the said Archbishop without objection or delay.

XIV. If any monks, given to worldly cares in contravention of the rules of their order, stray about where they will, and intrude within the limits of his jurisdiction, let the Archbishop send all such back to the monasteries in which they originally resided.

XV. When they propose to pass through any dangerous region, they may, in order to make the journey in greater ease, wear the dress of laymen. And in times of necessity, when they carry arms for the safety of their lives, and the avoiding of danger, they shall in no wise be harassed by the Miri-Miran (Provincial Governors) and Miri-Liwa (Generals of Brigade) and other authorities.

XVI. No one may make a Christian a Musalman, when the person himself is unwilling.

XVII. When anyone of the metropolitans under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Cyprus for the time being proposes to journey to our capital, to see after his own private affairs, let this be arranged through the said Archbishop, and let no one else hinder him.

XVIII. When any of the metropolitans and bishops owe canonical dues, and have no money to pay them, and in the place of money offer stuffs and clothing, which are to be reckoned in lieu of their canonical dues, the overseers and agents at the several stations and customs' wharfs, and all persons without exception, shall not harass his servants and agents employed in transporting such goods for the payment of any tax or duty whatsoever.

XIX. The overseers of customs and octroi and their chiefs, and all persons soever, are forbidden to make the smallest demand upon those who transport the fruit of as many vineyards as the said Archbishop may cultivate for his own use, and such produce as *ab antiquo* the Christians have been accustomed to offer, as wine, oil, honey and the like.

XX. All the *waqf* possessions of the churches which are under the Archbishop's jurisdiction, vineyards, gardens, farms, fields, pastures, fairs, holy wells, mills, flocks and other ecclesiastical property, are entirely under the lordship and control of the said Archbishop, and no one else may interfere with them.

XXI. When an enquiry has been made by the Pashas, Qazis and Naibs, and a petition has reached us against a metropolitan, or bishop of a district, touching his bad conduct and behaviour, and praying that he may be deposed or banished, effect shall not be given it until the very truth of the matter has been ascertained: and even though our exalted *firman*, however procured, has been issued on the subject, yet nevertheless it shall have no force.

XXII. And if by some intrigue a sacred order has been issued on behalf of our government, and has reached the place to which it was addressed, in order that it be of no effect, let them write to our imperial government to announce the affair, and put an end to it.

XXIII. If any Christians during their lifetime dedicate to the Archbishop, the metropolitans and bishops, any small objects, or again, according to their religious customs, do so by word of mouth or in intention, after their deaths these shall be recovered from their heirs through a court.

XXIV. In the collection of dues in general, canonical and customary, whether it be much or little, in proportion to the status of each church, by the metropolitans or bishops or their duly appointed agents, no hindrance shall be offered by anyone.

XXV. When a dispute arises between two Christians concerning marriage or divorce, and other matters, let him reconcile the parties through their mutual concessions.

XXVI. When according to their religious uses they put a man on his oath, or punish him with excommunication (as they term this penalty), the judicial authorities shall in no way interfere, or trouble them, or cause them to suffer any loss or harm.

XXVII. Without the dispensation and license of the Archbishop and the metropolitans, the priests of the several dioceses under their jurisdiction shall not celebrate marriages contrary to their religious rules, or to some definite canon.

XXVIII. When metropolitans, bishops, nuns and other monks die without heirs whatever they may possess, cash or chattels or horses or other ecclesiastical object, the Archbishop takes them: and the officers of the *Beit-ul-Mal* and *Qassam*, the *Mutevellis*—no one, in short, shall interfere.

XXIX. If any persons of position or importance, whosoever they may be, insist on requiring that such and such a woman shall be given to such and such a man, this shall not be carried out by force.

XXX. So likewise the demands that any one priest shall be deprived of his post in the church that it may be given to another priest, such offensive proposals shall not be carried into effect.

XXXI. When, for the punishment and reformation of a Christian, he sends what they call an excommunication, that is the document imposing this penalty, no one shall interfere.

XXXII. When any of the persons who contract (as mentioned above) marriages against the rules of their religion die, as it would infringe these rules if they entered the church, the judicial and executive officers, and persons of influence and position, whoever they may be, shall not force the priests, saying, "Bury the corpse."

XXXIII. As to such of the bishops and priests who obstinately refuse to pay the customary canonical dues, when the said Archbishop in canonical form, as we explained above, chastises them, cuts their hair, expels them and replaces them by others, no one shall hinder him.

XXXIV. When any Christians leave by will a third part of their substance to the churches, the monasteries and the Archbishop, it shall be exacted from the heirs through a court.

XXXV. When the arrest of a priest, monk or nun has been ordered and pronounced necessary by a court, this arrest shall be effected through the said Archbishop.

XXXVI. When any members of a monkish order, who have no post in any church or monastery, wander about from place to place, and provoke scandals, the said Archbishop, after the manner explained above, shall chastise and restrain them.

XXXVII. When the Archbishop makes his yearly audit of the accounts of the trustees of the churches and monasteries, upon the completion of their year of office, should they be shown to be in arrear, they shall be compelled through a court to pay. And when he dismisses such defaulters, and replaces them according to the customs of their religion by honest and fit persons, no one shall hinder him.

XXXVIII. No one of the monks, who under our exalted *Berat* enjoys the rank and performs the duties of a metropolitan or bishop, shall be harassed or annoyed by our executive officers.

XXXIX. When one of such dies, in pursuance of the imperial decrees in force *ab antiquo*, the necessary imperial *Berats* shall be issued to the person chosen to succeed him.

XL. The Archbishops of Cyprus shall not be removed except for crime, nor replaced by others through mere favouritism.

XLI. The petition of the Archbishops is allowed to be received. Touching matters of their religion whatever they submit and report to us shall receive a gracious hearing.

XLII. If persons wish to be appointed Archbishops, not even the smallest attention shall be paid in any way to their personal claims. For the bishops should be learned men, devoted to their religious duties, and clothed with full authority in all such matters; and according to our exalted imperial command as issued *ab antiquo*, they must be free from influence or annoyance from anyone soever.

XLIII. No administrative or other officer shall prevent the said Archbishop from carrying in his hand his staff: and likewise as to the horse or mule which he rides no annoyance shall be offered him.

XLIV. Against the will of the said Archbishop persons shall not be permitted to molest him, under the pretext that WE insist on their employment as his servants.

XLV. In the conduct of affairs touching their religion, and in the direct possession and administration of their property, no one shall in any way whatsoever hinder them, or interfere in such matters. He shall abide unhindered and unbiassed.

So let them know.

Let them respect our holy sign.

Written at the beginning of the month Shawwal,
in the year 1282.

EPITAPHS.

Within the precincts of the Church of St Lazarus at Scala is a small graveyard, some 22 paces by 14, which was dedicated at least as early as A.D. 1685 as the last resting-place of our countrymen dying in the island. There are visible 18 graves, but of 2 the inscriptions have been lost, or are illegible. The rest are faithfully transcribed below.

HEARE LYETH INTERRED
THE BODY OF CAPN PETER
DARE COMR OF THE SHIP
SCIPIO WHO DEPARTED THIS
LIFE YE 25 JUNE 1685
AGED 38 YEARS

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF
ION KEN ELDEST SON OF
Mr. ION KEN OF LONDON
MERCHANT WHO WAS
BORN THE 3rd FEBRUARY 1672
AND DIED THE 12 JULY 1693

VIRI ORNATI

. . . .

ANNOS

. . . .

MERCAT

. . . .

ET AD MELIOREM PATRIAM

. . . .

LONGE AB HAC INSULA AUG. XV : AN : DOM :

MDCLXXXIX. ÆT. SUÆ

DESIDERATISSIMI CORPUS IN LITTUS REPORTANTES

AMICI HIC M.P.

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF Mr. WILLIAM KEN
MERCHANT OF CYPRUS WHO DEPARTED THIS
LIFE THE 24 DAY OF JULY 1707 AGED 29 YEARES.

ΕΝ ΕΛΠΙΔΙ
ΑΝΑΣΤΑΣΕΩΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΒΙΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΑΙΩΝΙΟΝ
ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΑΝΑΠΑΥΕΤΑΙ
ΧΡΙΣΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ Ο ΓΡΑΙΜΙΟΣ ΒΡΕΤΑΝΝΟΣ
ΑΠΟ ΑΓΡΟΥ ΕΒΟΡΑΚΗΣΙΟΥ
ΟΣ ΕΤΕΛΕΥΘΗΣΕΝ ΕΝ ΤΗΔΕ ΤΗ ΝΗΣΩ
ΗΜΕΡΑ 24 ΤΟΥ ΜΗΝΟΣ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ΕΤ. 1711
ΤΟΥ ΕΑΥΤΟΥ ΒΙΟΥ 46.

MARY THE WIFE OF
SAMUEL PALMER
DIED THE 15TH JULY, 1720
AND HERE LIES BURIED
WITH HER INFANT
DAUGHTER.

GEORGIUS BARTON
CONSUL BRITANNICUS
* * *
XII MDCCXXXIX.

D.O.M.
HIC JACET
MICHAEL DE VEZIN:
QUI ORIGINE GALLUS,
LONDINIS NATUS,
BRITANNICI REGIS SCUTARIUS,
AB EO CONSUL MISSUS
IN ALEPAM ET CYPRUM
MUNUS HOC DIGNE PROBEQUE
ANNOS XVI GESSIT,
ET E VITA DECESSIT A.S. MDCCXCII
ÆTATISQUE SUÆ LI.
CUJUS MEMORIÆ
DILECTISSIMA CONJUX
ELIZABETH PFAUZ:
ORIGINE GERMANA,
NATIVITATE VENETA,
MÆRENS
HOC MONUMENTUM POSUIT.

UNDER THIS MARBLE LYETH YE BODY
OF MR. ROBERT BATE MERCHANT HE
WAS THE SON OF . . . DYER BATE
BY WAS BORNE
IN YE PARISH OF IN THE
COUNTY KINGDOM
OF ENGLAND

M.S.
PETRI BOWEN
(9 lines illegible)

On a slab affixed to the outer wall of the Church at Omodos, a village some 25 miles N.W. of Limasol. The Church (H MONH TOY ΣΤΑΥΡΟΥ) is said to enshrine a piece of the True Cross, and part of the hempen rope with which our Lord was bound.

UNDER THIS MARBLE ARE DEPOSITED
THE REMAINS OF HENRY ROOKE ESQ^R FORMERLY MAJOR IN THE
HUNDREDTH REGIMENT OF FOOT WITH BREVET RANK OF LIEU-
TENANT COLONEL IN THE SERVICE OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY
KING GEORGE THE THIRD. AFTER QUITTING THE ARMY HE TRA-
VELLED THRO VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE AND BEING IN ITALY
IN THE YEAR 1799 JOINED THE RUSSIAN ARMY BEFORE AN-
CONA AS A VOLUNTEER OFFICER & FOR HIS SERVICES AND AS-
SISTANCE IN REDUCING THAT FORTRESS HIS LATE IMPERIAL
MAJESTY OF ALL THE RUSSIAS PAUL CONFERRED UPON HIM THE
ORDER OF S^T ANNE OF HOLSTEIN 2^D CLASS. HE DIED IN THIS
CONVENT THE 7^T DAY OF JULY IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD & SAVI-
OUR 1814 AND WAS INTERRED BY THE HOLY FATHERS UNDER-
NEATH THIS STONE WITH THEIR CONSENT AND THAT OF
THE MOST REVEREND THE BISHOP OF THE GREEK CHURCH
IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS. HIS ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER W^M
ROOKE AS A LAST TRIBUTE OF FRATERNAL REGARD AND AFFEC-
TION HATH CAUSED THIS MEMORIAL TO BE CONVEYED AND
PLACED OVER HIS GRAVE.

In the graveyard of the Orthodox Church of Hagia Napa, Limasol.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF
ESTHER HARRIET SIMEON MARY ONLY
CHILD OF THE REV^D JOSEPH AND LADY
GEORGIANA WOLFF WHO DIED IN THIS
CITY AUGUST 28TH 1828 AGED NINE
MONTHS AND NINETEEN DAYS.

IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD? IT IS WELL.

In the graveyard of the Monastery of St George, Larnaca.

. . . INTERRED
. . . OF PETER DELEAU
. . . LONDON, MERCHANT
. . . DEPARTED THIS LYFE
. . . THE 2ND MAY, 1692.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF

LORENZO ERASTUS PEASE
BORN MARCH 14, 1837
DIED JULY 10, 1838

AND

LUCINDA CONSTANT PEASE
BORN MARCH 14, 1837
DIED DEC. 2, 1838

INFANT CHILDREN OF
REV. LORENZO W.

AND MRS. L. L. PEASE

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES TO CYPRUS

ΕΝ ΤΗ ΕΞΧΑΤΗ ΣΑΛΙΝΙΤΗ ΟΙ
ΝΕΚΡΟΙ ΕΓΕΡΘΗΣΟΝΤΑΙ ΑΦΘΑΡΤΟΙ.

HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF

DANIEL LADD JR.
SON OF REV. DANIEL LADD
BORN IN BÉYROOT SYRIA
APRIL 15, 1837
DIED IN SCALA CYPRUS
MAY 18, 1839

HIS BIRTH PLACED
HIM ON THE BORDERS
OF THE TERRESTRIAL
PROMISED LAND, HIS
DEATH WE TRUST INTRODUCED
HIM TO THE
HEAVENLY INHERITANCE
OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
 OF THE REV.
 LORENZO WARRINER PEASE
 NATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES
 OF AMERICA
 AND
 FIRST MISSIONARY OF THE A.B.C.F.M.
 TO CYPRUS
 WHO DIED AUGUST 28, 1839
 AGED 30 YRS. 3 MO. 8 DAYS
 THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING
 REMEMBRANCE. PS. 112: 6.
 ΚΑΙ ΗΚΟΥΣΑ ΦΩΝΗΣ ΕΚ ΤΟΥ ΟΥΡΑΝΟΥ,
 ΛΕΓΟΥΣΗΣ ΜΟΙ, ΓΡΑΨΟΝ,
 ΜΑΚΑΡΙΟΙ ΟΙ ΝΕΚΡΟΙ ΟΙ ΕΝ ΚΥΡΙΩ
 ΑΠΟΘΝΗΣΚΟΝΤΕΣ ΑΠ' ΑΡΤΙ. ΝΑΙ, ΛΕΓΕΙ
 ΤΟ ΠΝΕΥΜΑ, ΙΝΑ ΑΝΑΠΑΥΣΟΝΤΑΙ
 ΕΚ ΤΩΝ ΚΟΠΩΝ ΑΥΤΩΝ·
 ΤΑ ΔΕ ΕΡΓΑ ΑΥΤΩΝ ΑΚΟΛΟΥΘΕΙ
 ΜΕΤ' ΑΥΤΩΝ. ΑΠΟΚ. ΙΔ. ΙΓ.

TO THE MEMORY
 OF
 DR. JAMES LILBURN 2ND SON
 OF
 CAPN. WM. LILBURN OF DOVER
 IN THE COUNTY OF KENT
 LATE,
 H.B.M. CONSUL IN THIS ISLAND
 WHO
 DIED ON THE 6TH OF JANUARY, 1843
 AGED 40 YEARS.
 THIS TABLET
 IS PLACED BY HIS
 DEEPLY AFFLICTED WIDOW.
 IF GREAT INTEGRITY AND BENEVOLENT
 ATTENTION TO THE POOR AS A PHYSICIAN
 HAVE ANY CLAIM ON THE GRATITUDE
 OF MANKIND HIS NAME WILL BE
 LONG HONORABLY REMEMBERED.

SACRED
 TO THE MEMORY OF
 HELENA AUGUSTA JANE
 THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF
 NIVEN KERR ESQUIRE
 HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S CONSUL
 FOR THIS ISLAND
 AND OF LOUISA MARIA HIS WIFE,
 WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
 THE 3RD OF JULY, 1847
 AGED 11 MONTHS AND 10 DAYS.

IF ENVY IN MY SOUL COULD DWELL,
 CHILD! I COULD ENVY THEE,
 ERE SIN ITS IRON CHAIN HAD FORG'D,
 THE CAPTIVE WAS SET FREE.
 THEN SHED NO TEARS ON SUCH A GRAVE,
 NO MOURNING VIGIL KEEP
 MAN IS NOT SO SUPREMEPLY BLEST,
 TO NEED FOR ANGEL WEEP!

SACRED
 TO THE
 MEMORY OF
 WM. BALLS
 LATE SEAMAN
 ON BOARD
 H.B.M.S. VOLAGE
 WHO DIED
 MAY 20th, 1849
 AGED 32 YEARS

THIS TOMB IS ERECTED AS A TOKEN OF
 RESPECT BY HIS SHIPMATES

AN ATTEMPT
AT A
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CYPRUS

BY
CLAUDE DELAVAL COBHAM

FIFTH EDITION

NOTE

I have attempted to register in these pages the titles of all books treating of Cyprus, its people, history, numismatics, epigraphy and language, of which I have found any trace. I have included the papers most important to antiquaries and linguists which have appeared in Magazines or in the Transactions of learned Societies; also the few books printed in the island between 1880 and 1887. I have added lists of local newspapers, of Maps, of Consular Reports and Parliamentary Papers, and of the fugitive pieces which record a controversy, not yet extinguished, concerning the "transformations and migrations" of Cypriot antiquities purchased from Signor L. P. di Cesnola by the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York.

The "Book Law," No. II. of 1887, has been in force in the island since July 1, 1887, and lists of books which have issued since that date from Cypriot presses may be found in the "Cyprus Gazettes," Nos. 304, 334, 361, 398, 429, 464, 511, 538, 582, 618, 658, 700, 720, 750, 777, 814, 844, and 906.

I could have added largely to the bulk, but probably little to the value, of the list by including more of the ephemeral articles which will readily be found in the Indexes to Periodical Literature by Poole, Griswold, Miliaraki (Νεολληνική γεωγραφική φιλολογία, 8vo, Athens, 1889) and others. Reference should be made to a paper by Prof. Dr Eugen Oberhummer (reprinted in 1893 by S. Calvary, at Berlin, from the "Jahresbericht über die Fortschritte der Klassischen Altertumswissenschaft," Band 77 (entitled "Bericht über Geographie von Griechenland, III. Teil, KYPROS"; to another by the same indefatigable scholar in "Geog. Jahrbuch," xxviii. 187—9, and to § xiv. Literatur, pp. 462—470 of his invaluable work "Die Inseln Cyprien," München, 1903. See also the "Bibliographie," pp. xxv.—xxvii. in Enlart, "L'art gothique, etc.," vol. I., 1899.

Much, no doubt, remains to be gleaned by anyone who will search diligently the works of writers between the first and seventeenth centuries, enumerated by M. de Mas Latrie in his "Pèlerinages, Itinéraires et Descriptions de la Terre-Sainte" (Trésor de Chronologie, 1889, C. 1321—1332), and by R. Röhricht, "Deutsche Pilgerreisen nach den Heiligen Lande," Gotha, 1880.

When the list was first circulated in June 1886, it contained 152 titles. The edition of 1889 contained 309; that of 1894, 497, and new sections of Cartography and Consular Reports; that of 1900, 728; the present, 860.

I have done, I think, all I can for this little compilation. I reserve no rights in it, and shall be glad to see it corrected, extended and improved in any country by any Society or scholar interested in the subject. It were a counsel of perfection to suggest that the first section might be divided and re-arranged according to the subject-matter of the books enumerated.

AN ATTEMPT AT A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CYPRUS

- Suchen, Ludolfus de.** De Terra Sancta et itinere Jhierosol. (1340.)
4to, s. l. et a. (Strassburg, 1468?). Vide de Mas Latrie, *Histoire de l'île de Chypre*, II. 210.
- Ed. F. Deycks. 8vo, Stuttgart, 1851.
- Ed. G. A. Neumann. (Archives de l'orient latin, II. 305.) 8vo, Paris, 1884.
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